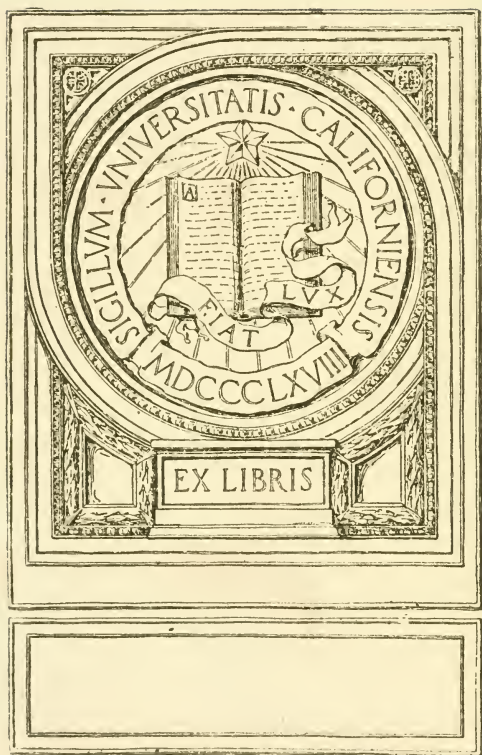


LORD EDWARD
A STUDY IN ROMANCE

KATHARINE TYNAN





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

LORD EDWARD



LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

From a Picture by Hamilton at Holland House

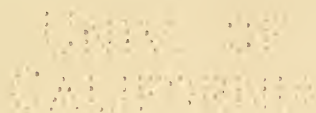
LORD EDWARD

A STUDY IN ROMANCE

BY
KATHARINE TYNAN

AUTHOR OF
'ROSE OF THE GARDEN,' 'MOLLY, MY HEART'S DELIGHT
ETC.

WITH A PORTRAIT



LONDON
SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1916

[All rights reserved]

DA94-8
.6
FEB 5

NO. 1000
ALBANY 1000

TO THE WYNDHAMS
LORD EDWARD'S GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN :
TO HIM ESPECIALLY WHO LOVED IRELAND
DEEP DOWN, WITH A PASSION :
TO HIS MEMORY
AND TO THE MEMORY OF THEIR SONS DEAD
ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. AMOR OMNIA VINCIT	1
II. THE FALSE GODS COME	15
III. THE ONE LOVE	27
IV. THE GOOD FAMILY	36
V. THE PILGRIM OF LOVE	49
VI. THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY	63
VII. POT POURRI	75
VIII. LE CITOYEN EDOUARD FITZGERALD	90
IX. PALE PRETTY PAMELA	101
X. DEAR DOMESTICITIES	115
XI. THE LAST HOPE	129
XII. 'THE BELOVED QUOITUOR'	145
XIII. 'LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ'	160
XIV. LUCY'S JOURNAL	174
XV. 'FAREWELL, MY ONLY LOVE'	188
XVI. THE MOTHER	201
XVII. THE CLOUDS GATHER	215
XVIII. 'ON HIS KEEPING'	229
XIX. THE TROUBLE	242
XX. LADY SARAH'S STORY	255
XXI. ARREST	267
XXII. THE TWILIGHT	280
XXIII. THE LAST OF THE BELOVED	293

LORD EDWARD

CHAPTER I

AMOR OMNIA VINCIT

I

A FRIEND of the Good Family has written : ‘ It is always a joy to see a gathering of the Fitzgerald Clan. They adore each other, and their admiration for each other is so ingenuous that it disarms the scornful and the base. Surely there were never so many phoenixes in one nest.’

II

The same vivacious friend tells the tale : ‘ Of a Winter evening in, I think, the year 1774 I was drinking a dish of tea with the Dss. at Leinster House. I can well remember the wet in the streets and the blurred torches of the link-boys as I travelled from the Frederick Street Hotel to Leinster House in my chair. It was little more lively in the long drawing-room where the Dss.

sat in widow's weeds reading Blair's "Grave." I pitied the poor soul with all my heart. There was she left without her Duke, the mother of eighteen children. The younger children were her concern. Carton was so far removed that their education could not there be proceeded with. Leinster House was so gloomy—I could believe it that wet evening—that the children did not thrive there. Lord Lecale was out of health. Besides him there were of the younger children Lord Robert, Lord Henry, Lord Edward, and Lord Gerald. There were the younger girls, Lady Lucy and Lady Sophia, with a French *bonne*. The Dss. had the idea to establish them in her country house at the Black Rock, where in the salubriousness of the sea and mountain air their health should grow with their understanding. "I have," she said, "discovered a very worthy person, a Scotsman who has kept a school in Cole's Lane and was recommended me by Dean Marlay. If he should prove worthy of the position it would be an ease to my mind."'

III

'I will tell you,' Lady Leitrim goes on, 'how the room looked. It was lit by many wax candles which made but a glimmering light. The fires had gone low: in any case, seated as we were on our gilt fauteuils in the centre of the room, the fires barely concerned us. There was an infinity

of floor and in the corners anything might have lurked. You know that I admire the Dss. excessively. The black is a setting for the fairness of her complexion. As she sat there, a wax candle's light upon her face, she was as proud and graceful as a swan.

'The wind took the windows and shook them as in an angry mood. It piped through the key-holes and boomed in the chimneys like distant guns. There came in the Groom of the Chamber.

"If you please, your Grace, Mr. Ogilvie has come."

"Show him to his room."

"Please, Your Grace, shall I supply him wax candles or tallow?"

'The Dss. turned to me.

"Qu'en pensez-vous?"

'Before I could advise she decided for herself.

"Moulds will do till we see a little."

'At this moment there came into the room, *sans ceremonie*, a strange figure of a man, so careless in his attire, unshaven, his shoes bearing the mud of the streets, his hair unpowdered, that I looked to see the Dss. wither him by her gaze, waited to hear her voice order her servants to remove him. He walked up the long room, dragging with him a bag which doubtless contained his whole luggage. His face was as plain as his person and his voice when he spoke as rough and disconcerting as either. But the man had fine eyes, gray as his homespun

garments and with now a smooth brightness like the agate stone, and again, an honest softness and sincerity. This was none other than Mr. Ogilvie, the scholar from Edinburgh, who has given up his School in Cole's Lane and is come to relieve the Dss.'s mind of her anxiety concerning the education of her offspring. "Your lackeys have left me standing in the hall, Madam," he said, "so I made my way to your presence." I looked to see him extinguished by the lightning from her eyes. But who shall account for the female heart? Her gaze softened as she beheld this uncouth person. "You are welcome, Mr. Ogilvie," she said: "I am sorry you should have found my servants lacking in manners." She turned to the Groom of the Chamber who still awaited her pleasure. "You will please show Mr. Ogilvie to his apartments," she said, and her voice was more chilling than a rebuke. "See that he receives all consideration. And, if you please, *wax* candles." "

IV

Lady Leitrim adds,—'I was charmed to be present at this first meeting between the beautiful Dss., reputed the proudest woman in Ireland, and the excellent if uncouth man who was so soon to step into the late Duke's shoes. I am persuaded that it was the extent of her maternal passion

—as a mother she is a land flowing with milk and honey—which brought about this odd infatuation : for they say nothing could exceed his devotion to his charges, good worthy man ! She is as proud as ever. They are saying the Lennox women are capable of any folly for love. There is Ly. Sarah, who, having left Sir C. Bunbury for Ld. W. Gordon and sat in sackcloth ever since, has just married Colonel Napier, handsome, high-minded, without a penny to his name. He is so chivalrous that he will never remind her of the past. Louisa with her Mr. Conolly of Castletown and his 27 thousand a year to her bow and arrow,—she was the fool of the family, though a sweet fool,—will not let poor Sally want for what she will never miss from her plenty.’

V

The Duchess herself writes her justification for the eyes of another woman to read,—that other, Lady Sarah Napier, who knew as well as any woman the compelling power of Love. Perhaps the justification she was too proud to make at the moment was meant to be read afterwards by those who might misjudge her ; and she selected as a recipient of her confidence one who was not only very dear to her, but also by her own circumstances and her conduct, precluded from forming a hasty and censorious opinion.

VI

‘I would like to impart to my dearest sister the nature of the reasons which have influenced me to accept the hand of Mr. Ogilvie. I shall first say that Mr. O. comes of an excellent Scottish family which you are free to relate if the tongue of the unkind and the scandal-loving, who have quite another tale, should reach you. True, he is poor, but God forbid, my dearest sister, that we should unduly value wealth or by the lack of it that true merit should be overlook’t. I will confess that at the moment of his first coming I experienc’d the most extraordinary feeling concerning him. It was as though some inward monitor whispered in my ear: “Here is one upon whom you may place all your burdens.” His eyes with the grey of Scotch pebbles in them,—I remember that you had a bracelet of the stones once—I found extremely honest and comfortable. I had the strange feeling that here was one to be trusted to the death, kind, steadfast, modest, of high principles of character. I said to myself that my children would be safe with such a one.

‘As you know I engag’d him in the capacity of my sons’ tutor. Lord Lecale, as you are aware, has in his health been ever a matter for anxiety, as has my precious Mabel. My intention was that Frescati, so sweetly situated between the mountains and the sea, in open country, with its

commodious gardens and its facilities for sea-bathing—it has a covered way beneath the roadway leading to the sea, and the Black Rock is but little frequented for that purpose,—should be the abode of my children, the tender young plants,—and since I am called to be of the world I much desired to find a person who cou'd be trusted to guard them as I myself shou'd.

‘I very soon found that I had such a one in Mr. O. When you are better acquainted with him,—and, it is your friendship, your affection I covet for him, my beloved Sarah,—you will know that he is not only steel-true but is of that steady and consistent character which moulds others to its will.

‘I will confess that my respect for this virtuous man grew in measure with my dependence upon him. He established himself at dear Frescati with Ld. Lecale, Ld. Robert, Ld. Henry, Ld. Edward and Ld. Gerald. Sophia, Lucy, and my little dear Mabel were in charge of the excellent Stephanie, who is as faithful as a dog. I very soon found that my children shou'd not suffer in my absence. He made himself as it were the head of the household. It was a small establishment as befitted my purse. A cook, a housemaid from Kildare and a Groom compris'd it. After the first all mov'd harmoniously under Mr. O.'s compelling sway. He was many things besides tutor to the boys, which duty he did not neglect. More, while he taught them the matters which

belong to the life of a gentleman on earth, he did not fail to equip them in the matters which should fit them for a Life Hereafter. If those who blame my marriage cou'd but know the honest worth of that gentleman !

‘ His whole life is given to my children. Not only will he instruct them in the highest things, but he will perform for them such menial acts as belong more properly to a nurse or valet. He goes riding daily with the whole flock of my pretty ones by the Black Rock to Dunleary, or inland to the mountains. He has implanted in them his own love of Nature. They are gardening furiously at Frescati. He imparts to them the delights to come of foreign travel. He discovers the bent of each and strives to guide him in that bent. Eddie carries a sword, the prettiest thing you ever saw, and is reading Marlboro’s campaigns.’

VII

‘ My dearest Sister,—all this I perceived with emotions of deepest thankfulness to the Power which had given me such a Gentleman for the governance of my pretty orphans. They call me the proudest woman in Ireland,—or perhaps England,—lamenting or mocking at me for what they call my Mis-alliance. Well I am, more truly, the tenderest mother—I am not forgetting you, my dearest Love, so I should say *among* the

tenderest mothers of all this world. For each one of the eighteen offspring I bore the Duke my heart spent itself in maternal passion. If the duties of my state permitted it I would never have left my children.

‘I came back from Melbury in June after an absence of three months, all aflame to see my dearest ones. I had had to wait near a week at the Park Gate for a packet and it was a wild and a rough journey, but mercifully a fast one, since we ran before the gale. On my arrival, pity a poor mother who had such tidings to hear! My precious Mabel, my youngest one, was in the smallpox. Louisa was waiting at Leinster House to convey the news. That incomparable sister had carried the others away as soon as the infexion declar’d itself to the Cottage at Castletown, where happily they were free of the fever. Mr. Ogilvie, I was told, had remain’d in charge of my afflicted child.

‘Louisa,—who was joined by Mr. Conolly, the House having risen early,—pressed upon me her most urgent entreaties that I should join the other children at Castletown. They used every argument that affection or sophistry could suggest: their words fell on deaf ears. At last Mr. Conolly, who does not like to be beaten, swept off Louisa in a Huff: and I got into a hackney-coach and went down to the Black Rock.’

VIII

‘By the time I arriv’d there it was evening—Summer twilight. The Blackbird was singing his bold lay in the umbrageous grove beyond the garden. I had little heart for his song. All was very quiet. The light at the Pigeon House shone beyond the quiet rippled water, and that at Dunleary pier-head also kept its watch. The air was full of perfumes. I dismissed the hackney-coach at the gate, knowing that once I enter’d the sick room of my child I shou’d be cut off from the abodes of health and the company of my kind for some considerable time to come.

‘As I went up by the little avenue the house showed not a light. Looking before me into the black and silent shape I had *un serrement du cœur*. I was excessively distract’d by the sight of the mournful house, which had been the abode of Joy when last I stood there.

‘Such was my cowardice that I did not dare to knock upon the hall door. My knees trembl’d beneath me : I felt as if I shou’d fall : but the need to know the worst upheld me.

‘I went round the house, climb’d the little terrace to the Book-Room window. There, at least, was light. The rays of more than one candle stream’d out into the blackness of the sleeping garden. I could scarcely endure to look : yet I must look. The window stood wide open to the

night. Mr. O. will not have it that the night air is noxious. He says that it is purer than by day. He mightily offended Dr. Serle, who warned him that the night air over the sands at the Black Rock was most dangerous for the children, saying in his short way "Blethers!" at which good Dr. Serle took his hat and cane and went, much affront'd.

'At first I cou'd see nothing. There was a mist on my eyes, and my heart was beating in my ears like the noise of waves upon a rocky coast. I know I had to steady myself by the house-wall not to fall.

'There emerg'd, first the rays of the candles, round which danc'd a ring of Summer moths: then a child's cot: lastly the head and shoulders of a man who sat by the table, his face laid upon his arms in a posture of the most extreme wretchedness. It was Mr. O.

'Chloe, the little spaniel you gave me, yapp'd. He look'd up. "My Mabel is dead," said I, advancing into the room. I had forgotten the inclination to be faint.

'He look'd at me as though he hardly understood. His face was streakt with tears. He presented the most disorder'd aspect. His eyes look'd as though they pray'd for sleep.

"Why no," he said very quietly. "It is the ninth day that I have watched by the precious infant, and the change has come. It will be spared in the Mercy of God."

‘He stood up and waved me away.

“You shou’d not be here, Duchess,” he said. “They have all fled away except the little maid from Kildare, who carries what things I need and places them outside. If you will go now you will not have taken the infexion.”

“So I am to leave it to you,” I said, “to run the danger for my child,” and before he cou’d prevent me I was standing by the cot looking down at the puffed and discolour’d face of my precious babe. I could see that the fever was allay’d. The dreadful sickness had left its traces, but the precious thing was asleep. There was moisture on her brow. How I prais’d the Gracious Giver of all Good!

“You are to go to bed and sleep,” I said to Mr. O. “You are weary for want of sleep.”

“Drugg’d with it,” he said. “Yet I could watch a few hours longer.” But as he spoke he stagger’d, as though he was a fine gentleman in that state in which too many such are to be found of evenings. “I could not forgive myself,” he said, “if your Grace were to take the sickness.”

‘It came upon me in a flash that he had neither eaten nor slept. I went seeking and found what I wanted—wine, and a loaf. He wou’d not drink the wine at first—he is unfashionably averse to strong drink,—but he ate the bread, I thought ravenously: and then I prevail’d upon him to go to his room and sleep, which he did, never stirring till the evening of the next day.’

IX

‘He said afterwards that he wou’d not have dar’d to reveal to me the adoration of his honest heart if it had not been that he was, as he said, off-guard through the long watch and the hunger. Dearest Sister, he had never once thought upon himself. If my child is now playing in the garden and I within sound of her laughter, instead of the Cold Grave, I owe it to that gentleman, though he will not hear of it, saying it was because Serle was not in attendance and the air of Heaven was round the sick-bed night and day. He is excessively obstinate in his notions.

‘He is in felicity and I do not doubt that I have given my children such a Father as will protect them against the changes and dangers of this mundane sphere, and point them upwards to the Sky. They are satisfied. Yesterday comes Mrs. Delany, in her pink damask, like a rose, to wish me joy. “You have done well,” she says. “Do not listen to the envious and foolish noises of the world! There is such a hubbub as never was!” “I do not hear it,” said I. “Leinster House is above the noises of the Town.” At which she clapp’d her hands and laugh’d excessively, “The Granvilles,” said she, “were slow to think of my Dean, because he was rustical and came from the fields. I wish now I had been as brave as you, for I kept my dear Dean and my own perfect

felicity knocking at the door till my brother Granville approv'd, which he does not yet." "For the matter of that," said I, "there is but my own heart to consult," which set her off laughing again.

'But I do not like that he should be misjudged. He is the truest, simplest, humblest, most loveable of men. The Duke, our brother, has offer'd us Aubigny for as long as we will. We do not want the world, so I have said yes. Let the stupid world forget to be amazed at my folly ! Believe me, I was never wiser, Sally.'

CHAPTER II

THE FALSE GODS COME

I

EDDIE writes to his mother, who is visiting in Paris, from Aubigny :

‘I am very busy. I am now erecting a beautiful fortification in the Orangery and am quite delighted with it : I wish you could see it, for I know you would think it very pretty. When it is finished I intend to put the cannons of both our ships upon it and to fire away. What is pleasantest of all, I laid it all out myself. I also took a very pretty survey of the fields round the Garonne and have, (though I coloured it), made a very pretty plan : Mr. O. did not touch it hardly at all. I just coloured the borders of the fields and left the inside white, which makes a very good effect. I did all the trees in Indian ink. I have now tired you pretty well by my boastings ; but you know I have always a rather good oppinion of whatever I do.’

II

Presently he is back in England and soldiering in earnest. He is in the Sussex militia, of which his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, is Colonel, and covering himself and Mr. O. with glory by his knowledge of what he calls *Castramatisation*. He writes to his mother from Bonner Camp :

‘ I have taken the first opportunity of giving you an account of your dear sweet boy, and that my letter may go down the better I will write it without lines. It began pretty straight and even, I am afraid but you will soon have a zig-zag line. I am however sure you will not perceive it, your eye will have got so accustomed to the zig-zag walks of Stoke. Our camp is very pleasant although the ground is very rough and bad : but when we have dressed it a little it will be very beautiful. My Uncle Richmond has been very busy and has staid out all day with us ever since we came to camp. . . . Before he let the men pitch he left the pitching of his own company to me : and I was not one inch wrong. Tell Mr. O. he is to be proud of his pupil.’

III

Mr. O. had certainly taught his pupil to spell as the preceding generation had not learnt it, or was it that spelling was an exact science, only

studied by the male sex? The Dowager Lady Kildare writes to her grand-daughter, Lady Sophia :

‘ I am sensible your time may be employ’d more to yr advantage than by divarting yr poor old Granny, which the account of the Vermines did that Tormented you on yr journey from Paris to the venerable chateau you are now in. How poor Ireland would be abus’d if the Inns were half so nasty, but am sorry to owne that manny Houses in Dublin are infested with Buggs, that I believe the brede was imported hither by foreigne goods from time to time, but hope will not encrease by care of destroying them upon first appearance, as they are not yet so generall as in London. They are a filthy annimal.’

IV

In the Autumn of 1780, Eddie, then in his 17th year, joined the regular army, being appointed to the 96th Regiment of Foot, which was stationed at Youghal, in Ireland. He makes a sprightly correspondent :

‘ There is to be a great assembly to-night and the misses are all in a great hurry to show themselves off to the officers. I have a great many civilities from the people here,—not from the misses,—but gentlemen of the town: especially from both the Uniacks, and the youngest, whom you saw, offered me his house, and has

insisted on providing me with garden-stuffs of all sorts from his country-house, when we are to sail. I wish we may sail soon, though we hear nothing of it as yet. As I write I have my dearest mother's picture before me. How happy should I be to see her! Yet how happy I shall be to sail! . . . I have been to Lord Shannon's, where I met Lady Inchiquin in the same old marron-coloured gown I saw her in when we left Ireland; only indeed I must say (to give the devil his due) that it was made up into a jacket and petticoat. Miss Sandford was with her: she is a charming girl, very pretty, with a great deal of wit, and very sensible and good-humoured: in short, if I had time I should have fallen desperately in love with her: as it is I am a little touched. They both go to Dublin to-morrow. I don't know what sort of an account Lady Inchiquin will give of me; but I am sure Miss Sandford will give a very good one. . . . I am still *le plus gai* and the happiest in the Regiment.'

V

Very soon Lord Edward has his wish and is sent out to the American War. Long afterwards he was to say: 'Then I fought against Liberty: now I fight for it.' But as yet the passion for the Dark Rosaleen had not taken troublesome shape within him. Eddie was at this time a young man of a warmly dark complexion—he

had thick, softly curling hair, beautiful dark eyes and mobile lips. He was rather short but very well-made and graceful. 'The colour of that family is very beautiful,' says an onlooker. 'Can you conceive of cheeks that are carmine, yet not over-coloured? The whites tinged to golden brown as though the sun had kissed them, eyes like a brown velvet pansy. Hair fine, dark and wild. Add to these a gayety which touched to light and warmth even the dullest,—a heart full of love and unselfish devotion, a rich and sweet voice and the gayest good-humour. That was Eddy.' The Family called Eddie 'comical.' He was always jesting. Wherever he went laughter abounded, yet it was always honest laughter, such as Heaven might smile upon. He was greatly beloved by all he encountered, and by his own family was worshipped. 'I never knew so loveable a person,' wrote his commanding officer. 'His frank and open manner, his universal benevolence, his *gaieté de cœur*, his valour, his chivalry, made him the idol of all who served with him.'

VI

It was the fate of this charming boy to be forever in love. After the American War and the campaign in the West Indies, he is at home for a period, during which he falls head over ears in love with Lady Catherine Meade, Lord Clan-

william's daughter. His temperament is such that he brings his love affairs for his beloved mother's eyes and judgment, which proves how innocent they are. He is a detrimental, being a younger son of an immensely large family ; and all his beauty and gaiety cannot win him a way into the heart of Kate's mother, who has widely different views for her girl. He is distracted with love. He can remember nothing but Kate. He gets up in the morning hating to wake from his dreams of Kate. Nothing is worth the doing since it is not done for Kate. He goes out with the intention of calling on someone, forgets all about it, and goes along with the first acquaintance he meets. He forgets to leave the place he has come to, although he has no pleasure in it, and if he dines he is late for dinner. Kate possesses his mind completely. He goes cross-gartered for all the world to see, in the pangs and tremors, the delights and desolations of first love. He is at balls every night and stays till morning, not knowing or caring with whom he is dancing, so it is not Kate. And Kate is kept out of his reach by a prudent mother, who has fixed her gaze on the Lord Powerscourt for a son-in-law.

VII

‘Just think ! I make Ogilvie talk of Kate and he does it, kind fellow. You ask me if I have

seen the Siddons. I have not, nor do I suppose I shall. I never think of going to anywhere pleasant unless I am led to it by my friends. Then *Je m'amuse* insensibly, but as for saying "I will go see this" or "That will be pleasant, *il ne m'arrive pas*."

VIII

'When we meet she looks at me so kindly that I count myself the luckiest fellow under Heaven. Then comes the dragon of a Mama and gathers up her Beauty, and I am cast down again. Did she look kind or did she not? Is she well disposed to Powerscourt or is it Lady Clan's doing? If I could be sure—why, I would carry her off with drawn sword. If I had entirely lost hope—I am in despair, you know—I should not care a pin about what happened me either in fortune or person. Are you on your high horse with Lady Clan, or are you gracious? I hope you are kind to pretty, sweet Kate. I want you to like her almost as much as I do—it is a feeling I always have with people I love excessively. Did you not feel to love her very much and wish for me when you saw her look so pretty at the Cottage. I think I see you looking at her and saying to yourself: "I wish my dear Eddy were here."'

IX

He is at Woolwich during this love-sickness.

‘I would give a great deal for Frescati this morning. Do not let Ogilvie spoil you! I can hear him crying: “Nonsense! fool! fool! all imagination! By Heavens, you will be the ruin of that boy!” My dearest Mother, if you mind him and do not write pleasant letters and always tell me something of pretty Kate I will not answer your letters, nor indeed write *any* to you. I must come home really, my dearest mother; it is the only chance I have against *la dragonne*; for you will see by her speech to Ogilvie she will do all she can to make Kate forget me. Do not be afraid I shall not work in Ireland. You know when I have a mind to study I do better with Ogilvie than anyone else. I am his soldier, you know. Heavens, what pains he took at Aubigny to drive science into my dull brain when I always wanted to be out with the wind and the sunbeams! I shall go over my mathematics with him much better than I could with anyone else, which will be the most useful thing I could do. I know the dear fellow will be against my coming. I am sick of wisdom. I am never so happy as with you: you seem to make every distress lighter and I bear everything better and enjoy everything better when with you. Good-bye, dearest of mothers. No one can ever love you more than I . . . but I must not grow sentimental. . . .’

X

This fine plan was spoilt by Eddy's spraining his ankle while with the Duke at Goodwood. 'I do think what with legs and other things,' he says, 'that I am the most unlucky dog in the world!' He flashes before his mother's eyes a multiplicity of plans, as to what he shall do, pending his return. Shall he take a course of mechanics with Mr. Baly, followed by Euclid and Algebra? His dearest mother must see the advantage of that. On the other hand, has he application enough? Stoke, Lord George Lennox's place, is only three miles off. There are two lovely cousins there. (Oh, Eddy, Eddy!) 'Stoke is very tempting. The place will by and bye be full of company. The shooting will be on. Will these things draw me away? The Duke will be going about, and may wish me to follow him.' Another scheme. Shall he go to a Scotch University from August to January. 'It is certainly the best place for mathematics. Look at O.! I should not be drawn off so easily. I should have my masters cheap, live cheap, and be able to give my whole mind to the business. On the other hand—I cannot bear the thought of not seeing you for four months. And then Kate!—I do not know what to do. . . . You say in your letter that Lady Clanwilliam goes to the country for the Autumn. If she goes to the North, how pleasant!

I might then be with dear Harry and see Kate very often. I got two of your dear letters here—how happy they made me! But you say little of Kate. I do not think you like her enough, my dearest mother: I want you to love her nearly as much as I do. Pray tell me really what you think of her. Yet I am afraid—but, no matter! Speak! If you should find fault with her—but it is impossible. You *must* love her. Show the sensible part of this letter to Mr. O. He says in his letter, *tout court* “She drank tea here.” Did you not think of me? *Tell truth*—did *she* think of me? for I am sure you observed. Your words “If she only likes you” frighten me. It is only that I dread her mother’s influence—it is very strong. Suppose you were here and to say to me, “If you ever think of that girl I will never forgive you.” What should I do? even I who dote on Kate! and then if she only likes me my being there would be of no use.’

Oh, Romeo! Romeo! What a patient mother the Duchess was to be sure!

XI

Eddy’s next letter is significant. He is at Stoke, and if his mother goes abroad he will go with her, ‘for being in Ireland and not seeing Kate I should hate. Though I am here ever since the Duke went I am as constant as ever and go

on doting upon her: this is, I think, the greatest proof I have given yet. Being here has put me in much better spirits: they are so delightful. I dote on Georgina. The other two have been at Selsey but come back to-day. We all go to a ball at Mr. Barnwell's. Lady Louisa has been pleasanter than anything can be: I love her very much. . . . I have not been so happy since I left Frescati as I am here. I get up at five every morning, go to Goodwood and study with Mr. Baly till two, and return here to dine. . . .

‘I cannot write to Sophia to give her any advice. . . . She has so much feeling and so much heart that a thing such as that will make her happy or unhappy for ever: if she was not so very *sensible* I should not be near so afraid about her. My sweetest mother, she has all your tenderness and sensibility, *without* your good understanding and excellent judgment to manage it. Not that I think her *deficient* in either one or the other, and should be sorry to see her get more of *either* quality if she was to give up the least of her good heart for it. Being at a distance makes me serious about it. If I were with you I should be Marplot and giggle at the swain.’

XII

‘I am glad sweetest Kate is grown fat. I love her more than anything yet, though I have seen

a great deal of Georgina. I own fairly I am not in such bad spirits as I was, particularly when I am with Georgina, whom I certainly love better than her sisters. However, I can safely say that I have not been *infidelle* to Kate—whenever I thought of her, which I do very often, though not so constantly as usual. This entirely between you and me . . . I love nothing in comparison to you, my dearest mother, after all.’

XIII

The last paragraph of this else shameless letter sums up Eddy’s case. The false gods came and went. In the result one is quite convinced that the one love of his life was his mother. It is a relief to the reader of this else callous epistle to know that Kate married her Powerscourt after all. To be sure there is this in extenuation of our Romeo. There is no word to show that Kate loved him.

CHAPTER III

THE ONE LOVE

I

THE Duchess spends the summer months at Nice and in the South of France, and her lover-boy is to accompany her. He is impatient for their meeting after a somewhat extended absence. 'Do not stay long at Oxford,' he writes, 'for if you do I shall die with impatience before you arrive. I can hardly write I am so happy. I do not at all envy you seeing Mrs. Siddons. I cannot envy anyone at this moment, for I am certainly the happiest dog in the world. Think of seeing Henry, Sophia, and you all in one day !'

II

He can do without Georgina, and even the dwindling and waning Kate, to be with his mother, by the blue Mediterranean amid the orange groves. But he has to leave her when the Parliamentary Session opens, for his brother, the Duke, has made him his member for Kildare. Eddy has always had

a *flair* for politics. He is to be found by the side of Mr. Grattan and Mr. Curran, in the little patriot band standing for the country against the Government. At times he is dispirited, weary of the game of politics, as his great-grandson was to be in our own day. 'When one has any great objects to carry one must expect disappointments and not be diverted by them, or even appear to notice them. I therefore say to everybody that I think we are going on well. The truth is the people one has to do with are a bad set, I mean the *whole*, for those we act with are the best.'

He is homesick for the mother with whom his heart made its real home. 'You cannot think how I feel to want you. I dined and slept at Frescati the other day, I and Ogilvie, tête-à-tête. We talked a great deal of you. Though the place makes me melancholy, yet it gives me pleasant feelings. To be sure, the going to bed without wishing you a good night, the coming down in the morning and not seeing you, the sauntering about in the fine sunshine, looking at your flowers and shrubs without you to lean upon one, was all very bad indeed. In settling my journey there that evening I determined to see you in my way, supposing you were even a thousand miles out of it.'

III

He has heard of the death of someone's dearly loved mother, and the fear of love is upon him.

'It is time for me to go to Frescati. Why are you not there, dearest of mothers? but it feels a little like seeing you too to go there. We shall talk a great deal of you. I assure you I miss you in Ireland very very much. I am not half so merry as I should be if you were here. I get tired of everything and want to have you to go and talk to. You are, after all, what I love best in the world. I always return to you and find it is the only love I do not deceive myself in. I love you more than you think I do—but I will not give way to such thoughts, for it always makes me grave. I really made myself miserable for two days since I left you by these sort of reflections: and in thinking over with myself what misfortunes I could bear, I found there was one I could *not*. But—God bless you.'

It was a misfortune he was not to be called upon to bear: but who could foresee what was to come in those golden days?

IV

His intention, which he knows he will not keep, is to join his mother at Nice as soon as he is free of his Parliamentary duties. 'This,' he says, 'is

my pleasant, *foolish* plan—it would certainly be charming. My *sensible* plan is to go and stay at Woolwich till Autumn and then meet you all at Paris. If I do the latter (which I do not think I shall, for it is a great deal too wise) I should come to Paris with great *éclat*, for I should by that time be very rich, and be able to live away a little, so far as keeping horses and a phæton.’

He adopted neither plan. He was always one for planning, and the delights of planning. He went to Gibraltar instead. He was a born gardener as he was a born soldier and lover. The gardening passion, the passion for laying out and planting, was something akin in him to the military passion for laying out a camp and marking the disposition of soldiers in the field.

The gardening came to him from his mother; the soldier spirit from the great race of the Earls of Kildare, only recently merged in the Dukes of Leinster. His *flair* for politics came of course from his mother’s family. Charles Fox was his first cousin. Lady Sarah Napier—once Lady Sarah Lennox—his aunt, was a born politician. If she had married George III, as she very nearly did; if the King had not listened to his Ministers—to Lord Bute, jealous of the Holland influence—and married the plain little German Princess of Mecklenburg, what effect would it have had on the events of to-day? What a leaven Lady Sarah’s wit, her charm, her spirit, her beauty, above all her love of Ireland, her love of freedom,

her fair-mindedness, her great political gifts, would have made in the Hanoverian blood ! It might have caused a revolution ; the sons of her blood were not likely to be *rois fainéants*, but it would have won passionate loyalty—and one must not forget that the Lennoxes were of the Stuart blood but a little way back. The gardening and the soldiering, as well as the spirit, the wit, the courtesy, the beauty, the charm, the love of Ireland, are in Lord Edward's descendants of to-day—some of them, alas, gone out, like a light extinguished, on the battle-fields of Flanders.

V

Here is Eddy in two of his moods : ' I am delighted with this place ' (i.e. Gibraltar), ' never was anything better worth seeing, either taking it in a military light or as a matter of curiosity.' He goes on to describe the Rock as it presented itself to him. He dwells on its garden aspect : ' It will in time be a little Paradise. Even at present in some of its wildest, rockiest parts you find charming gardens, surrounded with high hedges of geranium, filled with orange balm, sweet oleander, myrtle, cedar, Spanish broom, roses, honeysuckles,'—he runs through the lovely names as though he smelt and tasted the fragrance they represent—' in short, all the charming plants of our own country, and others. Conceive all this collected in spots of the highest barren rock you ever beheld, on one side

seeing, with a fine basin between you, the green hills of Andalusia, with two or three rivers emptying themselves into the bay ; on another side the steep, rugged, and high land of Barbary, and the whole strait coming under your eye at once. And then a boundless view of the Mediterranean : all the sea enlivened with shipping, and the land with the sight of your own soldiers and the sound of drums and fifes . . . making you proud to think that here you are, a set of islanders from a remote corner of the world, surrounded by enemies, thousands of times your numbers, keeping it in spite of all their efforts. . . . The General gives all officers that choose gardens. Vegetation is so quick that you can eat your peas, beans and French beans five weeks after planting : you have a very tolerable tree in three years ; poplars in two grow to a great size. O'Hara and I walk the whole day from five in the morning till 8 or 9 at night. He is pleasanter than ever, and enters into all one's ideas, fanciful as well as comical. We divert ourselves amazingly with all the people here, but that is when he is not "all over General" as he calls it. . . .

' I wrote you the other day a letter which I was ashamed to send : I had got up particularly fond of you, and had determined to give up all improvement whatever and set out to you by the shortest road, without stopping. I really cannot stay much longer without seeing you. Often when I see a ship sailing I think how glad I should be if I were

aboard and on my passage to you. I have got some seeds of a beautiful plant that grows like ivy, with a purple flower and fine smell. I think it will do very well for your passage at Frescati. A dreadful scrawl, but I am in haste. I am to dine with a Mrs. F., who has been up to the elbows in custards to receive the General.'

VI

Although he desires to fly he does not. There is always a prudent Eddy restraining the impulsive one, or perhaps the Beloved, with the Scotch and shrewd Mr. O. at her elbow, writes counsels of prudence, and they prevail. He loved travelling, as did all the fine gentlemen of his day. After Gibraltar he travelled through Spain and Portugal, where everyone was kind to him, accompanied only by his black servant, Tony, who had picked him up wounded during the American War and nursed him back to health, and the muleteer with his mules. While he writes in the most lively strain of what he sees, his thoughts are always turning to the Good Family and the one beloved lodestar. The little Spanish and Portuguese girls remind him of Ciss and Mimi, the daughters of the Duchess's second marriage, much beloved by the children of the first.

'By this time you are at Barége,' he writes, 'quite settled in, and have had, I hope, neither

bickerings nor pickerings. I am sorry poor dear Charlotte is not better ; glad Lucy is well, and hope Sophia is not lachrymose. I sincerely hope Mimi is grown obstinate, passionate and disobedient, and that she don't mind a word Mde. Clavel says to her ; that when she is at her lessons she only keeps her eyes on the book, while all the time she is thinking of riding on Bourra ; and that the minute you are out of the room she begins talking to Ciss.

'I have been but three hours in Madrid. I wanted to set off to you by post, and should have been with you in that case in seven days. But it would have cost me £40 : Tony remonstrated, and insisted that it was very foolish when I might go for five guineas and, in short,—he prevailed.'

VII

'Dear, dear Eddy,' says the Duchess to Lady Lucy, 'how constantly he is in my thoughts ! In Edward nothing surprises me, dear Angel : he has always loved me in an uncommon degree from childhood. There are three of my children whose greatest happiness is to be with me : for indeed I may join dear Henry and sweet Robert even with our Angelick Eddy in this respect, for they have shown me on all occasions how much they prefer being with me to all other pleasures. God bless

them all, Dear Creatures. I do envy you, seeing sweet Eddy all day long. . . . I do not pretend to say that dearest angel Edward is not the first object: you have all been used to allow me that indulgence of partiality to Him, and none of you, I believe, blame me for it or see my excessive attachment to that Dear Angel with a Jealous eye.'

CHAPTER IV

THE GOOD FAMILY

I

THE Duchess tempers her sweetness with severity, or is it possible her severity was only for her daughters? There was an occasion on which her daughter Sophia came up from Castletown to a ball at Lady Bective's. The Duchess was at Leinster House, and Lady Sophia very properly desired to show herself in her finery to her mother. But the young Duchess of Leinster, who was her chaperon, arrived late, and whisked her off to the ball, refusing the *détour* to Leinster House, since Lady Bective had particularly wished the company to assemble at nine. Lady Sophia, as anxious as Cinderella when the clock was near the midnight, only danced one set, being oppressed by a sense of her lack of dutiful behaviour, and so in no humour for dancing. She tells her Journal, which she kept faithfully—the Fitzgerald ladies were all journalists—what happened next day when with a sinking heart she entered her mother's presence :

‘She receiv’d me very coldly, and I perceiv’d by her manner that I had very much displeas’d her. I drove with her to Frescati. As there was Lucy and Fowler in the coach she could not say anything to me then, but when we had arriv’d she told me what great displeasure I had occasion’d her by my conduct. I certainly was very much in the wrong, and should have refus’d going with the Duchess, as it prevented me going to my Mother. I saw immediately how much to blame I was. I felt miserable at what had happen’d, but was afraid to let myself cry as company was to dine here. I was oblig’d to exert myself to hinder my tears as much as possible. When we went to bed Henry came to my dressing-room. We had a long conversation. He wanted to know what was the matter with me. I told him the whole Affair. After he left me I went to bed as fast as possible to be at liberty to have my cry out. I cried most part of the night, shock’d at the very idea of being disrespectful to my Mother, tho’ God knows I did not mean to do it, and it all proceeded from want of thought. Next day my Mother was as pleasant to me as if nothing had happen’d, but I have not forgiven myself as soon as my dear Mother has. I still reproach myself, and cannot cast it out of my mind.’

Lady Sophia and Lady Lucy were keeping their aunt, Lady Louisa Conolly, company at beautiful Castletown, near Celbridge, the little

town amid the plains of Kildare, the Liffey flowing gently through it, which has another association, this time with Vanessa, more unhappy even than Stella. The ladies at Castletown, except for an occasional Dublin entertainment, led melancholy lives as we should regard them. They had no violent delights.

Of the four Lennox sisters Louisa was the one who exemplified the feminine virtues as they were regarded by the eighteenth century. She was lovable, gentle, pious, and lachrymose. Perhaps her lachrymosity was occasioned by Mr. Conolly, who was a politician and a fidget. She was a subject for laughter to the lively Lady Sarah. She seems to have been a most admirable wife to Mr. Conolly, and never to have asserted herself unbecomingly. Yet—stay! I was about to say that there was nothing in her of the spirit of her sisters. But that would be disproved by her attitude when the time came that saw the Good Family on its knees, in tears, for the most beloved of its members.

Castletown was kept up as befitted the wealth of the great Irish Squire who owned it. When Lord Edward visited the Alhambra he records that the painting of one of the rooms was in the style of the gallery at Castletown. Under the wing of the aunt who has always a suggestion of somewhat dowdyish virtues, the young ladies lived such a life as made consumption a common complaint in those days.

They spent their time in an ineffectual business; stringing bugles, looking at prints of dresses, reading aloud from the English newspapers, after which they read from the Bible or the works of some divine. While one read the others worked at their carpet frames. The Castletown ladies had not the varied employment of Mrs. Delany of the shell work and embroidered chair-covers. It was winter weather, and the gentlemen hunted or were in Dublin for the Parliament. When they came home they were exceedingly diverting, though occasionally they were 'in that state when they are not fit for the conversation of our sex.'

II

Sometimes the ladies went walking. An 'enormous' walker in those days could walk three miles. Lady Sarah was not very far away and must, one supposes, have come like a beautiful fresh wind into these languors. She tells a different tale of Castletown from what I have written. Perhaps they kept the dullnesses for the hours when the gentlemen were absent.

Lady Sarah says :

'Castletown goes on as usual, always the receptacle for society, comfort and friendship, and very often for innumerable personages, some old, some young, some agreeable and some very intollerable. The Christmas is the general rendezvous of the nobility, gentry and mobility.

It was very full and very sociable, which is uncommon in a large company, but the long gallery divides the party so much that one is capable of being very quiet at one end though there is dancing at the other end.'

III

'I still rejoice that I was never Queen, and shall to my life's end,' says Lady Sarah, one of those days, and goes on to compassionate the unfortunate royal lover upon whom the clouds had descended long before the night. 'I did for one moment wish I was his wife, and that was in reading the physicians' report. I own I did almost exclaim "Dear soul, if I were yours I would never leave you for an instant but try to calm your suffering mind."'

With this return to the past she is moved to think of her own happiness in her 'port after stormie seas,' despite poverty and its attendant cares. She has her compensations, her 'Donny,' her strong, sturdy boys, whom she calls her 'puppies': 'If you could see them you would comprehend their likeness, for even Castletown can scarcely suffice to their spirits and riots.' If she is poor it is in the country, where it is quite easy to be poor, where, in fact, the best people are poor. That '27 thousand a year' of Lady Louisa's husband is a quite extraordinary accident. The Family of all the gifts

and graces carried poverty as an added grace, to be worn like a rose.

IV

Lady Sarah coming in and out, full of the new comfortable nest she and Donny were making for themselves within the walls of the Castletown demesne, would be indeed as a fresh wind. The Good Family was irresistible when it touched on domesticity. They would have said that God having chosen first to make a garden on earth made next a House. It was one of their gifts to make of a house a Home—a sufficiently rare gift, even in women, to be precious. They must have had the gift to perfection, for they have the faculty of re-creating for us *that* house and *that* garden and filling it with the graciousness of domesticity which is one of God's dearest gifts to earth. 'I have had many very charming circumstances,' Lady Sarah says, 'to alleviate distresses. The living in this house' (i.e. Castletown, which was always open to her and Mr. Napier and 'the puppies') 'has enabled us to *build* ours, for it has already cost us in out-of-doors 13 hundred pounds and not furnished yet, and I assure you that there is not above 3 hundred of it that we can accuse ourselves of having spent *unnecessarily*; that is in ornamenting the place by planting, laying down grounds and adding some very necessary comforts to the house.

At present I am in the full enjoyment of the diversions of *fancy* and *scheeming* with my sister, and I go there almost every day, sit in the different rooms which want only papering, and settle how charming each will be. Then we admire the orchard in full bloom upon the grass we have lately sown, the turn of a new walk, the look of a clump that *is* or *is to be*.'

V

Eddy is frankly and delightfully 'not too good, for human nature's daily food.'

'I have no Dublin news to tell you,' he writes. 'Besides I am rather stupid. I got drunk last night at a Patriotick Dinner, which, as it seldom happens to me now, makes me very miserable next day.' Other times, other manners!

Here is a disedifying passage in a letter of Lady Sarah's, too delicious to be suppressed. She writes to Lady Sophia:

'I must now give you an account of my distresses since you went. On Thursday I went to Lady Lamison's and to Mrs. Meynell's, which as it was hot certainly did fatigue me, but I was sure to make up for it on Friday by a quiet evening and early going to bed. Mr. Ogilvie sat and chatted with me till 10., and at 11. I was preparing to go to bed when in walks Mr. Napier *drunk as an owl*, with 2 Colonels whom I had never

seen, and Eddy as *Drunk* as his good Uncle. "Sarah, I have brought these gentlemen to supper. Give us some bread and cheese." You have no idea of my *blank face*, for one of the Footmen was gone to bed very ill. I did not know what there was in the House, or if the Cook was up to dress it: and I *saw* that Donny was not in a way to understand reason on any subject. However, I put the best face I could on it, and we managed *tant bien que mal*, and my only reason for conversation was worrying Eddy about his love of wine, for the 2 Colonels would not *utter for fear of exposing themselves*. I gave them strong drink to make them more drunk that they might go the sooner. As for Eddy he *stuffed* and he drank *comme quatre* and was my only *Comfort*, for Mr. N. was *wise* and *stupid*. At last Eddy went, and I retired to bed at one o'clock, being too much worried by this supper to sleep. At 3 Mr. Napier came up and showed me a Boat close to the shore where he and MacDonald had discovered thieves in, and they had been lying out on the terrace with Pistols, in case the Thieves stirred. This pretty bit of intelligence kept me *en l'air* for 2 hours more. The Boat went off, and we were safe for that night.'

VI

Eddy is always so much of a hero of romance that one rejoices in his occasional weaknesses, lest

the human stomach should revolt from too much goodness. Another time he is, to say the least of it, unreasonable with Lady Sophia, if indeed he is not a little 'gone' on Louisa Staples with his unconquerable propensity for falling in love.

'While we were at Tea,' writes Lady Sophia, 'we heard a great Rap at the Hall-door which made us all start and wonder who it could be. It was Henry and Edward. We work'd and they chatted to us, and were as pleasant and agreeable as possible and kept us up till past 12 o'clock. Next day we all met very late at Breakfast. Henry and Edward entertain'd us excessively with an account of a ridiculous Quarrell they had had in the morning, but were very good Friends again. Eddy was very curious about a Letter I receiv'd to-day from Louisa Staples—and when we came up to bed he wanted me to show it to him, which I would not do. He put himself in a violent Passion with me. I only laugh'd at him, and told him it would not be fair in me to show a letter that she desir'd me not to show to *anybody*; we had a long argument about it, and he said that if I really loved him I should have no secrets from him. I told him that anything about myself I certainly wou'd tell him, but I did not think it was a right thing to tell my Friends' secrets. He said that was all nonsense. I said I never wanted to know *his* Friends' secrets, why was he so curious about mine? He then said that he

would tell me a thing he was desir'd never to mention to anybody. My answer was that he might do as he lik'd, and he did tell it me. However I was determin'd to be faithfull to Louisa and did not show her letter. When he heard me in my Room he call'd out to me and said that he forgave me, that I had put him in a great Passion.'

VII

The Good Family did not hesitate to call a spade a spade. It would have been contrary to everything in Lady Sarah's character to have been mealy-mouthed. Here is her straight answer to her niece, Lady Sophia, refusing to help her in her 'panegerick' on a Duchess who shall be nameless. '*I know* that her Heart is bad. It was so 22 years ago and it seldom softens with age, impudence and *drunkenness*, and the cunning persevering passion of Interest, all of which your fine Duchess possess'd early in life, all except the drinking, which is of late increas'd, I *hear*. The rest I *know*.'

VIII

'By the bye,' writes Lady Lucy, 'have you heard of the pretty piece of work at the Opera the other night? The Prince found Charles and Mr. Lascelles in his box with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

They immediately withdrew, but he flew into the most dreadful passion, call'd them all sorts of names and scolded Mrs. Fitz so loud that all the House heard it. He was Drunk, as you may suppose : the next day he begg'd her pardon.'

IX

Lady Lucy was the liveliest of the sisters, and the one closest in touch with Lord Edward. One can imagine that they all enjoyed rallying Sophia, who comes down to us with a spinsterish air. Sophia must have been like her aunt, Lady Louisa—thoroughly dependable, but somewhat of a drab bird by the phoenixes who inhabited the same nest.

Lord Edward's daughter says: 'My Father had the discernment to appreciate Aunt Sophia's sense and good qualities, for, someone taxing him with loving his half-sisters, Mimi and Ciss Ogilvie, the best, he said, "You are quite mistaken. I love Sophy, and there is more good in her little finger than in all of them put together."' '

Still Lady Sophia was cast for the part of the maiden aunt, and most admirably did she fill it in her tender care for Lord Edward's orphans.

Lady Lucy was 'comical,' like Lord Edward. One wonders how Lady Sophia liked this letter from her comical sister, written at a date after her brother's marriage.

'We long to get accounts of our dear travellers.

Were you sick? Was Lady Edward nervous? Was Eddy ridiculous? That I need not ask. Oh how we miss you. How we *long'd* for you Christmas Day. I am sure you eat your mince-pies just before you sail'd; or perhaps the Captain had provided some for the passage, in which case I'll be sworn you eat heartily of them. I hope you did not make too free with the grog. We have been *stunned, stupified, deafen'd* by the Bells, that have never ceased ringing since you went, Day and Night—not for your going, but in honour of Christmas, and a wedding, at which, with shame I speak it, the Bridegroom behaved very much as *you* would probably do on a similar occasion. He got *Drunk* and forgot the bride and could not be brought to go home to her—very different from Sir Charles. Affairs go on swimmingly there, by the bye, for tho' Punctilio won't allow *her* to hear the ceremony *named* as yet, she and Sir Charles retire after breakfast and he kisses her *from ear to ear*. Uncle Selby is all for a speedy celebration and *damns* Punctilio.'

One remembers Eddy's humorous way of regarding a suitor for Sophia's hand. At a much later date, when the Good Family's loyalty was under suspicion, Mr. Ogilvie urged on Lady Sophia to quit her retirement at Thames Ditton and come to town. One can see his face as he wrote this argument, and hers as she read it: 'We all agree that the World thinks your Retreat very

odd, and I daresay, if not prevented by your appearance, soon will good-naturedly say that you are retired like Miss Keppel formerly, and will soon add that you have had Twins, like the Lady in the *School for Scandal*. You must come up for a few days and show your dear little *Chien de Visage* at the Opera, etc., and then you may go back in perfect security.'

One is very often loved the better for being laughed at with tenderness.

CHAPTER V

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE

I

EDDY is more desperately in love with Georgina Lennox than ever he was with 'sweet pretty Kate.' Perhaps the vehemence of his passion frightened the young lady. Perhaps she did not want to marry a Phoenix whom all his world adored. Perhaps she preferred a plain honest gentleman, and was dismayed at what her violent young lover expected of her. Anyhow, she runs away from him: she hides behind her father's broad back. He shelters her. He understands better than a mother. Is it strange, is it capricious, incredible, that Georgina should be terrified of such a lover? The good gentleman asks no questions. It suffices for him that his little female thing is frightened. She shall have her childhood out, uninterrupted by rough splendid wooers.

The Duke comes over from Goodwood. He swears by Eddy. What! Is Georgie coy to such a soldier, lover, hero of romance as Eddy? He

and Lord George walk round the zigzag walks of Stoke, delicious for lovers, the Duke with a dog of the Ranger breed at his heels, all eagerness for the suit of his favourite nephew. Himself a good easy man, he advocates stern measures with little Lady Georgina. Lock her in her room; put her on bread and water till she comes to her senses. His eyebrows beetle over his eyes, and his lips are pursed. Girls and their fancies are a plague. He has had enough of it in his family.

He trusts that George will know how to reduce his obstinate child to the far from disagreeable choice of such a lover as Eddy. The boy is at present somewhat romantical in his notions; it is the Irish blood: but he will settle. He will follow the Duke of York yet in command of our Armies. Why, he might be such a one as Corporal John, without that hero's love of the money-bags.

'He has the prettiest knowledge of the Science of War,' says the Duke, 'of any young soldier I have ever known, and brave to rashness. You should hear Doyle upon him. The rascal disobeyed orders and went out alone. He was wounded in combat with two of the enemy. It would have been insubordination if it hadn't been so splendid. Lord, he is like the young Alexander.'

'That,' says Lord George coldly, 'will not win my girl's heart!'

'The men adore him. He is the idol of his friends. He is gentle to all women.'

‘I cannot constrain my daughter’s affections,’ Lord George returns.

At that the Duke flies into a rage and dashes Georgie’s affections. He dashes all women freely. ‘Have I ever had any peace from them?’ he demands passionately. ‘Look at Sal! I grant you she is in clear water at last, but poor as a church mouse, her little boys attending the village school. And Emily, married to a dashed Scotch tutor! Not but what O.’s turned out better than could have been hoped. Oh, Love, Love, I’m plagued with the very name of it!’

II

After the Duke had taken himself off in a passion Lord George, his kind eyes brooding and his lips set, wrote a letter to poor Eddy.

MY DEAR LORD,—Your letter was only delivered to me as I was getting down to dinner. I take the opportunity of Lady Charlotte’s going to-morrow to answer it by her. Your setting out this morning was so unexpected to me that you will, I trust, look on it as the cause of my not being in the way to take leave of you. However all things considered we, maybe, have neither of us any reason to regret it, as it has saved us an awkward adieu after the result of your conversation with my daughter, to whom I have on this occasion, as I have always with her sisters, left

every matter of the sort to be determined by themselves. With respect therefore to the manner of your proposal it was not so material to me, from the perfect security I always feel in my daughters' conduct, and as to the propriety of *yours*, which you are so good as to say you hope I approve of, it is now needless to enter into since you did not think it necessary to consult me on it before. But nevertheless, my Dear Lord, what has passed shall not make any alteration in those Sentiments I have already for you.

I am, with great truth, my Dear Lord,

Your sincerely affectionate Uncle,

GEO. HENRY LENNOX.

Lady Sarah Napier has a note somewhere. 'How often I have observed in reasonable gentlemen a jealousy, doubtless unknown to themselves, of a Daughter's suitor. I am not altogether sorry that Eddy is not to have Georgina. The poor child is distressed lest it break up the happy friendship of the families. And my brother the Duke has called George a Numbskull. They were too near related.'

III

Let us receive from the same vivacious pen a picture of the child who set Eddy's heart ablaze to the extinction of the little flame for Kate.

'Georgina is rather little and strong-made ;

her countenance is reckoned very like mine, so I must not say as I have said of her sister Louisa that, like my sister Leinster, her mouth and countenance are full of ten thousand graces. 'Tis a pity I must be modest in describing of her since she is like me. She has little eyes, no eyebrows, longish nose, even teeth and the merriest of smiles. But all her liveliness comes from her mother's side. She has all her witt, all her power of satyre and all her sweet goodnature too, so if she is not led to give way to the tempting vanity of displaying her witt she will be delightful. Dear little Georgina, I fear, will experience the dangers attending on such a possession. Her manners are of course, at fifteen, more lively and less prudent than her sisters', but there is the same good-humour and complaisance in all.'

IV

Romeo could not endure the refusal of his suit, so without telling even his mother, lest she should dissuade him, he flung himself off across the ocean to New Brunswick in Nova Scotia, where his regiment was stationed.

'Dearest, dearest Mother,' he writes from Halifax, June 24, 1788, 'I got here three days ago after a passage of 28 days, one of the quickest ever known. We had a fair wind every hour of the way. I shall lose no opportunity of writing to you. By what I

hear they are all Irish in this town. The brogue is not in greater perfection in Kilkenny. I am lodged at a Mr. Cornelius O'Brien's—who claims relationship, which I accept—and his horse, for thirty miles up the country. I start to-day. I love Georgina more than ever. I long to hear from you. God bless you ten thousand times. . . .'

V

He is not too love-sick to describe the new world and its people, as he sees them in his voyage up-country, with great liveliness. His Republican feelings begin to show in his letters:

'The equality of everybody and their manner of life, I like very much. There are no gentlemen; everybody is on a footing, provided he works, and wants nothing. The more children a man has the better; his wife being brought to bed is as joyful news as his cow calving: the father has no uneasiness about providing for them as this is done by the profit of their work. By the time they are fit to settle he can always provide them with two oxen, a cow, a gun, and an axe, and in a few years, if they work, they will thrive. I came by a settlement along one of the rivers which was all the work of one pair. . . . Conceive, dearest Mother, arriving about 12 o'clock on a hot day at a little cabin upon the side of a rapid river, the banks all covered with woods, not a house in sight, and there finding

a little old clean tidy woman spinning, with an old man of the same appearance weeding salad. We had come for ten miles up the river without seeing anything but woods. The old pair, on our arrival, became as active as though five-and-twenty, the gentleman getting wood and water, the lady frying bacon and eggs, both talking a great deal, telling their story, how they had been there thirty years, and how their children were settled; and when either's back was turned remarking how old the other had grown, all with the greatest kindness, cheerfulness and love to each other.

‘The contrast of all this with the quietness of the evening when the spirits of the old people had a little subsided and begun to wear off with the day and the fatigue of their little work, sitting quietly at their door on the same spot they had lived thirty years together; the contented thoughtfulness of their countenances, which was increased by their age and the solitary life they had led, the wild quietness of the place; not a living creature to be seen but me, Tony and the guide, sitting with them all on a log. The difference of the scene I had left, the immense way I had to travel back to see anything I loved, the difference of the life I should lead from theirs—perhaps at their age, discontented, disappointed, wishing for power,—etc.—my dearest Mother, I believe if it was not for you I never should go home.’

VI

How fresh and vivid the colours of this idyll, as though 'twere painted only yesterday! What a writer was lost in him! The plain short words and sentences of Defoe, the vivid keen touches, the life-like detail, the atmosphere, the temperament. Oh, it is not well to have all the gifts! Something should have been flung into the sea to appease the jealous gods.

'I own I often think,' he goes on, 'how happy I could be with dear Georgina in some of the spots I see. I envied every young farmer I met whom I saw sitting down with a young wife and a fine baby that he was going to support with his labour. Dearest Mother, I sometimes think 'twill end well,—that she will relent towards the one whose only fault is loving her too much. I dream of her little dear eyes and her laughter. Do you see her? And is there any word of Bathurst? If he is with her I am on fire. Tell O. that I am sometimes obliged to say to myself "*tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin.*" He won't believe me, I know. He will be in a fine rage when he hears I should have been lieutenant-colonel if I had stayed in the 60th. Fate seems to destine me for a major! But oh, those homes! Dearest Mother, they distract me. If I could but carry Georgie off here. I envy the poor Indian with his squaw and papooses. But I must not go on like this. Tell Ogilvie I

hope he misses "that little dog, Edward," sometimes.'

VII

He is back again with his regiment.

'Pray tell Ogilvie I am obliged to think. He will say he is glad to hear it. I get up at five: go out and exercise the men from six to eight, then breakfast: from that to three, read, write and settle all the different business of the regiment: at four dine; at half-past six, parade and drill to sundown: from that till nine o'clock walk by myself, build castles in the air, think of you all and the pleasant things that may yet happen: when I am tired of myself, home to bed, and sleep till the faithful Tony comes in the morning—his black face is as yet the only thing I feel attached to. Dearest Mother, if I could carry you here I should live tolerable happy! There is certainly something in the soldier's life that keeps up one's spirits. I feel like my Uncle Toby at the sound of a drum, and the more I hear it the more I like it. There is a mixture of country life and military life here that is very pleasant. I have got a garden for the soldiers that employs me a great deal. I flatter myself that next year it will provide the men with plenty of vegetables. Another of my amusements is my canoe. I and another officer went up the river in her for thirty

miles. It is very pleasant to go in this way exploring, ascending far up some river or creek, and finding the most beautiful spots in Nature, quite wild and unknown. A canoe here is like a post-chaise at home, and the rivers and lakes your post-horses. You would laugh to see the faithful Tony and I carrying one.

‘I do all I can not to think of you,—in vain. Give my love to everyone. I love G. more than ever, and if she loves me will not change. I often think what it would be to come home to her as well as you—and how every object would appear so much better—the trees, the grass, the flowers, increased in beauty. I never shall, I think, be happy without her: neither do I wish to be absolutely unhappy. I think it indeed wrong, when one has so many blessings, not to feel and enjoy them, because there is one one cannot have.’

VIII

‘*Sept. 2nd, 1788.*—I have just got your letter from sweet Frescati. How affectionate and reasonable! You cannot think how happy you have made me. Being absent from you was unhappiness enough without the addition of your being a little angry. . . . The step I have taken will certainly do me good in my profession. It gives me the consolation that I am doing my duty

as a man, and a constant occupation hinders my being so taken up with one object. Still, being absent from you is very terrible to me.

‘I am very glad you are so quietly settled at Frescati. You must find great pleasure in being there after your rambling: but you must not become too rooted there and too lazy to stir from it, for I hope to serve as your courier yet; and to keep you in order on our journeys when you know I always become such a tyrant. I am afraid I shall think too often of our last year’s journey. We are going, a party of us, in canoes up to the Grand Falls of St. John’s, two hundred and fifty miles up the river, and by all accounts very beautiful. The contrast will be very great. Instead of Blois, Tours, etc., a few Indian bark huts.

‘I know Ogilvie says I ought to have been a savage, and if it were not that the people I love and wish to live with are civilized and like houses, etc., I would join the savages; and, leaving all our fictitious, ridiculous wants, be what Nature intended me to be. Savages have all the real happiness of life. They enjoy the love and company of their wives, relations, and friends, without any interference of ambitions or interests to separate them. If *we* were Indians it would be my duty to be with you, to make you comfortable, to hunt and fish for you. Instead of my uncle being violent against letting me marry Georgina, he would be

glad to give her to me, so that I might maintain and feed her. There would be then no need to look forward to fortunes for the children, or how you are to live; no separation in families, no devilish politics, no fashions, customs, duties, or appearances to the world, to interfere with happiness. Instead of being served and supported by servants everything is done by one's relations,—by the people one loves,—and mutual obligations must increase your love for each other. To be sure the poor ladies are obliged to cut a little wood and draw a little water. The dear Ciss and Mimi instead of being with Mrs. Lynch would be carrying wood and fetching water, while Ladies Lucy and Sophia were cooking or drying fish. As for you, dearest Mother, you would be smoking your pipe. Ogilvie and us boys, having, after breakfast, brought in our game, would be lying about the fire, while our squaws were helping to cook or nursing our papooses; all this in a fine wood, beside some beautiful lake, which, when you were tired of, you could get into your canoes and off with you elsewhere.

‘I wish Ogilvie may get rid of Frescati so easily. I really think, though I love it, it would be a good thing. Perhaps you may settle in England, and if things turn out as I still have hopes and I marry dearest Georgie, it will be happier for me. I cannot help having hopes that Lord George may at last consent, and as long as

there is the smallest hope of being happy with her it is not possible to be happy without her. I never can, I think, love anybody as I love her, for with her I can find no fault. Dearest Mother, after yourself I think she is the most perfect creature on earth.'

IX

'*Oct. 6th*, 1788.—I begin to long very much to see you. The truth is I do not know when I am with you how necessary you are to me. I contrive to be with you a great deal. I take fine long walks and think of last year. I think of all our talks,—our jokes—my passions when you were troublesome and fidgety; I think of Sophy's "You may pretend to look melancholy"—and Lucy's hot cheek, stuffed up in the coach and dying to get out. I think of our pleasant breakfast on the road to Orleans. In short, dearest, I have you with me always:—I talk to you;—I look at your meek face when you submitted to all my little tyranny. The feel of the air even very often reminds me of you. We had just such a day a few days ago as that when we came to Aubigny and stopped at the pleasant village. Dearest Mother, when shall we have such another walk?

'I am glad to tell you that I have been five months away. By the time you get this I shall

have only three months to stay. I wish I could go to sleep.'

A little later he writes : ' Our winter is setting in violently—thank God. I shall visit you with the swallows. I wish I could be frozen till then. Good-bye. Ten thousand loves.'

CHAPTER VI

THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

I

EDDY is disturbed, disgusted about politics. His brother the Duke has gone over to the Government. He and Lord Henry are in revolt, ready to act in opposition to the head of the family. 'I am tired of thinking of this hanged stuff,' he says. Quixotically he would take no favours from the Government, so he refuses the family interest to make him lieutenant-colonel. 'I like the service for its own sake,' he says, 'High rank in it I do not aspire to. If I am found fit for command I shall get it. If not, God knows, I am better without it. I am afraid you will all say I am very foolish about this: but it is a folly that may have its fling: it hurts nobody.'

Very plain to read between the lines the vexation of his own heart.

II

‘The Winter is quite set in and the rivers frozen over, and I am skating from morning till night. I begin in the morning as soon as it is light, stay till breakfast, after breakfast, till it is time to dress and parade. Our drilling is over till Spring, except twice a week taking a good long march. The snow will soon stop that, and then I mean to go to Quebec in snow-shoes. I believe I shall be out most of the Winter. The idea of being out of doors, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and of overcoming all the difficulties of Nature by the ingenuities of man, delights me. Everybody says it is much the warmest way of living in Winter, for by being in the woods you are sheltered from the winds; and at night, by clearing away the snow, banking it up round, and, in the middle of the space, making a large fire, you are much warmer than in the best house. You may guess how eager I am to try if I like the woods in Winter as well as in Summer. I believe I shall never again be prevailed on to live in a house. I long to teach you all how to make a good spruce bed. Three of the coldest nights we’ve had yet I slept in the woods, with only one blanket, and was as comfortable as in a room. . . . I cannot describe the feelings one has in these excursions, when one wakes,—perhaps in the middle of the night, in a fine open forest,

all your companions snoring about you, the moon shining through the trees, the burning of the fire—in short, everything delightful.

‘Dearest, dearest Mother, how I have thought of you at these times and of all at dear Frescati, and, being tired of thinking, lying down like a dog and falling asleep till daybreak; then getting up, no dressing or any trouble, but just a good shake and away to the delicious spring to wash your face and hands. I have had two parties with the savages, which are still pleasanter,—there are *des dames*, who are the most comical creatures in the world.

‘Tell dear Ogilvie that I am not affronted by his remarks on the “paucity of ideas” and “an empty skull”; I agree with him that they are great blessings. Notwithstanding his saying he didn’t mean *me* I plead guilty. Imagine your thinking I should be affronted!’

III

He is going with a little party of five through the frozen woods and country never before traversed except by Indians, by the St. Lawrence to Quebec, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles. He writes to that prudent Scot and stern monitor, Mr. O. Some of the Kildare gertry have been playing him a shabby trick. Very like he was a white blackbird to them or a Bird of Paradise

among common fowl. 'I believe there is *un bien clique* of fellows in the county. Pray do not let any of them into Kilrush, for they will only distress and domineer over the poor tenants. I have only spent my pay yet, and shall not want any money till I get home. I am richer than ever I was yet. I have always £25 or £30 to the good and pay ready money. I have given away a good deal besides,—more than at home. I certainly manage very well.

'Give my love to all the dear girls. Tell them I am as great a fool as ever: I am afraid that it will stick to me all the days of my life. I often long to lay aside the character of Major commanding His Majesty's Regiment to play the fool and buffoon. I am sure if Ciss were here I should.

'God bless you, my dear Ogilvie. Ten thousand loves to my dearest mother. Tell her *le petit sauvage* thinks of her constantly in the woods. Indeed the more savage I am the better I love her. She has a rope about my heart that gives hard tugs at it, and it is all I can do not to give way.'

IV

He has made the journey in thirty days and is at Quebec, where 'your old love, Lord Dorchester, is very civil to me.' Here is an incident of the journey, typically Eddyian:

'After making the river we fell in with some

savages and travelled with them to Quebec. They were very kind to us and said we were "all one brother, all one Indian." They fed us the whole time we were with them. You would have laughed to see me carrying an old squaw's pack, which was so heavy I could hardly waddle under it. However, I was well paid whenever we stopped, for she always gave me the best bits and most soup, and took as much care of me as if I had been her own son: in fact, I was quite *l'enfant chérie*. We were quite sorry to part: the old lady and gentleman both kissed me very heartily. I gave the old lady one of Sophia's silver spoons, which pleased her very much.

' When we got here you may guess what figures we were: we had not shaved or washed during the journey; our blankets, coats, trousers, all worn out and pieced: in short, we went to two or three houses and they would not let us in. There was one old lady exactly the *hôtesse* in *Gil Blas*, *elle me prit la mesure jusqu'à la tête*, and told me there was one room, without a stove or bed, which I might have if I pleased: and when I told her we were gentlemen she said quietly, "I daresay you are," and went off. However at last we got lodgings in an ale-house, and I need not tell you ate well and slept well. We went next day, dressed out finely, with one of Lord Dorchester's aides-de-camp to triumph over the old lady—in fact, exactly the story in *Gil Blas*. . . .

‘I really do think there is no luxury equal to that of lying before a good fire on a good spruce bed, after a good supper, and a hard moose chase in a clear frosty moonlight starry night.’ (Here follows a very spirited account of a moose chase in which the quarry was run down after a day and a half.)

‘At last, pursued him for three-quarters of an hour in fine open woodland, came within shot—he stopped, but in vain, poor animal. I cannot help being sorry now for the poor creature and was then. While we hunted it was charming, but when we had him in our power it was melancholy ; however it was soon over and no pain to him. If it was not for this last part it would be a delightful amusement. I am sorry to say, however, that in a few hours the good passion wore off and the animal one predominated. I enjoyed most heartily the eating him and cooking him. We are beasts, dearest mother ; I am sorry to say it.’

V

‘My letter is getting too long and all about myself. You know I hate that, but I must tell you about my intended motions. I set out for Niagara as soon as possible, and on my return expect to find my leave and a ship to take me to my dearest mother. God alone knows how I long to be with you. My heart cannot be content

while I am so far away from you. Give my love to all. How I long to feel all your arms about my neck! If Georgie should love me when I go home I shall be the happiest fellow in the world.

‘Ten thousand million blessings attend you, dearest of mothers. I will see you soon. What happiness! It has been a long year, but I did all I could to shorten it. I wish I was in the woods, tired and sleepy: I should soon forget you all. When I end a letter the thoughts of you all come upon me so thick I do not know which to speak to—so God bless you all. I am going foolish.’

VI

After all, his love of adventure kept him longer from that beloved side. Since he could not get a ship at once he determined to go down the Mississippi to New Orleans after seeing Niagara and return home from the Southern port.

‘There was one family at Quebec, very pleasant and very good to me—a mother and two pretty daughters. Don’t be afraid. I was not in love. We were very sorry to part. However, it did not last long, I tell it you because it was the only kind feel I had for a woman since I left England; I wish it had lasted a little longer.’ He is an epicure in love.

VII

He travels with an Indian Chief, Joseph Brant, canoeing down the rivers instead of crossing Lake Erie in a ship.

‘We go through a number of Indian villages. If you only stop an hour they have a dance for you. They are delightful people: the ladies charming, and with manners that I like very much, they are so natural. Notwithstanding the life they lead, which would make most women rough and masculine, they are as soft, meek and modest as the best-brought-up girls in England. At the same time they are coquettes *au possible*. Conceive the manner of Mimi in a poor Squaw that has been carrying packs in the woods all her life!

‘I shall reach the Mississippi soon and then down to New Orleans, and to my dearest mother at Frescati to relate all my journey in the little Book Room. Ireland and England will be too little for me when I get home. If I could only carry my dearest mother with me I should be completely happy here.’

VIII

At Detroit he was adopted as an Indian into the Bear Tribe and made one of their Chiefs. They returned his love. The wandering had got into his blood, for, by the time he arrived at New

Orleans, which was not till well into another Winter, he wanted to visit the Mexican Silver Mines. That project failing, since he could not get permission, he sailed for home, and arrived in the early Spring of 1790, nearly two years after he had set out.

IX

And now comes a tragedy for poor Eddy. His dearest mother is not at Frescati, but in London. He flies to her. He is met with the announcement that the Duchess is giving a dinner-party. He is about to launch himself into the midst of the party, when his cousin, Henry Fox, comes into the hall looking disturbed and unhappy.

‘Come with me, Eddy,’ he says, ‘into the little parlour.’

‘But my mother . . .’

‘Is not yet aware of your presence. I fancied I heard your voice in an interval of the conversation. I am quick of hearing. As soon as the Duchess knows you are come she will fly to welcome you.’

‘Man,’ says Eddy, in a good-natured bewilderment, ‘I have been sick for a sight of her dear face. It is nearly two years since we met; I am starved, I tell you. Perhaps I have grown, as Ogilvie says, *sauvage* in my ways. I am going to her. She will take me in her arms before the

company, before the whole world. I tell you I cannot wait another minute. I am at the end of my tether.'

'My dear Eddy, be reasonable. It is apparent that you have come in haste. What would the company think of you if you were to appear with the stains of travel upon you?'

'Damn the company and the stains of travel!' says Eddy. 'I want my mother! She would not care if I came like an Esquimaux.'

'She shall come to you,' says Henry Fox, still pushing Eddy towards the little parlour.

'It is not what I dreamed of,' says Eddy, wistful and disappointed—'that a dinner-party should come between me and my mother. Good Lord, man, do you know how I have suffered all these months when one infernal obstacle after another rose up to keep me from her dear face?'

'She shall come to you. Think—you do not want to meet her before a roomful of people. She has been longing for you. She will fly as soon as I have whispered in her ear.'

'Why, that is true,' says Eddy, suddenly reasonable. 'I would not meet her under the eyes of strangers. Who are her guests? It is the worst of chances that she should be entertaining. I only desired to sit down in the midst of the family. Do you know that I am bursting to talk and to have their news. Is Ogilvie here?'

Is Lucy ? Is Ciss ? Anyone of them will keep me company till these people are gone.'

Henry Fox closes the door of the little room, leaving him. Eddy stands by the fireplace, fingering the ornaments upon the mantel, too impatient to know what he is doing. Some chill has come upon the ardour of his home-coming. He wants his mother to dissipate it, to assure him it is only a teasing cloud of the brain caused by the fatigue of the too-rapid journey.

The door opens, and he is in her arms. She is fondling his dark head, weeping with joy.

'I thought the time would never pass, Eddy,' she says. 'My dear Angel, you have tried me. You must never leave me again.'

The cloud has passed away. They sit, side by side, hand in hand. The Duchess has forgotten her guests. Eddy is happy. He has not yet even asked for Georgie. In the round mirror above the sofa opposite he can see himself and his mother, very clear and small, in the silvery depths of the mirror, she in lace and diamonds, he dusty and unkempt.

He is the first to remember the guests ; and only when she has thought that he must be hungry.

'I shall have food brought to you,' she says

'Why,' asks Eddy, laughing, 'I am very well disposed for the company of my kind. I have been so long without it. Have you dear Henry with you and the girls ? True, my baggage follows

me, but Tony has brought my valise with a change of clothing. Let me wash and change before I join your party. I am not so hungry as all that. . . .’

Then he reads calamity in her dear eyes. Why, he had known it was there all the time.

She holds him to her as fondly as when he had been a sick child.

‘Can you bear a great blow,—in my arms?’ she asks. ‘I could not bear that you should endure it elsewhere, alone and away from me.’

‘Good God!’ he cries, ‘Georgie is dead! You have not deceived me. I have missed her name from your letters.’

He buries his face against her lace sleeve and sobs. He is not himself because of the rapid travelling and want of sleep.

‘Not that, Eddy,’ the Duchess replies. ‘She is as well as ever she was in her life. Better. She has married the Lord Bathurst. To-night is my wedding-dinner to them.’

She sees the blood come into his eyes. He goes away from her to the marble chimney-piece, which is carved with a design of Diana and Endymion. He lays his forehead down upon it.

The Duchess does not return to her guests that night, but sends word to say that she is indisposed. It is not till after the guests have departed that the Good Family know that Eddy has come home.

CHAPTER VII

POT POURRI

I

A YEAR later Eddy is back in Dublin for his Parliamentary duties. He has met the Lady Bathurst and made his felicitations with what Lady Sarah calls 'a Stoick courage.' She is so pretty, so pleading for forgiveness, that poor Eddy can only kiss her hand and turn away.

The Duchess and her daughters are in London. He writes with a recovery of spirits.

'Dublin has been very lively this week and promises as much for the next, but I think it is all the same thing—Lady A—— and Lady D—— and a few competitors for their places. I have been a great deal with these charming beauties. They want to console me for London, but they won't do it, though I own they are very pleasant. Henry and I have been living at Leinster House quite alone. We generally ride to the Black Rock. I hate going by the gate through which I used to run to my dearest mother. I won't say anything about it for fear of tempting you—but the passage

is in high beauty. I meant to have gone and slept there to-night for the feel of you in it, but was kept too late at the levy. I have dined by myself, and intended giving up the evening to writing to you, but have had such a pressing invitation from Mrs. ——— to sup with her that I cannot refuse. I hope it is to make up a quarrel which she began the other night because I said she was cold. I find it is the worst thing one can say of a Dublin woman—you cannot conceive what an affront it is reckoned.'

II

During those years of the later Eighties and early Nineties the Duchess and her daughters were constantly away from Ireland, either travelling abroad or in London, with occasional flying visits to Dublin. Of those years Lady Sophia kept some sort of chronicle in a Journal which she called a 'Bubb of my own,' from the oddly-named Bubb Doddington, a society man and wit of the day. They had a lodging in Harley Street, and they went to Balls and the Opera, for water-parties on the river down to London Bridge and Greenwich, for drives in Lord Henry's curricule to Kensington and Kew Gardens. Also, being the Good Family, the ladies were interested in things other than gaieties, yet the gaieties had a preponderance, as is perhaps right in the case of young ladies.

III

Here is Lady Sophia, who has a quaint way of speaking of herself in the third person in this 'Bubb' of hers. She allots rather more space to Lord Henry's acting in private theatricals than to the trial of Warren Hastings.

'Very busy all the morning making up things for the play. Din'd very early, and at Four O'clock went to Richmond House Theatre to secure good places. Mother, Ciss and Mimi were in the Duke's Box, Sophia in the Pit in the first row in order to see Henry well. He really was more delightful and more charming than can be express'd. Everybody that had seen Garrick thought Henry equal to him, in some parts beyond him; but Henry look'd much more the character of Don Felix as he has one great advantage over Garrick, that of having a remarkable pretty figure, and looking more like a gentleman, which I understand was not the case with Garrick. Mr. Walpole and all the great critics were charm'd with Henry, and as for the ladies they left the Theatre dying with love for him.

'This is the first day of Mr. Hastings' Tryal. A great many people went to it.

'Sophia was oblig'd to get up very early, which she did not like much: breakfasted, then went to call on Lady Talbot, and they both went to the Tryal, where they staid till four o'clock.

Mr. Burke spoke, and they were delighted with him. Sophia came home, rather pitying poor Mr. Hastings, as the Tryal struck her to be a most awful thing, and hearing himself accus'd of so many horrible crimes: but he seem'd very indifferent about them.

' Sophia persuaded her Mother to go to the Tryal, as she knew it would entertain her to hear Mr. Burke. He was charming again, and Mother very pleas'd at having gone.

We went to the Tryal again to hear Mr. Burke, who really made one's blood run cold with the account of all the Tortures and cruelties in the East Indies. The Tryal, I understand, is likely to be a party business, and of course no justice done. We all went in the evening to see the Play at Richmond House. Henry was charming. Mrs. Siddons was there. She rather disappointed us in her praises of Henry, as she said much more about Lord Derby, who certainly is not to be nam'd with Henry. At the same time he is a very good actor, but in quite a different stile.

' Mother was taken very ill in the night, which vex'd us all very much; for besides her being ill we were all to have gone to the Tryal to hear Charles Fox speak.

' Mother better but still weak. Sophia and Lucy got up early to go to the Tryal. Sophia was to call for her ticket at Richmond House, and when arriv'd Edward had taken the ticket, not

knowing it was for Sophia, and so poor Sophia return'd home, ready to cry at her second disappointment, as Charles Fox is to speak to-day and is not likely to speak any more upon the Tryal. Edward came about six, so vex'd at Sophia's not having heard Charles speak : he had not the least idea the ticket was for her.'

IV

Lady Lucy, being Eddy in petticoats, is much in love, so that her Journal is chiefly a record of her love-affairs at this time, or rather of one love-affair, which was no more happy than Eddy's. Perhaps she liked to be in torments of love, and certainly her rhapsodies ring much less true than his. Like Lady Sophia's record they are most femininely dateless.

' We had many men in our Box at the Opera,—one so like *him* !! The way of sitting, the look of the head—and seeing him in the Pit I had an illusion of past happiness.

' They all went to the Opera—not me. Mimi and I played together the Harp and Harpsichord. I am very fond of the Harp : it pleases me when nothing else does. The music had its usual effect upon me, but as usual made me wretched.

' We had a Ball in the House. I danced with Tom Bligh and Charles ; there was nobody else we knew, but a precious set of quizzes.

‘Mama took me to make visits which I hate. It snow’d for the first time this Winter. My spirits, worried from having been remonstrated with upon what I can’t help.

‘Went to Lord Mount Edgecumbe’s and Lady Salisbury’s. Did not see *him* at any of these odious places. In the evening to the Opera. *Nobody* there. Where can he be? Alas, why should it concern me?

‘I went to the Opera with Ld. Henry. In the corridor, while leaning on Ld. Robert’s arm, he spoke to me. O God, I thought I should never again have heard his voice—and address’d to me! I did not seek it.

‘Ld. Robert came and had a talk with me. How kind my friends are! This is a patience week for me.

‘We went to the Opera, and a miserable evening I spent. What I suffer’d seeing him in the Pitt, and for five minutes talking to some happy woman! While I—it did not last long however, and he look’d out of spirits. My angel Mama came and comforted me when we return’d home.

‘A day of great agitation to me. It was arrang’d that *he* and the Family should be asked to the Assembly. They were: he came: I saw him, heard his voice and felt happier, tho’ without much cause. He is going out of town for a few days. Still much agitated. It is my own fault, I believe. I wish I were quiet in my grave.

‘ We went to a concert : it was Divine. Lord Henry had given him a ticket which he return’d as he had been overturn’d in a carriage and is confin’d from it.

‘ I shall never forget if I live a hundred years. Mama had an Assembly, but I went to a ball at Ld. N.’s to meet his sister. I had a conversation with her which will, I fear, throw a shadow over my future life.

‘ Did not go out all day : felt ill. It is not surprising. Agitation, I believe, is not so destructive to the health as the cold stupor of despair.

‘ In the morning Lord Robert brought me a letter from *his* sister in answer to one I had wrote her desiring her to ask her brother for a drawing he had of mine. She return’d it and said he had *offer’d* to do it *himself*. How can I bear it ? ’

V

Again the colours of life in this picture are as fresh as if it was made yesterday, though the girl who made it has been dust these hundred years. She does not tell us who this gentleman was, but one gathers from the context that there was another lady in the case. Cannot one see Lady Lucy, leaning upon her desk in a Winter room of one of the high houses in Harley Street, writing down her hopes and despairs ? Sometimes the Family goes to Tunbridge Wells or Malvern.

Eddy writes from Paris :

Tuesday, October 30th, 1792. The First Year of the Republic. I often want you, dearest Mother, but I should not have been able to bear Tunbridge for any time.' Indeed it was not likely in the midst of such violent delights that Tunbridge should content him!

Lady Lucy's unhappy love-affair runs on to the year after Lord Edward's marriage. However, that is in the future, so far as this chronicle is concerned. There is yet another page or two of Lady Lucy, like the nightingale, pressing her heart upon the thorn. It needed a new distraction to drive out the old one.

'Walk'd with my brothers, a large family-party, in the Square. I met *his* sister and walk'd with her. It is a great weakness, but it gave me the only pleasure I had felt for a long while.

'Play'd my harp in the evening alone. There is a Ball at Almack's. I thought of it with tolerable composure.

'Went to the Opera. We had a mob of men in the Box. I felt more gay than I had done for a long time. I saw at a distance that form I have so lov'd, and it only contributed to my poor spirits. That is a remains of my weakness; it is like the pleasure one takes in looking at the picture of what one loves: the soul was wanting, and it was the soul that so entirely attach'd mine.

'Walk'd all morning with my brothers, altho'

it rained. Dined at Ld. Templetown's, and to the Duchess of Gordon's in the evening. It was very pleasant for our Assembly. The Good Family all sat on a couch and were much attended to.

'I never see him of late. I wish I did not miss him so much.

'I walk'd in Grosvenor Sq. with his sister, and had a conversation with her that has quite upset my ideas. Adieu to Tranquillity again: I had hardly attain'd it. Opera in the evening: he was not there.

'There was a Ball at our neighbour, Mr. Codrington's, where I suppos'd he was. I listened to the fiddles, and imagin'd the one with whom he danc'd.

'There was an Opera but I did not go to it, but to Ly. Spencer's, where I thought I should not see anything particular; but they were all there, the family and the *Miss*. He had *been* there, but had gone to a ball where Mimi met him. He asked a great deal about me. How strange!

'Walk'd once more with his sister in the Square. She is going out of Town. I don't make her out at all. She is *very* like her Brother.

'There are very few men in town. Unhuman altogether. All the World is unhuman. I am very unhappy.'

VI

So, as far as the Journal goes, Lady Lucy's love-affair passes into oblivion. We know nothing of the lover. Did he shilly-shally? Was he already an engaged man and did he suffer as she did yet keep his word, being a man of honour? It is all gone with yesterday's roses. But how fragrant it is! And how living! Lady Lucy's clinging to the lover's sister because so she gets near him. It is happening every day. It will happen. 'I too have been in Arcady'; and though women vary they are yet alike. Lady Lucy recovered from what one perceives to have been as sweet as it was bitter. One suspects that she was in love with Love. And though one gentleman disdained her she had plenty of suitors. She is in quite a different mood when she dismisses poor Mr. A., who is fortunate in his anonymity.

'DEAREST SOPHIA,—You did right to tell Tina about Mr. A. if you thought it would amuse her, but don't talk of it to other people, for I don't think it right, even by him, to talk of those sort of things, and he begs I will not *wound his feelings* by divulging it. Edward will dye of it: I knew that day that he meant something particular, and so I told Edward: however, I never saw or heard anything of him till the day I left Malvern, when the whole country was white with May. You know how sweet and beautiful it is, and you can

imagine all the gentle, pretty scene as I sat in the garden to break the seal of Mr. A.'s letter just handed to me.

'I own I wonder'd what it could be about, and why the uncouth wretch should have written to me. Poor wretch—it is not ill-wrote. He desires leave to mention his proposals to Mr. Ogilvie and Mama, and he has it in his power to settle £1500 a year upon any lady who honours him with her hand: then he says that beyond the power of language to express he loves me—ugh, *grimy* wretch!!! You begg'd that I would tell you all about it, so I have done as I would be done by, though I hate to think of him.'

Mimi writes: 'O Sophy, have you heard about that *vile*, that *grimy* A., having dared to *propose* for Lucy? He wrote a fine Romantick Love Letter, throwing himself and *pelf* at her feet. He says he is no fortune-hunter or adventurer, but an *English* gentleman, and as such he thinks himself (wretch!) not unworthy of her, great as she may be. Now did you *ever hear* of such impudence? Eddy will, I know, die of it. I think she gave him great *decouragement*, and I don't much wonder at the monster. Papa was in a fury. Mama still thinks it a joke of that fribble, Eddy. We all scream and laugh, as you may think. It was answered as it deserved with a *cold* and decided refusal. Ah!!! Oh!!!'

VII

In her Journal Lady Lucy writes about this time: 'Poor Orson! Poor Beast! I could not be as harsh to him as I would have been before I knew myself how it felt to fling a heart where it should be trampled under-foot. When one has given one's self, heart and soul, to a Person, one cannot but regard it as an Outrage for another Person to claim so much. Yet I could not punish the poor wretch as it deserved. I remember'd, through the high sunshine of the Malvern garden, that day in the rain when for the first and last time *he* clasped me in his arms and I felt the rain or his tears on my face. It is but one memory to live upon, and my heart goes famish'd. I was not so angry with the poor wretch as the others. They have not been hurt as I have been.'

VIII

A little later there is word of another lover, to whose ways Lady Lucy exhibits a very easy tolerance.

'So B. has been flirting, and you, dear love Sophy, are angry with him, which I love you for. But if you had known that odd creature better you would not have expected him to leave off *flirting*. You might as well bid him not eat or drink. I don't much mind that, unless it was

serious, and indeed if it *was*, why should I mind it? We made no *promises* to each other. He has often told me that he wou'd wish me to amuse myself while he was away, provided I wou'd be glad to see him when he return'd. So pray *don't* give him angry looks or cut him on account of his *flirting*. If he came your way he would really amuse you, the Quiz.'

Another entry in the diary :

'I have wrote to poor Sophy, who dreads that B. will hurt me again by his flirtation with Miss G. She does not know, no one knows, that I am past being hurt. Love is like the small-pox and I have been inoculated for it. B. is well enough, and I believe he values me beyond others. Sophy praises me that I am not jealous. If she could but know the transports of jealousy I suffer'd when I saw that other but converse with a woman. That is all dead in me since *his* wedding-day. I am past such inhuman suffering.'

IX

A little later she is very unkind to a lover. Again she writes to Lady Sophia :

'I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am likely to get over that foolish antipathy I have had to *Rats* as C., one of my favourite Beaux, is so like that Annimal that it is impossible not to be struck with it, and yet I don't shudder at his approach,

which gives me hopes that I may not faint away when *next* I see a mouse, as at Malvern.'

X

'Everybody seems gone wild for dancing,' says Lady Lucy to her Journal. 'Ciss and I have a very pleasant set of partners this year, most of them young things and in the Guards. It is so *moving* to have them setting off after a Ball to join the Duke of York. We despise those that are loitering about Bond Street, and all that will not go we *cut*.'

XI

Who was this fine philanderer, and who this foolish maid?

'Poor Georgina went near to fulfilling Eddy's prophecy, but I gave her much good advice and imparted to her some of the indifference which has taken the place of long anguish in my heart, so that she gets over her love for that stupid Shepherd who was breaking three women's hearts at a time. I would not have poor Georgie suffer, as I did, such painful alternations of hopes and fears as stretch'd me on the rack in times past. I have sav'd poor Georgie, but as for Henriette she is desperate about him; and little Mrs. S. cries in publick when he sits by Henriette at Supper and looks lan-

guishing in her eyes. I wish you could have seen the Dss. of Richmond's rage at Ly. Milner's when he was with Mrs. S.: she actually called me to an account *why* Mama was hand-in-glove with that very slippery sort of a little Body. "I don't understand what sort of a *footing* She is upon. Has she any husband?" "Yes, ma'am." "I don't believe it. Why don't she go to him?" "She is going, ma'am." "How many guineas a day will you give me till she goes?" I thought I should have died of it, but don't you love her for being so interested and good natur'd for Henriette?"

XII

Mrs. S.'s husband was perhaps with the Duke of York. Lady Lucy tries to tell Edward the feel of dancing with the young things in the Guards who set off after a Ball for the War. He is displeased. What has come over 'that comedy, that buffoon, that dear ridiculous Eddy'? 'It put Ned in such a rage our being so merry, for we are literally a Laughing Club that meet in our Box at the Opera. We are sometimes a little noisy to be sure: he never speaks a word now but to attack us, and he even scolds Mama for being so young.'

Ciss adds to this: 'Ned seldom makes his appearance in our Box. "Lord God," he says, "what should I do amongst all those Boys? You are much too young and too riotous for me!"'

CHAPTER VIII

LE CITOYEN EDOUARD FITZGERALD

I

THE French Revolution drew Lord Edward like a lodestar. One day he is writing to his mother: 'I have been in town since Saturday. I return to Boyle Farm again to-morrow. I spent a delightful week. Dear Harry as usual charming. He is perfect. I dined with Charles Fox on coming to town—he was quite right about all the good French news. Is it not delightful? It is really shameful to see how it has affected all our *aristocrats*. I think one may fairly say the Duke of Brunswick and his Germans are bewitched.'

II

The next letter is from Paris, where he is lodging with Mr. Thomas Paine.

'We breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of him the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me: there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart and a strength of mind in him that I

never before knew a man possess. I pass my time very pleasantly, read, walk, and go quietly to the Play. Ogilvie would be much entertained and interested if he was here. I can compare it to nothing but Rome in its days of conquest—the energy of the people is beyond belief. . . . Direct to

Le Citoyen Edouard Fitzgerald,
Hôtel de White, au Passage des Petits,
Près du Palais Royal.'

A few weeks later than the date of this letter Eddy, at a banquet in Paris given by the British residents to commemorate the French victories, formally renounced his title in favour of the Republican 'Citoyen.' There is not a hint of the Terror in the letters that follow. There is in the Irish a very strange likeness to the French character. Did the far-distant Norman blood stir in the Fitzgeralds that they were so very French? They had lived so much in France that they had in a sense assimilated French thought as they fell naturally into French speaking. Eddy is enthusiastic about all he sees. The great military nation casts a spell upon him. 'I am delighted with the manner they feel their success: no foolish boasting or arrogance, but imputing all to the greatness and goodness of their cause. In the coffee-houses and play-houses every man calls the other *camarade*, *frère*, and with a stranger

immediately begins, "Ah! nous sommes tous frères, tous hommes: nos victoires sont pour vous, pour tout le monde." In short, all the good enthusiastic French sentiments seem to come out. The Town is quiet, and to judge from the theatres and public walks, very full. The great difference seems in the few carriages and the dress, which is very plain.'

III

Mr. Moore, who is timid, indicates many figures in this moving drama by asterisks, giving an unnecessary air of mystery to his tale. Here is a charming picture of a French great lady, reduced by the Revolution. 'Dear —— is here. I see a great deal of her: she is as pleasant as ever: the same good heart and delightful manner. How she dotes on you! but what I admire is the manner she bears the change of circumstances,—with a good sense and philosophy beyond description, even as you yourself would do. She goes in her hackney coach or walks to her friends and her *soirées, crottées jusqu'au cou*, with the same cheerfulness as ever: and is just the same, with her one servant and maid and little dinner of soup and *bouillie* as when Me. La Marquise with two *grands lacquais*. Indeed if it were not for her children I rather think she likes it better.'

IV

‘ I dine to-day with Madame Sillery.’

V

An evening or two before that momentous announcement being at the theatre, he had caught sight, through a *loge grillée* near him, of a face strikingly like that of a lady sometime dead, for whom he had had a great affection. It was the face of a very young girl—some say that she was but fifteen at the time of the marriage—a Romney face of softness and wild grace, beautiful eyes, a bewitching mouth, a wonder of dark hair wildly twining and curling. Turning to someone with the question, ‘ Who—who is that beautiful child ? ’ he was answered that she was Pamela—the alleged adopted daughter of Madame de Genlis, generally believed to be her child and the child of Philippe Égalité the Duc d’Orléans, that strange and cynic revolutionary, who had voted in the Assembly for the execution of his cousin, Louis the Sixteenth, and followed the same road himself by and bye when the Revolution began to eat her children. Madame de Genlis, with Mademoiselle d’Orléans and Pamela, had just returned from England, where she had been living for over a year in retirement. She had emerged from this retirement to spend a week or two with the Sheridans at

Isleworth, and Lord Edward had been summoned to meet her, but had refused because he detested a blue-stocking.

VI

‘Fool! Dolt! Blockhead!’ he apostrophises himself on his discovery. ‘You have lost some weeks of time that can never be recovered!’ He hurried to the box which contained this star of beauty, knocked, was bidden to enter, and, making himself known, was received most graciously by Madame Sillery, as she chose to be called with a Republican simplicity. He was offered a seat in the box. His eyes and those of the lovely Pamela met. They saw nothing of the Play that night. He accompanied the ladies to their lodging—supped with them. From that moment he was seen everywhere by Pamela’s side. In four weeks’ time she was his wife. Meanwhile Lord Edward, for the renunciation of his title at the English Festival in Paris, had been punished by dismissal from the Army, a disproportionate punishment for a boyish bit of theatricalism, and a most harsh and crushing one to him, whose passion was for soldiering.

VII

He kept a stiff upper lip under this blow. One can only conjecture what it meant to him,

for he said nothing. Perhaps like his friend and fellow-rebel, Wolfe Tone, he would have trolled

'Tis all in vain
For soldiers to complain.

It is January 2, 1793, when he announces to his mother :

'We shall dine with you the day after to-morrow. We shall not be able to get from the Custom-house time enough to see you to-morrow.'

He had then been nearly two months a married man. After three weeks with the Duchess he and his bride crossed to Ireland, as a newspaper of that time records :

'*26th January.*—Yesterday morning arrived the Princess Royal, Captain Browne, from Parkgate, with the Right Hon. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, his lady and suite, and several other persons of quality.'

VIII

The Good Family was very angry at the harsh treatment of its darling by the authorities. One of the sisters, Lady Charlotte Strutt, writes to Lady Sophia a day or two before Lord Edward brings home the bride, with a spirit that would have made her probably a Suffrage lady in our days.

'There were dangers attending some of them which made me more than usually anxious to hear of the Good Family. I understand your feeling

about not going to Court : I should not be surprised if my mother never went there after their treatment of Eddy. Not that it is *them* but Mr. Pitt, who delights in trying to humble such Noble Families, but that is the way of showing when people are displeas'd : 'tis not like Party Business ; 'tis an insult in my Eyes which, unless Eddy was in actual *Rebellion*, the Good Family must resent. At least I should were I in question ; but we *married Women* ought to divest ourselves of these Family prejudices and see and hear only with the Eyes of our husbands' Families. There is an old saying that Women should have no Religion till they married. It should be the same with regard to Politicks in England. For my part I am too old to change my creed, and I admire what they are doing in Ireland.' She goes on : 'How delighted they will all be in Ireland with Pamela. I reckon she will be made a great Fuss with in Dublin where they have Taste. I think I see them all in their different ways so curious to see and hear her. The Wall-Flowers and that sort will, I think, be afraid of her at first, and be so surpris'd at Eddy's getting her of all people. I can see Bishop Marley—eyeing her and then coming out with some commical remark or other in a half-mutter, and then looking again and saying he is convinc'd *now*—in his way.'

IX

The Family on the whole took Pamela to its heart. The idea of Eddy as a married man seemed to them a most humorous one.

‘How commical to see Eddy with a wife!’ says Lady Charlotte. Lady Sophia incidentally tells her ‘Bubb’ the story of Eddy’s falling in love, somewhat differently from Mr. Moore. ‘Dear Eddy first got acquainted with Pamela in Paris,’ she says, ‘when he was there last October, but he fell in love with her on the journey to Tournay. An English gentleman and him took that journey to England at the same time that Madame de Genlis did with the Duke of Orleans’ family, who were exiled at Tournay by the National Convention. . . . But, in short, it was on that journey, and, being a vast deal with them at Tournay, he was so in love that when his Fellow-Traveller proposed to him to continue the journey to England Edward found he could not leave her.’ She goes on to say that Madame Sillery, before whom he laid his proposals, sent him off to England to tell his mother and obtain her consent, which he set out to do, but on the way was overtaken by a messenger with a letter acquainting him that his proposal had been conveyed to Pamela and that he might return from England ‘*avec confiance*.’ Eddy found his mother at Tunbridge Wells, and was received as ever into her loving arms. When

she saw his heart was set upon the marriage, she very readily gave her consent.

‘By the account Eddy gave my Mother of Pamela’s discretion and character, besides her personal charms and accomplishments, she thought she was the Girl in the World to suit Eddy, and the only drawback her having so small a fortune.

‘He staid a very short time at Tunbridge and came to London, where I was, having left them all at Tunbridge to come to Town to consult Doctor Mosely on a Rheumatick Scorbutick complaint. I was not a little happy at seeing Dear Eddy, for whom I had had many an uncomfortable feel, as it was the time there were so many ill-natured stories about him in London, and a little before that time he had been *scratched* out of the Army List. What a shameful piece of business that was too ! and when one recollects that there is a Person in whose power it was to prevent their doing it—it makes the circumstances still more aggravating.

‘I am one of those that can never forget the abominable ill-usage Eddy has met with from His Majesty and his *detestable* Ministers, one excepted, as he is my Relation and one for whom I have naturally a great affection, and admire and esteem his many great and good qualities. But there have been Occasions when he has put aside those Good Qualities and they have lain dormant, just at the moment when the Natural Ties of Affection should have brought them into action ; and he

ought never to have allowed such unmerited proceedings towards a young Man who bore so high a Character in the Army, and who has both fought and bled for his Country in the last American War. And how has his Services been payed ? . . .

‘ The Dear Fellow dined with me the day he came to Town. I am still his “Silk and Steel,” his “Mother Confessor” as he was used fondly to call me. How great was my surprise when he told me he was about to be married : and when he named the person I was still more so, as there was something so very odd and extraordinary in the Idea of his Mating with a young person that was educated by Madame de Sillery, whom he used to laugh at formerly, and thought her *Plans d’Education* all perfect nonsense and delighted in worrying my Mother (who admires all her writings to the Greatest Degree) by telling her her charming Madame de Genlis, tho’ she wrote such pretty books, her own character was not free from censure and that she was imagined to have been the Duke of Orleans’ Mistress. He was not the only person I have heard say so. But to return to his love. After my first surprise was over the Idea of his going to be married did divert me so, I did nothing but laugh every time I thought of it. At the same time I was delighted to hear it, and we spent a very comfortable Evening, he and I, talking it all over. He staid but three days in London and set off immediately again for Tournay.’

X

The Fitzgeralds were all prodigiously taken with Pamela, although the connection can hardly have been pleasing. Lady Sarah Napier, always clear-minded and candid in speech, has a characteristic and perhaps not wholly unbiased opinion of the lady who was almost certainly Pamela's mother. The letter in which she expresses it is written to Lady Susan O'Brien, the daughter of Lord Ilchester, who had made a romantic run-away match with a beautiful but apparently ineffective poor Irish gentleman. She and Lady Sarah were life-long friends.

'Your account of M. Sillery and her *élèves* answers my idea of her, all pleasing to outward appearances and nothing *sound* within *her* heart, whatever may be so in the young minds whom she *can* and does, of course, easily deceive. I hope we have got our lovely little niece time enough out of her care to have acquired all the *perfections* of her education, which are certainly great, as she has a very *uncommon*, clever, active *mind* and turns it to most usefull purposes, and I trust our pretty little *Sylphe* (for she is not like other mortalls) has not a tincture of all the double-dealing, cunning, false reasoning and lies with which M. S. is forced to gloss over a very common ill-conduct, because she *will* set herself above others in virtue, and she happens to be no better than her neighbours.'

CHAPTER IX

PALE PRETTY PAMELA

I

LET us see now how Pamela struck the Good Family and others. Lady Sarah goes on :

‘I never saw such a sweet little engaging, bewitching creature as Ly. Edward is, childish to a degree, with the greatest sense. The upper part of her face is like poor Mrs. Sheridan’—(the lovely Mrs. Sheridan whose picture with the sleeping child, her finger on her lip, is so exquisite, like a Madonna of Annibale Carracci)—‘the lower like my beloved lost child, Louisa ; of course I am disposed to *doat* on her. I am sure she is not *vile Égalité’s* child ; *c’est impossible.*’

II

Lady Sophia writes : ‘Eddy was back again in London in the course of a fortnight with his Dear little Wife to whom we all took a prodigious fancy, and I do hope and trust Dearest Edward has met with a woman that will fix him at last, and likely to make him happy the remainder of his life.

Besides being very handsome she is uncommonly agreeable, sensible, very pretty, with the most engaging, pleasing manner I ever saw, and very much accomplish'd.'

III

Eddy writes to his mother from Dublin. April 1793:

'MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I have been very idle and so has my dear little wife: but I hope you will forgive us: she is afraid you are angry with her. The truth is that sitting up so late has made us late in the morning, and we get on so agreeably and chatter so much in the morning that the day is over before we know where we are. Dublin has been very gay,—a great number of balls, of which the lady misses none. Dancing is a great passion with her: I wish you could see her dance: you would delight in it: she dances with all her heart and soul. Everyone seems to like her and behave civilly and kindly to her. There was a kind of something about visiting with Lady Leitrim, but it is all over now. We dined there on Sunday and she was quite pleasant, and Pamela likes her very much.

'We have not been able yet to go to Castletown to stay, but intend going there next week. I had one very pleasant day with dear Aunt Louisa, and had a long talk about you, which was not the least pleasant part of it. We have been four or five times to Frescati; but the weather has been too

cold to enjoy it well. If the weather comes mild I think I shall go and stay there, for I long for a little country and a little fine weather.

‘My differing so very much in opinion with the people that one is unavoidably obliged to live with here, does not add much to the agreeableness of Dublin society. But I have followed my dear Mother’s advice and do not talk much on the subject, and when I do I am very cool; but all my prudence does not hinder all sorts of stories being made about my wife and me, some of which I am afraid have frightened you, dearest Mother. It is rather hard that when, with a wish to avoid disputing, one sees and talks only to a few people of one’s own way of thinking, we are at once all set down as a nest of traitors. All this has not much changed my opinions, but I keep very quiet, do not go out much except to see my wife dance, and, in fact,—keep my breath to cool my porridge.’

IV

It is worth while putting down what the ‘Doblin Lidies,’ as the Good Family called them, were saying about Pamela while they watched her ‘dancing like a wave of the sea,’ too gay, too beautiful, too charming, to escape the gossip of the dull and the spiteful.

‘How very provoking the Irish ‘Lidies’ must be,’ writes Eddy’s beloved half-sister, Mimi,

‘with their prudish ideas about that dear Pamela’s beauteous chemise. I reserve mine for some fine occasion and I expect it to cut a great dash.’

And Lady Lucy :

‘Ly. Henry gave us an account of Pamela going to a Ball, not in mourning, but for fancy all in black, even black stockings, with pink upon her head. You may imagine the surprise of the *Dublin Ladies* : indeed they stared her out of countenance, for she came home to Edward, who was in bed, quite in a rage, pulled open his curtains and told him : “Edward *je ne veux plus aller au Bal des gens d’une telle impolitesse!*” Don’t you think to see her, dear pretty thing ?’

Lady Sophia writes in her diary :

‘There are sad ill-natured stories about Pamela in Ireland. . . . As the stories are too horrid in their nature for people really to believe I look upon it as of no real importance, for no person that has the warm feelings of a Christian can believe for a moment such vile reports, viz., that a Lady had seen her in the streets of Dublin with a Handkerchief on her Neck spotted with Louis the Sixteenth’s blood, which some of her Friends had sent her from Paris. I suppose it is some of those amiable Ladies that are envious of Lady Edward’s beauty and accomplishments that have invented these shocking reports. There are a set of those good-natured Ladies that are very capable of doing it, in Dublin especially, as Ly. Edward is very quick-sighted and has great

discernment in knowing people's characters immediately, and I daresay she put on one of those dignified proud looks, so pretty with her childishness, which she can do when she wants to keep people at a distance, and that has been the cause of their saying such shameful things of her. I have settled too that some of the Ladies who were formerly in love with Eddy had thought, I daresay, whenever he married he would marry a person of the same stamp as themselves, and when they came to find they were mistaken, their envy began to fabricate whatever was most ill-natured.'

V

A letter from Miss H. Bowdler to Miss E. Ponsonby, one of the Ladies of Llangollen, refers to these tales: 'I am greatly shock'd at the account I hear from various quarters of Me. de Genlis and Pamela. Can it be possible that lovely Form can really contain the mind of a Fiend? I hear that when everybody else put on mourning for Louis XVIth, the unfortunate Monarch, she wore red ribbons, which she said were "*couleur de sang des Aristocrats*," with many other circumstances too shocking to repeat. I thought her heart had been all tenderness and benevolence, purity and innocence. . . . My account of Pamela comes from so many different quarters that I fear there is too much truth in it.'

VI

Let us set against this gossip Lady Sarah Napier's tender, laughing description of Pamela when domestic matters had laid aside her dancing for the time. The Good Family seem to have regarded her with something of the same tender amusement which was their attitude to the most beloved of the brothers.

'Pamela is like a ball, and she wears an Indian bed-gown, Eddy calls it, which is no more than a Maid's night bed-gown and makes her look so large, so loose, so odd, that I think a man would laugh at the immense size and a Cloak would not be amiss. But her looks are excellent. She has made with her own fingers the most perfect pretty set of Child's linen you ever saw. So my sister must never accuse her of not finishing work, for it is *parfait*.

'She intends to have no Maid to attend the child: in fact the *Passion* with which that Baby becomes a mother and Nurse is an excellent passion for a young wife to take, and if carried to extremes can never do harm; it's better than a gaming-table or driving or hunting. Eddy is as fat as a pig, and so contented and pleased it would do my dear sister's heart good to see him.'

VII

They were the years of pure idyll, although already the clouds were gathering on the horizon.

Eddy writes :

' Frescati, May the 6th, 1793.—Dearest Mother, —Wife and I are come to settle here. We came last night, got up to a delightful Spring day, and are now enjoying the little Book Room, with the windows open, hearing the birds sing, and the place looking beautiful. The plants in the passage are just watered and, with the passage door open, the room smells like a greenhouse. Pamela has dressed four beautiful flower-pots, and is now working at her frame while I write to my dearest Mother: and upon the two little stands there are six pots of fine auriculas, and I am sitting in the bay window, with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the singing birds, the little wife and Frescati give me,—with your last dear letter to my wife before me,—so you may judge how I love you at this moment. I am delighted at the Malvern party, and am determined to meet you there or wherever you are. I dote on being with you anywhere, but especially in the country. I long for a little walk with you leaning on me—or to have a long talk with you sitting out in some pretty spot of a fine day, you with your long cane in your hand working at some little weed at your feet, and looking down,

talking all the time. I won't go on in this way, for I should want to set out directly and that cannot be, so I shall give you some account of what we have been doing. We were here a fortnight with the Henries and were very pleasant. We——

' May 8th.—My dearest, I was stopped in my letter by my dear wife being taken very ill : she is now much better and going on as well as possible. She has not kept her bed by the doctor's advice, but lies on the couch in the Book Room. I was frightened a good deal the first day at her great weakness, but she is much stronger to-day, and I feel very comfortable about her. Emily will write and tell you about her better than me. We have luckily had two of the finest days that ever were, so we have all the windows open. Not to be far from her I am amusing myself dressing the little beds about the house, and have had the little green field mowed and rolled : the little mound of earth that is round the bays and myrtle before the house I have planted with tufts of gentianellas and primroses and lily-of-the-valley, and they look beautiful peeping out of the dark evergreens ; close to the root of the great elm I have put a patch of lily-of-the-valley. I have got the beds well dressed and the whole thing looks beautiful, and I mean to keep it as neat as possible while here ; in short, dearest Mother, I only want you here and little Wife well ; for in the midst of the feelings of the fine weather I want her to enjoy them with me.

‘ The dear little pale pretty wife sends her love to you.’

VIII

‘ *Frescati, June 11th, 1793.*—We returned here yesterday from Castletown, where we had been a week. We had promised to go there a long time, but could not prevail with ourselves to leave this sweet place where we are so comfortable. We passed a very pleasant week, but were delighted to return here yesterday evening and enjoy this place, which is now in perfection. All the shrubs are out, lilac, laburnum, syringa, spring roses and lily-of-the-valley in quantities, four pots full now in the Book Room; in short, the whole thing is heavenly. I believe there never was a person who understood planting and making a place pretty as you do. The more one sees Carton and this place, the more one admires them: the mixture of plants and the succession of them are so well arranged.’

IX

‘ I do not think we shall be “ up ” this six weeks ’ (Eddy is still one of the Kildare members of Parliament), ‘ which I am vexed at, as it will delay us seeing you—but we shall enjoy Frescati.’

It is December before they come back from

visiting the Duchess at Malvern. Under 'Dublin, Saturday, 27th December, 1793,' he writes: 'We arrived here last night after a good journey of thirty-nine hours, all well and not much tired. We intend to go to Carton to-morrow, and thence to Castletown. We eat your pie on board ship—it was excellent.' This must have been the occasion about which Lady Lucy rallied Lady Sophia, though there is no mention of Lady Sophia as a fellow-traveller. 'I am not yet accustomed to be away from you, and think of dear Malvern with great regret,—so peaceful and so pleasant.'

X

They are at Castletown—he has been too busy to write, with balls, hunting, and sitting after dinner: then to the Duke's at Carton.

'Next week we go to Frescati, the quiet of which I long for. I assure you I often regret our dear quiet Malvern, and no party will ever be so pleasant to me. My dear little wife has, on the whole, been pleased and amused, which is very pleasant for me. I have never received an answer from her Mother, so that Pamela is still ignorant of what has happened.' What had happened was the execution of Philippe Égalité, Duc D'Orléans and Pamela's father. 'Politics do not go well, I think. The leaders of the Opposition are afraid of the people and distrusted by them. Leinster really is the

only man who seems fair and honest and not frightened. . . . Conolly is the same as usual—both ways ; but determined not to support Government. His militia has frightened him, he swears they are all republicans, as well as every man in the North. He concludes all his speeches by damning presbyterians. He means well and honestly, dear fellow, but his course of proceeding is wrong. Grattan I can make nothing of.’

XI

About this time Lady Sarah Napier writes to Lady Susan O’Brien :

‘ As for Ireland, I know for certain that if Govt. gives the Catholicks their *just rights* all will go on happily, smoothly, loyally and well : and as certainly I know that the *tricks* play’d by Govt. to sow division and avoid acting honestly, will bring on a *strong* inclination to join the French if they land. This is the present crisis to *save* Ireland, and alas, I see no step except to ruin it.’ If she had only been a man and a Minister, or, as she came near to being, the Queen of England !

XII

‘ *Frescati*, Feb. 6th, 1794.—I have got an undergardener (myself) to prepare some spots for flowers and to help Tim. I have been hard at work to-day

and part of yesterday (by the way, weather so hot I go without coat, and birds singing like Spring) clearing the little corner to the right of the house, digging round roots of trees, raking ground, and planting thirteen two-year-old laurels and Portugal laurels. I have also trimmed the rose-trees. The flowers and shrubs had all got out of the little green paling—I am now putting them inside, and mean only to have a border of primroses and polyanthus outside, if I have any. I mean from thence to go to the rosery and then to the little new planted corner. I am to have hyacinths, jonquils, pinks, cloves, narcissus, in the little beds before the house and in the rosery.

‘I am now going to make my gardener work, for he does nothing if I am not with him. Bless you all! This is too fine a day to stay longer writing. I wish to God you were here. . . . Give my love to the dear girls. Are they in beauty? Has dear Ciss thrown off her country prudishness, as Lucia says? I think I see dear Lucia’s eyes rejoicing at the rattling pavements, and hear all her funny jokes on coming to London. When I let myself go to think of you all I do so long to be with you and be of your party. You are so much *pleasanter* than other people, besides my Love of you.’

XIII

‘ *Feb. 19th, 1794.*—I live here constantly. Pam has not been in town since we came. She goes to the Manufacturers’ ball on Friday. She is quite well—eats, drinks, and sleeps well : she works a good deal and I read to her. I have left off garden-ing, for I hated that all my trouble should go for that vile Lord W. (Lord Westmoreland the Vice-roy, who had been about taking Frescati), and my flowers to be for aides de camp, chaplains and all such followers of a lord lieutenant.’

XIV

With Frescati, the most peaceful part of the idyll was over. I do not think that Lord Westmoreland ever possessed it. The long low house still stands just as it was, but it has been divided into three residences. Several years ago I went to see it, and was kindly entertained by the family of Mr. Kennedy, who then inhabited the portion containing the Book Room. It was just after wild weather, when there had been a very calamitous shipwreck in the Bay. All along the coast the little homes were in mourning for the drowned life-boat men. There was driving rain the day we were at Frescati. The friend who brought me there in her closed carriage indicated beyond the driving rain the direction in which might be seen

the funnels of the wrecked vessel—an Italian or Spanish boat—above the waters of the Bay. I remember Lord Edward's Portugal laurels and laurustinus all shining in the wet. We had tea in the Book Room. It had a groined ceiling, blue-fretted, with gold stars. On the wall of the staircase there was a medallion of a female head. They said it was supposed to be Pamela, and that her spirit wandered about the house at night wringing its poor hands. As I sat with the teacup in my hands I looked at the sodden lawn on which Lord Edward had set his Spring flowers. I have always remembered the place as in Winter rain, with a sense of heartbreak about it. The last time I passed, one of the three houses was to let. There seemed a sadness and gloom over all.

CHAPTER X

DEAR DOMESTICITIES

I

THERE was something of the home-builder as well as the garden-maker about Edward, as there was about his mother, as there is about his descendants of our own day who most nearly resemble him. Though dear Frescati is done with, delight is not at an end; there is still Summer and the sun, although the clouds gather ever and ever more threateningly. While he was still at Frescati he had written:

‘I don’t know whether Aunt Louisa wrote you word that Conolly wants to give me his lodge at Kildare, all furnished and ready. However I don’t think I shall take it: indeed I am determined not: it is too much to accept as a present.’

However, he thinks of it a year later, less than a year later, when he is making up his mind to relinquish his gardening at Frescati so that the ‘vile Lord W.’ shall not enjoy the fruits. He thinks of it tentatively, although Wicklow has attractions. He debates the pros and cons. . . .

II

‘ *March 4, 1794.*—I received your dear letter on my road to Town the other day, and was delighted with it. I do not think you are just in thinking me such a Blab. I really think I am quite the contrary. However if I was I am certainly not now, for I don’t see people enough to make me Blab. One only Blabs to people one lives a great deal with, and about people who live a great deal together. So write away without any fear and comfortably. Except to Sophy and my wife nothing shall go farther. I agree with you quite about trifles. Nothing is a trifle, especially in such a large family as ours, and if everything is told and repeated it takes off all comfort in writing or talking, for as each person may be supposed to have her Friend, the smallest trifle by the time it has gone thro’ the Family and their Friends may be highly magnified.

‘ Pam went to a Ball the night before last. She looked *very* pretty She goes again this week to the Play or some party. We mean to go for the future always to the Leinster Hotel, where there are very good rooms, and we like it better than Leinster House, as we thought they were not pleasant the last time we were there, and being at dear Mother’s house spoiled us for liking other peoples’. I was at first angry with Leinster, but it has gone off; and now I am glad of it as

I feel more comfortable in not depending on anybody. We are as comfortable as possible, and Pam is grown fat and well.

‘We go to New Bridge, 26 miles from this, and mean to stay three days to look about us. I have heard a beautiful description of that part of the County of Wicklow. I think I shall like anything in the County of Wicklow better than Leinster Lodge or Kildare, the country is so much more beautiful; and if one is to settle why not choose a pretty spot and pretty country. It is worth while paying a little more rent and curtailing in other things. I own I like also not to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald, “the County of Kildare member,” to be bored with “This one is your Brother’s friend,”—“That one voted against him.” In short, by what I hear I shall be very quiet, not a gentleman nearer to me than six miles, except a young Mr. Tighe, whom I like.

‘I am a little ashamed when I reason, and say to myself, “Leinster Lodge would be more profitable. Ninety persons out of one hundred would chose it and be delighted to get it.” It is, to be sure, in a good county, plentiful, affords everything a person wants, but it has not mountains and rocks, and I *do like* mountains and rocks and pretty views and pretty hedges and pretty cabins—and a pleasanter people.

‘Dear Frescati! I shall be sorry to leave it. I look at all the trees and places with regret. I

hope, however, to see everything blossom before I go: for two or three days more will bring all the lilacs out completely. My dear little wife is very well—goes on delightfully. I never saw her look so well. She is grown both broad and long. Indeed she has quite taken a fit of growing.

‘I think I see dear Lucia in high London go, which I suppose she is in at present. I think I see her dear face full of Kensington Gardens, Opera, warm Spring, notes, funn, and a little love, I daresay. Somehow or other she is always the striking feature of the Family when one turns one’s eyes to your London time. I wish I could put under your dear eyes three flower-pots stuffed with jonquils picked, and four with them growing, the least having eight bells, a pot of purple stocks, and four pots of gentianella, all dumped together. I should like them better if I saw them with my dearest, dearest mother.’

III

In these letters it is always June, and the Summer air and the songs of birds are in them, though they date from Autumn or Winter. After all, he decides on the prudent course, and writes from Kildare Lodge the 23rd of June 1794:

‘I write to you in the midst of settling and arranging my little family here. The day is fine—the spot looks pretty, quiet and comfortable—I

feel happy, and these things never come without bringing my dearest Mother to my heart's recollection. How you would like this little spot ! It is the smallest thing imaginable, and to numbers of people would have no beauty : but there is a comfort and moderation in it that delight me. I don't know how I can describe it to you, but I will try.

' After going up a little lane and in at a close gate, you come on a little white house with a small gravel court before it. You see but three small windows, the court surrounded by large old elms ; one side of the house covered with shrubs, on the other side a tolerable large ash ; upon the stairs going up to the house two wicker cages, in which there are at this moment two thrushes singing *à gorge déployée*. In coming into the house you find a small passage-hall, very clean, the floor tiled ; upon your left a small room : on the right the staircase. In front you come into the parlour, a good room, with a bay window looking into the garden, which is a small green plot surrounded by good trees, and in it three of the finest thorns I ever saw, and all the trees so placed that you may shade yourself from the sun all hours of the day ; the bay window covered with honeysuckle and roses.

' Going upstairs you find another bay-room, the honeysuckle almost up to it, and a little room the same size as that below : this with a kitchen

or servants' hall below makes the whole house. There is on the left in the courtyard another building that makes a kitchen; it is covered by trees so as to look pretty: at the back of it there is a yard which looks into a lane. On the side of the house opposite the grass plot there is ground enough for a flower garden, communicating with the front garden by a little walk.

'The whole place is situated on a kind of rampart, of a circular form, surrounded by a wall which towards the village and lane is high, but covered with trees and shrubs, the trees old and large and giving a great deal of shade. Towards the country the wall is not higher than your knee, and is covered with bushes; from these open parts you have a view of a pretty cultivated country till your eye is stopped by the Curragh.

'This, dearest mother, is the spot as well as I can give it you: but it don't describe well: one must see it and feel it; it is all the little peeps and ideas that go with it that make the beauty. My dear wife dotes on it and becomes it. She is busy, in her little American jacket, planting sweet peas and mignonettes. Her table and workbox, with the little one's caps, are on the table—I wish my dearest mother were here and the scene would be to me complete.'

IV

What a simple heart this is, so ready to make its own delights! Think of the one who comes from the splendid spaciousness of Carton, of Leinster House, of Castletown, to say nothing of Goodwood and Stoke, to such a tiny habitation as a City madam might turn up her nose at! Surely never was a heart so grateful, so easily made glad. There is nothing too small to be detailed, so that the Duchess can see for herself the spot which holds her best-beloved child. He writes again :

‘ I will now answer some of your dear letters. Pam is as well as possible, better than ever: the only inconvenience she finds is great fulness, for which she was bled this morning, and it has done her a great deal of good. I can’t tell you how delighted she was with your china, and how it adds to the little *ménage*: it is beautiful, and your dear way of buying it and giving it goes to my heart. What would I give to have you here drinking tea out of it! Ogilvie flattered us with the prospect the last day we dined with him. If you do not come we will go to you when you think Pamela will bear it. I don’t know how nursing and travelling will do, but if the child should prove strong it won’t mind it. . . .

‘ I have tired you by this long scrawl. I have not said half I feel, for it is one of those delightful

days when one feels and thinks more than one can say or write. I won't read over my letter for fear of not sending it. I have read it over and feel it rather full of sentiment, feels and feeling, but it slipped out, Sarahish, but if I do not send it you will get no letter.'

V

One of these days Pamela writes :

' Il veaux mieux tard que jamais, n'est ce pas, Chère Sophy ? mais je vous disais avec vérité, et non pour m'excuser, que dans le tems où j'ai reçue votre Bonne Aimable lettre j'avois de si viollants meaux de tête que je ne pouvois même voir pour travailler à la laiette de mon Cher petit Enfant, mais un saigné m'a Absolument gairie ; et je me porte aussi bien qu'il est possible. La chère petite Créature remue quelquefois si fort qu'il me fait Mal. Je vous prie de dire aux *dear gerls* que je suis tout à fait affrontée qu'elles appellont mon Petit "St. Fav" et "Ducrest" (the latter one of Madame de Genlis's names). ' J'ai peur que cela ne lui porte Malheur ; mais elles seront bien attraperés lorsque je leurs presenterai un Cher Petit Eddy avec des grands yeux Bleus. O Sophy, quel doux moment pour moi lorsque je presenterai à *la Chère Adorable Grande Maman* l'Enfant de son Cher Edward. Les larmes m'en vient aux yeux d'avance. Pauvre Pamela oubliera pour un

tems les Malheurs. Je suis sûre que vous êtes bien heureuse d'être à jolie Boyle Farm, avec la chère Maman ; nous parlons, Eddy et Moi, sans cesse de cette chère Famille ; nous sommes sans cesse avec elle. Nous voyons la chère Maman toujours si Acharnée à son livre, et nous disons *God bless her* ! Les larmes nous vient aux yeux. . . . J'aime beaucoup Kildare. Nous sommes heureux depuis le Matin jusqu'au Soir. Nous nous promenons beaucoup, et les Promenades et les Routes sont charmants. Eddy me lis beaucoup tout haut, pendant que je travaille à la laiette que vous donnez à votre petit neveux ou nièce. Je vous aime trop pour vous l'avoir refusé, mais en vérité, chère bonne Sophy, cela est trop. Loves à la chère Mère et Mr. O. et aux chères Sœurs.'

This letter, from which tenderness and charm breathe, makes one love Pamela and more deeply compassionate her cruel fate.

VI

That she was a wise little mother this bit from a letter to Lady Lucy, when *le cher petit* Eddy had come, is a proof :

'*Dear little boy* se porte à merveille ; il est le plus aimable petit Enfant que je connoisse. Je suis sûre que vous l'aimerez, car il ressemble à notre Edward, mais pas autant que je le voudrois : il est toute la journée à l'air, et se bégne tous les

matins dans de l'eau froide ; aussi il a une santé parfaite. Aimez moi toujours et croyez que si ma main est une vilaine paresseuse mon Cœur ne l'est pas.'

VII

To go on with these dear domesticities. Eddy writes before the event :

'DEAREST MOTHER,—I ought to thank you for your kind thoughts about us at this moment, for your present of the *requisites*, which you were quite right in supposing we had not thought of. Pam is going on as well as possible, strong, healthy and in good spirits. We drive and walk every day : she never thinks of what is to come, I believe, or if she does it is with great courage : in short, I never saw her, I think, in such good spirits. Seeing her thus makes me so, and I feel happy and look forward with good hope.

'I had a delightful letter from the girls at Hastings, one of the best letters I have ever read, so full of fun, humour and wit, and everything well told. I have not answered it yet, and I am almost afraid, mine must be so stupid ; for, I confess, Leinster House does not inspire the brightest ideas. By the by what a melancholy house it is ! You cannot conceive how much it appeared so when first we came from Kildare ; but it is going off a little. A poor country house-maid

we brought with us cried for two days, and said she thought she was in a prison. Pam and I amuse ourselves a good deal by walking about the streets, which I believe shocks the Dss. not a little, dear soul.

‘My little place will be charming next year : this last month and the present would require my being there, but I must take care of the little young plant that is coming, which will give me great pleasure, I hope.’

VIII

‘*Dublin, October 20th; 1794.*—The dear wife and baby go on as well as possible. I need not tell you how happy I am. It is a dear little thing and very pretty now, though at first it was quite the contrary. I wish I could show it to you all. Dear Mother, how you would love it! Nothing is so delightful as to see it in its dear mother’s arms, with her sweet pale delicate face, and the pretty looks she gives it.

‘By the by, dearest mother, I suppose you won’t have any objection to being its god-mother, though I own I feel scrupulous, as you were so kind to her about her lying-in clothes; and I do hate taking your poor guineas for such foolish nonsense : still I should like, as there are such things, that it should be you. Charles Fox and Leinster are to be the godfathers.’

IX

Dublin, November 4th, 1794. (The Duchess has been very anxious about Lady Lucy, who is ill. After the most tender inquiries the letter goes on :)

‘I am sure it will be some comfort to you to know that my dear wife goes on charmingly : a most excellent nurse and the little boy thriving. I do not see much likeness in him to anybody : he has Pam’s chin, the eyes blue, but not like either of ours. However, at present, one cannot say much as he doesn’t open them much. Pam is to drive out the first fine day, and in two or three days after that we go to Carton. Their little St. George and Edward are to be christened at the same time. How I long to show you the little fellow, and how I should love to be with you now to comfort you and keep up your spirits and occupy you a little by making you nurse my little boy !

‘*Nov. 17th.* . . . I have been preparing these last few days to go to the country. I have sent off dear Pam and the baby to-day and follow to-morrow : they are both well—have been both out walking. Pam gets strong, and the little fellow fat and saucy : he has taken such a fancy for the candle that it is almost impossible to make him sleep at night. A cradle he don’t like, and always wants to have his cheek on his mamma’s breast. He every day grows more like me, I think, in

his mouth and nose ; but the eyes I don't yet make out.

‘Dearest Mother, I try to give you details of things that will interest you ; and if our dear Lucy is better I know they will. It is terrible to have her thus ; to have all that good-nature, softness and gaiety subdued by sickness goes to one's heart.’

‘*Carton, Nov. 25th.*—We have been here for a week. Pam was not well for a day, but it was only a little bilious attack, and a ride or two on the pony quite put her right : she is now going on perfectly well, walks every day, gains her strength and good looks. The little fellow is delightful, improving every day, takes his walks, and, in short, is everything we could wish : he must be taken great notice of ; spoken to and danced, or otherwise he is not at all pleased.

‘My little place is much improved by a few things I have done and by all my *planting* ; by the by, I doubt if I told you of my flower-garden—I got a great deal from Frescati. I have been at Kildare since Pam's lying-in and it looked delightful, though all the leaves were off the trees—so comfortable and snug. I think I shall pass a delightful Winter there. I have got two fine large clumps of turf which looks both comfortable and pretty. I have paled in my little flower-garden before my hall-door with a lath paling like the cottage and stuck it full of roses, sweet-briar, honey-

suckles and Spanish broom. I have got all my beds ready for my flowers, so you may guess how I long to be there to plant them. The little fellow will be a great addition to the party. I think when I am down there with Pam and child of a blustery evening, with a good turf fire and a pleasant book, coming in after seeing my poultry put up, my garden settled,—flower-beds and plants covered for fear of frost—the place looking comfortable and taken care of, I shall be as happy as possible.'

CHAPTER XI

THE LAST HOPE

I

A THOUSAND pities Eddy could not, like Adam, have remained in Eden—like him, Husband, Father, and Gardener. It is not possible for him. He is too ardent, too great-hearted. Already he has brought upon himself the displeasure of Mr. Pitt by his schoolboy renunciation of his title in Paris. None of the Good Family is much in favour with the people, English or Anglo-Irish, who believe in the iron hand in dealing with the native Irish. Of the Fitzgeralds, the greatest of Norman families, it had been said that they had become more Irish than the Irish. There has been a deal of pother as to whence Eddy drew his revolutionary ideas and ideals—America, Paris, Pamela, have been variously accredited. But he is the third great rebel of his race, if, after Silken Thomas, the great Earl of Kildare can be called a rebel, he who burnt the Cathedral of Cashel in Tudor days and gave as an explanation that he had believed the

Archbishop to be inside. 'If all Ireland cannot rule this man,' said the King of England, 'then let this man rule all Ireland.' And so made him Lord Deputy.

II

Early in 1793, very soon after Edward's return to Dublin with his bride, there was a scene in the House of Commons in which he acted 'very Eddyish,' as Lady Lucy would have said. Let Lady Sophia relate it :

'In the course of a debate he spoke in rather too warm a manner, saying that he look'd upon the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of the House of Commons as Enemies to Ireland, and that they were the cause of the present situation of the country. This made a great noise in the House, but Edward repeated the same words and they were order'd to be taken down by the Clerk. Edward withdrew with some of his Friends, to whom he said, having spoken his clear opinion he would not retract it. Being inform'd that the terms and the manner in which he express'd himself were unparliamentary, he said he was not much accustom'd to Parliamentary speaking, and was ready to make an acknowledgement to that effect to be read to the House. Lord Hillsborough very good-naturedly undertook to read the apology. The paper being read it was objected that it did

not express his being sorry for what he had said, and Edward, refusing to make any further concession (he was perfectly right) he was order'd to attend next day at the Bar. He attended accordingly and said: "I am sorry to find that certain expressions I used last night were unparliamentary and have given this House offence. I hope this apology will suffice. I shall be sorry to leave this House at a moment when there are questions of great importance coming on." The latter part of this was objected to, and the House divided. For accepting it as a sufficient apology 133, against 53. Majority for accepting 80.'

III

This language of Lord Edward seems tame enough beside Mr. Grattan's.

'Do you imagine,' he asks, 'that the laws of this country can retain due authority under a system such as yours, a system which not only poisons the source of the law but pollutes the seats of judgment? The present administration is an enemy to the law; first, because it has broken the law; secondly, because it has attempted to poison the true sources both of legislation and of justice: and however the friends of that administration may talk plausibly on the subject of public tranquillity, they are in fact the *ring-leaders of sedition placed in authority*. Rank

majorities may give a nation law, but rank majorities cannot give law authority.'

IV

Eddy loves Mr. Grattan and damns the Beresfords. It is the Beresfords who stand in the way of the country's liberties. These were gay days in Dublin. They were days when Dublin, beautiful and stately as we see her, a Capital City, however impoverished and stripped of her privileges, was in the making. The gaities of the Rutland Viceroyalty were not over with the untimely death of the splendid Duke. He had been succeeded by a clown. Lady Sarah comes in with anecdotes of the new Viceroy, Lord Buckingham: 'Here are two true annecdotes of Ld. B. On the Queen's Birthday he gave a Ball at the Castle—*undress'd* 'tis true—all the men were *order'd* to come in green, the Marquess's own livery. On the Thanksgiving Day he gave a dinner and left out all the delegates: he *order'd* his aide de camps to *wait* in a row behind his chair, and strange to tell all obey'd both his orders.'

V

But the Right Hon. John Beresford, First Commissioner of the Revenue, though he was an enemy of the people, was the greatest of town-

planners and town-builders. It was a time when the Anglo-Irish nobility were splendid patrons of the Arts. John Beresford found Dublin mud and left it marble. To him Dublin owes the masterpieces of James Gandon's genius, the Custom House and the Four Courts, with many of the bridges over the river and many new streets, including Westmoreland Street between Carlisle Bridge and the Houses of Parliament. Those last years before the loss of the Irish Parliament were the most splendid in the history of the Irish capital—the sun-setting, before the night when famine after famine should lay Ireland waste and make the grass to grow in the streets of Dublin. Mr. Beresford, aided by the enormous family interest in Church and State, was the most powerful man in Ireland. It was said that he carried in his pocket the Law, the Revenue, the Army and the Church, and that he might well be called the King of Ireland. The Viceroys—there were eleven of them during the twenty years before the Union—accepted the Beresford power and the family pretentions, with one notable exception: him the Beresfords destroyed, and with him the hopes of Ireland.

VI

About 1790 Lord Charlemont, that ideal high-minded gentleman and patriot, a man of great cultivation of mind, a patron of the Arts, as good

as he was gifted and charming, had with the aid of Mr. Grattan founded a Whig Club in Dublin, and shortly afterwards a second in Belfast. Lady Sarah gives an account of this notable happening to Lady Susan O'Brien: 'Lord Charlemont, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Conolly, and the Duke of Leinster have worked hard to settle a Whig Club, and it is wonderful in its effects: it makes for order, method, union and business, so that for the first time the Opposition is a *Phallanx* and not a rope of sand. And the consequence is that they are to have this very day a majority of 100 and upwards, and the members are but 300 in all, so that the Ministry have taken the alarm and sent off expresses to London about it.' Lord Castlereagh was by the way an early member of one of these Clubs, and a very Jacobin in his wild and generous notions. If only he had died young!

VII

More than a century later Lord Edward's great grandson was to discover that when he asked in Dublin of a man 'What is he?' he was answered: 'He is a Catholic,' or 'He is a Protestant.' In Ireland of to-day and yesterday all the difficulties are connected with religion, and it may safely be said that if Ireland could be entirely Catholic or entirely Protestant there would be no Irish problem. The Irish Parliament, even including

the Whigs who were the popular party, left it to the last decade of its existence to consider if the laws against the Catholics could not be ameliorated. A small and grudging measure of reform was brought in and passed in 1792, when the clatter of the French Revolution was a warning sound to rulers that the people were up and calling for justice. That measure of reform permitted no representation in Parliament to the Catholics, so that they could only hope to be represented by their Protestant fellow-countrymen, as indeed they sometimes were, generously and fairly. It was a time when any question of justice or kindness to the Catholics was left to the heart and conscience of the Protestants. To the credit of a certain high-minded section of Protestants, it is to be said that the personal safety and honour and property of the unfortunate Catholics were safe in their hands. It is still said of some Irish County families, as of the Blakes of Galway, that they never betrayed the Catholic friend or neighbour, wholly at their mercy through the iniquitous Penal Laws. About 1791 there came out of the Whig Clubs, to which Anglo-Ireland had taken with enthusiasm, the Society of the United Irishmen, of which Belfast was the cradle.

VIII

For more than half the last decade of the 18th century the United Irish Society was very fashionable among the great Whig families and their sympathisers. The men wore green cravats, and the ladies went to their balls at the Rotunda wearing gowns of green poplin, or white poplin, sprinkled plentifully with shamrocks. Some of the great Whig ladies had their doubts about the alliance between North and South. Dissent in those days, for all Wesley had brought the world to hear him, was less acceptable to many than Catholicism itself—and the Presbyterian North stank in the nostrils of others besides Lady Sarah Napier, who perhaps had the excuse of her Stuart descent to make her hate the Presbyterians. She writes in 1792, and might have been writing in 1916:

‘The horrors of Paris exceed all imagination, but I don’t fancy there is the least danger of the like in England or Ireland. In the former *all spirit* is gone, and an Englishman and passive obedience are synonymous terms: in Ireland there is great spirit left, and it only depends on Govt. to turn it into proper channels. If they will but divert it to objects of improvement *all Irish* will eagerly catch at a new object of improvement. Govt. does very foolishly in trying to raise up quarrels between the Catholics and Protestants for the purpose of an

excuse for a *union* that will ruin Ireland,—
*for the nasty Presbeterians will run away with
the bone.*'

IX

A year later the same vivacious correspondent is writing again :

'I suppose you won't forgive my saying nothing of our Irish Politicks as they *sound* so terrible. That good-natured Mrs. Crewe wrote to beg of us to *take shelter* at Crewe Hall. We got her letter of *terror* just as we were preparing for a Ball at Castletown, where we had passed a very merry Christmas, although *cannons* are sent down to the County of Louth within 20 miles of us. The truth is that it is all a bug-bear ; unless the Catholicks are very ill-used indeed nothing will tempt them to join the small portion of Levelers and Presbeterian disturbers of the peace which every County now produces. . . . Next week will probably settle all about the Catholicks. If they get their franchise you may rely on it all will go smoothly : if not, *God knows the consequences*. The Duke of Leinster is the most steady friend to the Catholicks, and has set up a Club call'd "The Association of the Friends of the Constitution, Liberty, and Peace," to separate it quite from Levelers and Govt., and it *takes* very much, I find to my great joy, for I cannot bear the 2 questions being *mixed*.'

X

Lady Sarah writes from the Park Gate, Chester, whence packets sailed for Ireland, to Lady Susan O'Brien :

‘9th Sept. 1794. — The date of my letter will announce me *not* in perfect *good humour*, when I explain that we arrived in Chester early in the evening, were told by the agent of the Packet that a small vessell would *perhaps* sail to *oblige us* the next evening tide, but intended only to sail the day after that. We accordingly took our sleep and came to this place at 4 o’clock fully expecting to have some trouble to persuade the man to sail at night, when behold *he* (the only vessell either here or at L’pool) was sailed on the morning tide, with the finest wind and so much of it as gives us no hope of a vessell *coming in*, and when once the wind gets Westerly it generally remains so long. I have no remmedy but by conversing with my friends to persuade myself I am content. . . . I must next tell you our London doings. I passed a day with my Sister Leinster at Boyle Farm, which is now the seat of luxury and beauty and ingenuity : it would have taken me a week to see all the fine things in the house. The grounds are enlarged and improved by the growing of the trees, and the pavillions opposite are improved by addition of trees and buildings, otherwise the natural beauty of Thames Ditton

can never alter. My dear sister and her girls enjoyed it so much this hot Summer. At Boyle Farm dined Charles Fox, who, like me, was all enchantment with the place, and we were trying to find out old spots and old trees of our acquaintance. I had but a minute's time to *talk* to him, for he was to go home 10 miles after dinner, but in that short space I said I had seen you. I told him of Ld. Ilchester's marriage, which amused him, for he knows *litterally nothing* at St. Anne's Hill : *he did not know that Lord Fitzwilliam was to go to Ireland* : In short, he says that nobody tells him news because they conclude he knows it all, and *he* has but one newspaper which tells nothing but the War.'

XI

'*That Lord Fitzwilliam was to go to Ireland.*' That indeed was great news for Ireland. The Fitzwilliam Viceroyalty and all it involved was the one plank between Ireland and Revolution. In July the Duke of Portland and his Whig friends had joined the Cabinet, one of the conditions being that Lord Fitzwilliam should succeed Lord Westmoreland as Viceroy of Ireland. At first there was some doubt as to Lord Fitzwilliam's plans of action, although none about his good intentions. It was feared he would be hampered by those behind him. 'No mortal here yet knows, (it is the 9th of October and Lord Fitzwilliam expected

on the 28th) writes Lady Sarah, ‘on what system he is to govern. There is a mystery as yet impenetrable, and each party *hint* such opposite measures that Lord Charlemont, Duke of Leinster, and Mr. Conolly, *for certain*, also Mr. Ponsonby *for uncertain*, say that they wait to see if it is a change of *men* or of *measures*; if the former, they lament most *sincerely*, for they love Ld. Fitzwilliam, that he should be made the engine of Mr. Pitt to continue a system of Government so destructive to Ireland, which unhappily is so ripe for troubles that all they want is an excuse: and millions are to be found in the general neglect of all departments, the *misuse* of money, and leaving the country defenceless. To reform all these flagrant abuses which so *immediately prevent* the securing of peace in Ireland is the first object, and to do this he must raise the *hornet’s nest*, viz. the Beresfords, etc. Query,—can Ld. Fitzwilliam withstand such an attack? Certainly not if he is not strongly supported in the English Ministry. Will the D. of P. support him? *Yes*. *Can* he? *No*, is *my* answer, for Mr. Pitt will in an underhand way encourage the very people that are turned out, who will upset Ld. Fitz.—and, all things coming back to their own channell, poor Ireland pays for all these political commotions, unless they are carried through with a steady hand. If Ld. F. will and can do this, then every real well-wisher of his country will support him, and it will then

appear if Ireland has more honest men or most rogues in it, and they must take their fate according to *their deserts*. Lord Westd. is so cross at this change that he *denies* *Ld. Fitz is coming at all*: and will do nothing for anybody in the meantime. It creates an odd scene like “Duke and no Duke,” and the toadeaters of the Castle don’t know how to look, whether to laugh or cry.’

XII

Lady Sarah’s forecast was, alas! only too sapient. Lord Fitzwilliam came to Ireland, bearing the highest hopes for the people that ever English statesman bore. As long as Ireland remembers her history he will be remembered and his recall deplored. He came with a generous policy towards the Catholics and an honest determination to break the power of the Beresfords and their friends.

One of his first acts was to remove the Chief Commissioner from the post he enjoyed and his seat on the Privy Council. Mr. Grattan, with the full sanction of Government, and with hardly a dissenting voice from Ireland, was permitted to bring in a Bill for the complete enfranchisement of the Catholics. Everything seemed full of hope and promise. Suddenly, after two months, Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled. The policy of the Government was changed: the sanction to the Bill withdrawn. The greatest calamity that has

ever befallen Ireland had happened. The Beresfords had triumphed. The cause of the people was in ruins. Steadily, by this wicked vacillation and treachery, the people were to be driven into rebellion.

XIII

Lady Sarah conveys the news in a fury, which does her great English heart honour :

‘ 28th March, 1795.—If Ld. Milton ’ (who had been Chief Secretary with Lord Fitzwilliam) ‘ goes home you will know the whole history of your friend, Mr. Pitt’s trying to *swindle* Ireland out of its money, and treat us like a *conquered country*, making Ld. Fitzwilliam and Ld. Milton the *innocent swindlers*. My intelligence is Mr. Conolly and my sister (*particularly*), and the whole people of Ireland in general. I have just arrived from the North, as this great event ended with Lord F.’s sincerely lamented departure. A Ld. Lt. that I really loved and highly respected and with whom our friends joined, though he derived his power from Pitt, can never again happen. That he (Pitt) will keep his power till he has brought his King’s head or his own to the block I do now most firmly believe : the sooner *Pitt’s* is there in *my mind* the better ; tho’ he has lost much of his powers of mischief by taking in such a character as Ld. Fitzwilliam ; it has turned many a heart against him and will keep *other honest men* from trusting him. Not that I blame him most for he

is an open ennemy, and they might have expected it. *You (luckily for my judgment in politicks)* remember I foretold it all last Septr. If you have my letter I beg of you to keep it, and when you see Ld. Milton shew him the date and read the paragraphs that foretell what has happen'd, that he may see that even a *woman*, and one who don't live in Dublin but picks up Sunday news at Castletown, can't be blind to the well-known politicks of Ireland—they are so plain.

‘But now for the history. The D. of P. *had positively* settled that the Catholicks were to be *on the same footing as the Protestants in Ireland, in everything*, long ago, and he *said* he had full powers: the *time* and the *manner* were alone left to Ld. Fitzwilliam, who very wisely considered that having an immense sum to ask for and much mischief to reform, he could not do better than secure popularity with a nation suspected (I believe falsely) of not being averse to join the French. The *time* therefore was excellent, and the thing a *promise* from last year now performed.

‘The D. of P. never wrote to *approve* or *disapprove*, and kept Ld. F. in constant difficulties for want of an ansr for 3 months, which *quietly* brought on the time of the *vote* for the money. The moment *that* was secure cold letters and affronts were put upon Ld. F. and he desired to be recalled. *No ansr* till the money bill was ready. Then came a *formal recall* from the D. of P. and

and that Lord Camden, Lord Carhampton and others *were clear* for arming, (with caution however), both Protestants and Catholics, and the Chancellor vehemently opposed the allowing any Catholics to be armed: Lord Camden said it was declaring War to them at once if you refused to join them in the set of Yeomanry.'

II

One can imagine how stormily these things were discussed in the little cottage at Kildare, where four friends gathered round the turf fire, when the shutters were shut, the lamp lit, and the wind that blew across the Curragh of Kildare sighed around the little house on its rampart, whistled through the key-holes and shook the windows. It must have been somewhat close quarters in the tiny house for the quartet, which consisted of Edward and Pamela, Lady Lucy and Arthur O'Connor, who had appeared in Lady Lucy's Diary in the gay days when she and her sisters were ball-going and opera-going in London.

'We had company to dinner, Mr. O'Connor, the man who made the famous speech. He is Edward's great Friend—of course a great Democrat.'

III

For a year after Lord Fitzwilliam’s recall Lord Edward refrained from joining the United Irish Society; nor was Arthur O’Connor a member, nor Emmet, nor McNevin, of the revolutionary leaders. But the same malign fate or will that forced on the Rebellion forced them into the arms of revolution, who would have saved the country otherwise if they could. Sometime early in 1796 Lord Edward and Arthur O’Connor both joined the Society, the passing of the Insurrection Act in February of that year having persuaded them that there was nothing to be hoped for from constitutional methods. Lord Edward had spoken against the Act in terms of grave warning. It passed into law—and there was nothing but the open door of Revolution.

IV

Neither the fact that the Fitzgeralds belonged to the greatest and most honourable of Norman-Irish families, nor their great connections, saved them from insolence on the part of those whom Lady Sarah describes trenchantly as ‘ Irish Buckeens, the worst sort of annimal in the creation, who neglect or rather never knew his duty,’ i.e. as officer of a Yeomanry Regiment.

Lord Edward and Arthur O’Connor had

attended the Curragh Races. At the close of the proceedings they started out to ride back to Kildare Lodge. Lord Edward, like so many of his friends, had adopted a habit of republican simplicity in his dress. He wore his soft dark hair unpowdered, and about his neck a green silk handkerchief. Eddy's mother tells the story of this unpleasant adventure to Lady Sophia :

'Our dearest Eddy met as he was riding out on the Curragh with a troop of impertinent young officers, who bid him pull off his handkerchief (*not* a green one). He refused, as you may believe, and said that though the wearing of it was a matter indifferent before, such behaviour would confirm his wearing it for ever. Upon their insisting on it he told them that if they would send him separate challenges he would fight them individually if they chose it, but that nothing should make him take off his Handkerchief. In the midst of this Col. Taylor happening to ride by enquir'd what was the matter, and was shock'd at the impertinence of these Boys who disgrace the Army, and begg'd Edward would not deign to answer them, but come with him to Genl. Dundass, who express'd himself indignant at them and desir'd Edward wou'd send for the Civil Magistrate and have them severely punish'd, but upon Edward's declining it he gave out a severe reprimand in publick orders the next day. Now, perhaps, you have heard all this, but you may

also know nothing about it—and in that case nothing that relates to our Beloved can come amiss. It was very disagreeable, but the Angel told Louisa that when he looked round on all their Boyish faces, their youth, (all imagining they were doing a fine thing by stopping him) moved him and he could not help forgiving them in his Heart ; is not this so like him ? ’

V

These young men were apparently not of the ‘Irish buckeen’ class, which began to grow very insolent. There is an unwritten page of Lady Lucy’s Diary. She was leaving the Rotunda Assembly one night with the Conollys, when there was a great gathering of people in the streets to see the fine folk pass. She was muffled to the eyes, as she describes it, the night being cold. She had danced herself warm in her rose-pink satin gown and hat of brown velvet, with a knot of diamonds holding the feather, a present from her aunt, Lady Louisa. She had been disagreeably conscious during the evening of a handsome, dissipated-looking young man who stood behind pillars and stared at her. He was very conspicuous in his red silk coat and black breeches and stockings, a dress which heightened the swarthiness of his complexion. As he moved from place to place, following her, she noticed

that a group of young men accompanied him, keeping in his background. His manner particularly annoyed her. Inquiring of a partner who the gentleman might be, she was told that he was Mr. P. of M., who had recently raised a regiment of militia.

She prevailed upon Lady Louisa to leave the Assembly early. They had come up from Kildare that morning and were lodging at the Frederick Street Hotel, since Lady Louisa, the most timid of creatures, fancied a rebel, if not a highwayman, behind every tree, in every ditch or patch of shadow on the long road back to Castletown.

There was a great crowd in the courtyard when they left, and much hurry and confusion, and somehow Lady Lucy found herself separated from her party and flung hither and thither like a cork upon the surface of the water. While she stood helpless a moment someone spoke beside her—‘Here, Madam, is your chair.’ She thought it was the chairman who had brought her, and was very glad to escape from the confusion of the crowd to the safety of a chair. When she had got in she opened a window to call to the chairman in front a question as to her party.

‘Her ladyship’s chair is in front,’ said the fellow, and Lady Lucy sank back upon the cushions reassured.

They emerged from the crowd in the courtyard to the greater crowd in the street. Abuse

followed them, for the chairmen forced their way through the crowd without ‘by your leave,’ and Lady Lucy was jolted more than was pleasant. Once clear of the crowd the chairmen went at a great pace, and the jolting became so violent that it threatened to bring on one of her attacks of the bile, and caused her a fear that her chairmen might be drunk. Terrified at the idea she again opened her window and looked through, expecting to see the well-lit new street called after the Earl of Westmoreland, and her aunt’s chair in front going towards the Houses of Parliament. She immediately perceived that she was in no such safe place, but rather in a villanous-looking street she had not known before, which she suspected to be one of those running down towards St. Mary’s Abbey from the new Sackville Street.

If she had been a different kind of woman, if she had been like Lady Sophia or Lady Charlotte or Mr. Ogilvie’s daughters, or her cousins Henriette and Louisa, she would have swooned. Being a thing of spirit and Eddy’s sister she hit the chairman in front of her a sounding thwack with her fan between the shoulders, and asked him where he was taking her to.

The fellow put down the chair so suddenly, without warning to the other rogue, that it was all but upset. He turned about. There was a street lamp near which shed a faint ray. He laid

his hand upon his heart. To her horror and amazement she recognised the features of Mr. P. 'I trust,' he said, 'that the fair Fitzgerald will forgive the ruse of Love. It will be my life's task to atone, once she is mine.'

'That I will never be,' she said with great spirit. 'Set me down at once. You shall be punished for this.'

'Oh,' he said, 'Love knows no law. I am confoundedly in love with you. You'll be safer with me, my lovely Rebel, in days to come than with your rebelly brother Edward, or his rebel Grace the Duke. As for punishment, why, I can call to the most powerful faction in Ireland for my protection.'

'May I ask what you intend to do with me?' she asked, with an appearance of calm.

'No worse,' he replied, 'than to take you to my house on the Liffey banks beyond Chapelizod and keep you there till I find a parson to marry us: I am in a hurry to see your sweet face again without your hood, so you'll excuse my proceeding. If I am not a satisfactory chairman, neither I nor my friend was brought up to the trade.'

She thought of screaming, in hopes to bring the Town Watch, at that time under an efficient and careful officer, Major Sirr. But as she confessed afterwards she felt that she was lost, that a man who could act as Mr. P. was doing would soon stifle her screams with his handkerchief.

While she shrank back into the chair, he put in his face impudently and begged a kiss. His hot breath on her face, the smell of brandy which clung to him, turned her faint. She felt suffocated. As his lips sought hers, she screamed. There was a sound of running feet. Mr. P. pressing her backward in the chair heard nothing. He had thrust his hand into her mouth roughly.

Suddenly she was free. Someone had taken Mr. P. by the collar of his coat and pulling him backwards had flung him with such great violence against an area railing close by, that the rusty rail gave way and he was precipitated into the stone-flagged area below. The other chairman had taken to his heels. Lady Lucy was looking into her preserver's face, as though he were come straight from Heaven.

VI

Only to one or two dear intimates was the story of that adventure told. Pamela wept and clasped her little hands, and Edward was very angry. But Mr. P. had removed himself the next day to none knew where—and the Family was agreed that the less said about the matter the better.

Lucy's deliverer, Captain Foley of His Majesty's Navy, was received into the Family's grateful friendship, and all were agreed that his discretion and his modesty were beyond praise. He had

conveyed his fair charge safely to the distracted Lady Louisa, and not a whisper of the matter had got abroad to be torn to pieces by the 'Doblin lidies,' who loved a scandal, and were quite capable of saying that Lucy went of her free will.

Lady Sarah found in Captain Foley a likeness to Mr. Napier when first she saw him as a saviour. There was indeed a certain likeness in the noble keen look, the fearless eyes, the fine, clear distinguished profile. But there was something else. The bronze of the seaman was on Captain Foley's countenance. Lady Lucy wrote of him that he had grey eyes, grey as the sea, with dark lashes, and that his eyes 'beheld great distances.' It was somewhat remarkable that she should have known so much about his eyes.

'I can never forget,' she tells her Journal, 'the great consolation and surety of deliverance which came to me in my deadly peril from that wretch's audacity, when, by the faint gleam of lamplight, I saw that noble face. It was as though God had sent an Angel to deliver me. He treated me with so fine a courtesy and such a tender respectfulness, that he must ever be dear to me. He was with Lord Howe in the great action of the 1st of June. Everyone praises him. My Uncle Richmond commends him most highly. His eyes follow me as I come and go. Alas, dear and brave youth ! Alas, poor Lucy !'

VII

At Kildare of Winter nights the Quoituor, as Pamela calls it, talk of books and poetry : they sing Irish songs ; and Pamela, in a softness of motherhood that is lovelier than her young beauty, sings little *chansons* and *berceuses*, her soft wild hair falling about the shoulders of her white frock. When she sings a love-song she looks at Edward. Then Edward must sing ‘The Green upon the Cape’ and ‘The Shan Van Vocht’ ; and Arthur O’Connor joins in in his rich baritone. His dark eyes, a little yellowish in the whites, for he has Spanish blood, seek out Lucy in the shadows while he sings.

‘He has hair,’ she writes, ‘which reminds me of nothing so much as a bunch of fine black grapes. There is the sun and the fire of the South in him. Our Northern men are the moonlight and the ice as compared with such as he. His glance, his smile, his voice, draw the heart out of my breast. None suspects it. Eddy and Pamela love him. We are the Amiable, the Beloved Quoituor. Pamela has fifty adjectives for us. When I go back to my mother at Ealing all this must be at an end.’

VIII

There are evenings when things are not so gentle and so pleasant, when they sit over the fire, looking into the heart of it, and talk in passionate whispers, when Lucy's heart is on fire with Eddy's and Arthur O'Connor's, when Pamela, her babe in arms, herself as soft and tender, watches Edward with a growing fear in her great dark eyes.

They read the newspapers aloud, one or the other. Now it is Mr. Grattan's flowing periods, the fire within them.

'I conceive the continuance of Lord Fitzwilliam,' says Mr. Grattan when already the cause is lost, 'as necessary for the prosperity of this kingdom: his firm integrity is formed to correct his mild manners, to reconcile, his private example to discountenance a progress of vulgar and rapid pollution; if he is to retire I condole with my country. For myself the pangs on that occasion I should feel on rendering up my small portion of ministerial breath would be little, were it not for the gloomy prospects afforded by those dreadful guardians who are likely to succeed. I tremble at the return to power of your old taskmasters: that combination which galled the country with its tyranny, insulted her by its manners, exhausted her by its rapacity, and slandered her by its malice. Should such a

combination return to power I have no hesitation to say that they will *extinguish Ireland*, or Ireland *must remove them*.

‘I should have expected that there had been a wisdom and faith in some quarter of another country, that would have prevented such a catastrophe; but I know that it is no proof of that wisdom to take the taxes, continue the abuses, damp the zeal, and dash away the affections of so important a member of the Empire as the people of Ireland; and when this country came forward, cordial and confident, with the offering of her treasure and blood, and resolute to fall or stand with the British nation—it is, I say, no proof of generosity or wisdom to select that moment to plant a dagger in her heart.’

IX

O’Connor reads aloud in his rich Southern voice and Eddy gets up and paces the little room, while Lucy listens with burning eyes, and all the time Pamela watches her lord with an ever-increasing fear of love in her gaze.

X

Soon Mr. Grattan’s worst fears are realised. The persecution of the Catholics in Armagh, when

10,000 people were driven from their homes, if not with the connivance, at least without the opposition of the Government, forced the peaceful inhabitants of Ulster into a general association for self-defence. Lord Gosford, the King's Lieutenant for the County of Armagh, speaking to a meeting of magistrates on the 28th December 1795, said :

‘It is no secret that a religious persecution, accompanied by all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity, is now raging in this county; neither age nor sex is sufficient to excite mercy much less afford protection. The only crime which the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with is a crime indeed of easy proof; it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith or an intimate connexion with a person professing this faith. A lawless Vendetta having constituted themselves the judges of this new form of delinquency, and the sentence they have pronounced is concise and terrible—it is nothing less than a confiscation of all property and an immediate banishment.’

XI

What was true of Armagh was true of the rest of Ireland, which was delivered up to the Orange Society and the new Yeomanry regiments, of

which no Catholic might be a member. So, steadily, ruthlessly, was the country, and the most gracious of her sons, pushed into rebellion—that Mr. Pitt might accomplish his dream of a legislative Union.

CHAPTER XIII

‘LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ’

I

IN May, 1796, Lord Edward, being finally committed to a policy of revolution, accompanied by Arthur O'Connor, and Pamela, who was expecting her second baby, travelled to Hamburg, ostensibly to visit Madame de Genlis and her niece, Henriette de Sorse, who had married Mr. Matthieson, a Hamburg merchant.

On the way through London Pamela supped at Devonshire House and sat next at table to the Duke of York who, like his brother, the Prince of Wales, had a very kind feeling for Edward. His Royal Highness spoke seriously and kindly to Pamela, revealing that the course of events was well known to the authorities. Taking her hand very gently and holding it in his he said, ‘Dear Lady Edward, let me advise you as a friend, most sincerely, to use your influence, *your whole influence*, to keep Lord Edward from going abroad. More is known of the plans of those he thinks his Friends than you can imagine: in fact, *all is known*.’

That night Pamela flung herself at Edward's

feet imploring him not to go abroad. He lifted her and held her to his breast, with tears in his kind eyes.

“‘I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.’”

he said: and poor Pamela was silent, for when Edward conceived his honour to be involved even a wife's prayers and tears must be in vain.

Pamela was left behind at Hamburg, being in no condition to travel farther, while Lord Edward and Arthur O'Connor went on to Basle, where they were to consult with Hoche or Pichegru on the matter of sending a French expedition to Ireland.

II

Pamela feared, and she was gentle. She was not one to strangle the Tree of Liberty with her light and charming vine. She adored her husband; she loved his country; she was moved as he was by the recital of the dreadful things that were happening. More came to Kildare Lodge than the Quoituor. There were many noble lords, many highly placed gentlemen, many members of the legislature, and officers of rank in the home and foreign armies. They were such as Emmet spoke of a few years later in his speech from the dock: ‘There are those with us in this movement the latchets of whose shoes I am unworthy to loose.’ All that was generous and ardent and young and noble was by Edward's side. Teeling,

one of the Northern United Irishmen, refers to one or two of these by name—‘The Hon. and gallant Plunkett, that intrepid soldier of fortune whose fame will be recorded while Buda or the Danube are remembered; the brave and devoted Bellew, who would exchange the laurels of foreign conquest to encounter peril and privation in the land of his birth.’ These would be officers in the foreign armies of Spain or Austria, sons of the Wild Geese. He goes on with his list, but, with the accursed timidity of the day, he ceases to be explicit; he writes of ‘the most distinguished for virtue in the noble house of M——e, and the young and ardent L—s—n,’ like Moore, whose use of the asterisk at the most thrilling moments drives the reader of Lord Edward’s Life to distraction. These noble-men and gentlemen, who a little later came secretly to Robert Emmet, as they came secretly in those days to Lord Edward, stopped short of the dock and the scaffold. They went away sorrowfully because they had great possessions.

III

In these days it is piteous to find the Duchess in a happy ignorance of her Angel’s danger. Back again at Hamburg he writes to her:

‘MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I returned here two days ago and found my little wife and child delightfully well, and my sweet Pam overjoy’d to see me.

I was as happy as possible. I have this morning been reading over all your dear letters: how kind, my dearest mother! What a piece of work my poor little itchy Edward has made! What a Début! As for him I am not very uneasy as I don't consider it dangerous, but am vexed at all the trouble it has given you. I had a very pleasant Tour, am in raptures with Switzerland. I left my friend O'Connor in Switzerland taking another Tour. There never were two persons who admired Switzerland more than we did. We saw it in the true Rousseau enthusiasm. He is as fond of Rousseau as I am. He entered completely into my way of travelling, which was walking most of the way getting into a Boat when we could, taking our dinner in some pretty spot, and swimming when we could. I returned in a diligence by way of Schaffhouse, Ausburg, Nuremburg, Brunswick, and the journey was troublesome enough to the Body, but that you know I don't mind. I was an outside passenger the whole way, which, tho' I got a little wet now and then, made the journey pleasant enough. I will tell you more when we meet. My sweet Pam wants me to walk, and the post goes soon, so bless my sweet Mother. I shall see you now in three weeks. God, how happy I shall be! Kiss my dear Boy. How I miss its dear face.'

IV

Lady Lucy had already chronicled in her Journal the misdoings of little Eddy, unconscious infant.

‘There is nothing thought of but the Itch which is in the House.

‘Not well. I saw Moseley, who ordered me medicines. All the men-servants have got the Itch. It was the child, little Eddy, that first begun it. He brought it from Ireland. We played at commerce in the evening.’

Little Eddy’s itch was, however, long over by the time he was introduced to his sister, who records in later life :

‘I was born a week after my mother landed, and Christened, my Godmothers being Mde. de Genlis and Mrs. Mathiesson; and my Godfather, General Valence, whose Christian name was Adelaide, so I had plenty of names. Felicité, Henriette, Adelaide, Pamela. We returned to England when I was six months old and I was brought to Great Shame when compared with my Brother Edward, who was living with Grandmamma Leinster: he was two years old, fat, fair and blooming: and I was sallow and small, with dark eyes, like an unfledged bird: and the comparisons were so mortifying that Mama cried and my Father carried me off in his arms to the nursery highly affronted.’

V

‘What a pleasant account you give of my Eddy,’ Lord Edward writes from Hamburg. ‘The little *dog*: how I long to see it. . . . I shall enjoy leading the Malvern life, and I shall have double satisfaction, as my Pam has had also her share of pleasure with her friends here. She is quite reasonable (as she always is) and will bear the parting very well. My little girl will bear the journey well, for it is always sleeping and never cries.’

Poor Pamela! Little Eddy was left behind in England with the Duchess, to whom Edward had promised that if his first child was a boy she should have his bringing up, to console her for the Eddy from whom she must have long periods of separation. One sometimes feels that the Good Family was high-handed in its ways with all who were not of it. Pamela wept at giving up her baby at a year old; and leaving the child behind was bitter to the young father, although he could refuse nothing to the dominating Love of his life. One would have supposed that the mother of twenty children could have done without someone else’s precious first baby!

Edward writes from Chester on his way to Ireland: ‘We got here yesterday, all well. The Wind is not yet fair but promises to be better tomorrow when we go to Park-gate. I need not tell you my journey was a little melancholy, but I

endeavoured to drive all distressing thoughts from me. How I like your account of Norbury and enjoy my little Edward's present. I think I see his delight. It will save your mechanical genius at cutting out horses and give you some rest. Pray tell Dear Ciss I am sorry it was not in my power to see her. Dear Love, I don't repent leaving Eddy, as I am sure it was a comfort to my beloved Mother, and I hate to think that by my own absence I have given her so much distress.'

At the back of this letter Pamela has written : ' Comme notre Etourdi Edouard a oublié de *give you my best loves*, et mille baisers à mon cher Enfant, je prends la plume de ses grosses Pattes pour vous dire encore combien je vous aime, et que je suis sur que maintenant vous ne doutez pas, car mon cher petit *Dood Poy* est le gage le plus sur que je puisse veur donner de tendresse et d'estime. Je ne puis voir un enfant de l'âge de mon Eddy sans un battement de cœur, mais *bien vite* je pense à votre Bonheur et je suis consolée.'

Poor sweet Pamela ! Poor darling little mother ! What a heart-breaking letter !

VI

A fortnight later Lady Lucy followed Edward and Pamela to Ireland. Her Journal for October 1796 to May 1797 is concerned much with the doings of the Quoitur.

‘*Castletown, October 23rd.*—I feel so happy to be at dear Castletown. It so reminds me of the Days of my Childhood. The Edwards came and the Castlereaghs and Papa (i.e. Mr. O.). He and I made it up. Aunt Louisa and I went to Carton in the morning.

‘*Oct. 29th.*—Edward and I walked to Carton and saw Lord Clare.’

Apparently as yet the parting of the ways had not affected social amenities.

‘*Carton, Nov. 20.*—We were a delightful party. Ly. Edward was there the whole time and Eddy backwards and forwards : we had beautiful dancing and such a Ballet call’d *Didone*. Ly. Edward composed it mostly ; I selected the music.

‘*Nov. 21.*—I went to town. Mr. Ogilvie gave us a snack at Leinster House. Ly. Ed. came to town too. Mr. O’Connor came to see her, but Mr. Ogilvie would not invite him in.’

VII

In another place Lady Lucy records more fully the happenings of that day.

‘One day when Ly. Edward and I were at Leinster House dear Arthur came to see us, but Mr. Ogilvie would not receive him. My dear little sister, who, if she has any fault, it is that she is too gentle, too willing to yield to others, accepted this displeasing behaviour of Mr. O. I, however,

contriv'd to save Arthur the indignity of being turn'd away by a Footman. Since I knew his delicacy would recoil from entering a house where he was not welcome I led him by the garden entrance into the gardens, leaving Mr. O. and Ly. Edward employ'd in conversation. All Mr. O.'s Presbeterian dislike of Papists, and Frenchwomen, and Revolution as exemplified in that horrid Égalité, cannot withstand poor pretty Pamela's charm, and I knew he was not likely to miss me while he talked with her. Arthur and I walk'd to and fro between the laurels, and when the rain pelted we took shelter in the arbour over which the Winter jessamine was climbing.

'He asked me if I had seen Captain Foley since my return to Ireland.

'I answer'd that I had not, for he had rejoin'd his ship.

'He said to me then in the voice he knows so well to make seductive and thrilling: "Could you think of him?"

'I replied that I had no occasion to think particularly of Captain Foley beyond that he was spoken well of as a serious and honourable gentleman.

"Ah," said he, with a deep sigh. "You would be safer in his possession than in that of one who was pledged to Another before ever he had seen your face. I should think of him," he went on. "He is deep in love with you."

‘I found it so cruel he should speak in this fashion that my senses reel’d: the tears rose to my eyes, only to be slowly repress’d.

“My God!” he said, standing up, and with an air of the little arbour being too confining for him. “Edward should stand alone. When I think of that engaging creature, Ly. Edward, and of his tender offspring, I could curse the fate that threatens these innocents. Edward should be free as I am free—as I must continue to be free. If I were to ask any lovely Person,” he turn’d and look’d at me as he said it, “to share a life like mine, over which God knows what cloud of calamity hangs heavy,—she would suffer jealousy: in my sleep I should breathe another woman’s name. I . . .”

‘He looked at me again, with the utmost tenderness. “Lucia,” he said, “I am Ireland’s man and no woman’s. She has been my secret Love through boyhood and manhood. I would to God that Edward too had but that one Love.”

‘I confess I could not speak,’ she goes on. ‘If I could have spoken God knows what wild thing I might have said.

‘Still with those wonderful eyes upon me he murmur’d, “You would be happy, Lucia, with Captain Foley. I should think of him.”

‘With that he left me, letting himself out of the garden by the little gate with the spring lock. When I had recover’d myself I join’d Ly. Edward and Mr. Ogilvie. Mr. Ogilvie had been so well

entertain'd that I believe he had hardly observ'd my absence from the room.

'Dear Pamela, with her tender melting gaze! She whispered to me as we left an enquiry as to what I had done with *le bien-aimé* Arthur. I am sure she knows, but will never betray me. Leinster was very civil to Captain Foley while he stay'd. Well, well,—perhaps it would not be so agreeable to have a female Edward in the Family which so adores him. Poor Ly. Edward! She wears her cap of Liberty with a very French grace, but her little heart is perturb'd for Eddy. Arthur was right. Patriots should only love the Little Old Woman as Arthur calls her. I wonder when I shall see him again.'

VIII

It is only six days after that interview in the gardens of Leinster House.

'Nov. 27.—Ly. Edward and I left Carton and came to Kildare, where we found Mr. O'Connor and Edward. (My heart leap'd up at seeing *him*. He avoided my gaze. If anything, his manner was more gentle than usual.) Nothing could be dearer, more comfortable than this little habitation. Eddy delights in building a fire of turf: there is an art in it. He built it high. The little room shone with its light. Ly. Edward sat by a table making clothes for the little Pamela. The wind howled

without. If we four “le très Aimable Quoituor” need never leave such warm shelter for a chilling world ! Arthur read us “Julius Cæsar.” He has a beautiful voice. As he leant against the candle light the curls of his hair had a purple tinge. There is certainly no one like him. . . .’

‘We walk’d upon the Curragh—a walk of ten miles, to see Mr. Daly’s lodge. Arthur walk’d with me. He talk’d of the wrongs of Ireland. There came a piper in the evening and we danc’d jigs. No one looking at us could dream we had a care.

‘*Nov. 27th.*—We rode. Edward and I kept together. Pamela fell behind with Mr. O’Connor. They talked of her mother in Hamburgh. He is very gentle with her.’

Now observe what odd company these ‘Democrates’ keep !

‘*Nov. 30th.*—The Apothecary din’d with us as he is a great democrat. We danc’d in the evening and had quite a ball : we made up 7 couple, calling in servants and maids. (I danc’d with him once. He has returned to his former manner of kindness. I had a letter to-day from Captain Foley’s sister, with news of him, which I felt sure he inspir’d.)

‘*Dec. 1st.*—A very bad day, but all in high spirits. (If my heart aches none shall know it.) Mr. O’Connor and Pamela diverted themselves much and me a little, making a pocket-book for me in which they stuck emblems. We laugh’d

immoderately. Mr. O'Connor writ a verse, in which he said :

““ Lucia is spirit and fire
Beyond desert, beyond desire.”

They took it for a jest. I carried the paper in my Bodice.

‘ *Dec. 2nd.*—Two men came from Town, great Democrates and very agreeable men. We spent a delightful afternoon, divided between dancing and singing patriotic songs. I sang the “White Cockade,” and Ly. Edward the “Ca Ira,” as though ’twere no more than a cradle-song for little Pamela. Afterwards we had the most interesting conversation. We had in the Apothecary, Cummins, whom we all delight in. He is a little man like a dancing master, and all bows. He speaks like a book. If Mr. Ogilvie could see us ! He is more proud for the Good Family than any one of it.

‘ *Dec. 3rd.* We rode. Edward went to sleep early in the dineing room where we sat : Arthur, Pamela and I had a conversation I never shall forget. ’Twas most brilliant. I admir’d but am not convinc’d. Alas, that such a mind as his should consider itself bound to destruction ! Pamela has not lost the Roman Catholick faith, tho’ she has heard so much philosophy. There is not a trace of the Blue Stocking in her. I wish he had more Hope. I was griev’d to tears for him. A woman’s Love might save him.

‘Dec. 4.—Eddy very angry with us for sitting up. Eddy angry is a Sight. He will turn so suddenly to laugh at himself. He and A. set off on a Tour. Pamela and I very sorry. How I do love this little place ! *Il y a des lieux qu’on admire ; il y en des autres qui touchent.* Pamela and I had a conversation as to whether one loves best the place where one has been happy or that where one has suffer’d. It had no ending. I said there might be both, and then I burst into tears. Pamela was very sweet. I think she guesses. She said in her pretty way—“There is only one Edward ; with Edward one does not count the cost.” We had a peaceful evening and read *Corinne*. I am growing as easy of weeping as poor Sophy. I shall do it no more.’

CHAPTER XIV

LUCY'S JOURNAL

I

THE Journal continues :

‘ *Dec. 11th.*—I don’t know what has happen’d to the world. I awoke to a dark snowy morning. But the sun might as well have shone. I was in high spirits all the morning and romp’d with the Child, who grows less like a little Owl. I like coaxing it to be merry. Pamela look’d on and was happy. At 3 o’clock *They* came back, to our great joy. They made us laugh heartily with an account of their Reception by O’Connor, the King of Connaught. Mr. Ponsonby was of their company. He welcom’d them thus: “Arthur O’Connor, you are welcome. House of Leinster, I am happy to see you within my doors. Ponsonby, you may sit down.” He is the proudest man in Ireland, and don’t think anything worth his civility that is not Irish.

‘ *Dec. 13th.*—We had a dance in the evening. Our company was Cummins, and the Butcher’s daughters, who are rosy modest creatures. A.

and I danced together. We danced a great many Irish jigs. Eddy is a famous hand at them. It was pretty to see him dance with the elder of the Butcher's daughters, to see the way she look'd at him and dropp'd her eyes. They adore him.

'*Dec. 14.*—We read Volney's Ruins. Arthur shock'd me by a thing he said. I keep reminding myself I must not judge him by others. Though I am shock'd I cannot be repell'd. I could almost wish that it were otherwise.

'*Dec. 15th.*—We had a visit from Lord and Lady Castlereagh that much disturb'd our comfort. To think that man began as a Lover of Freedom! They told us Henriette was ill, and that I was expected to return with the horses that brought them. Eddy and Arthur then settl'd to go to town, Eddy was going before to take leave of Mr. Ogilvy. The other would have stayed with us—I went most unwillingly, to find that Henriette but suffer'd from the Bile. I must confess it,—I had been looking forward to the time when he and I should be so much thrown together, with E. away and Pamela busy with her garden and house and little Pam. I know 'twas better Aunt Louisa should have call'd me. But oh, the pang of going. I detest Lord Castlereagh excessively. How happy I would have been at little Kildare.—though I should have to pay for it when 'twas over.'

II

' Castletown, Christmas Day.—Alarm of the French being off the Coast of Ireland. Troops marching, all in consternation about the French. They have been trying to work into Bantry Bay. Mr. Conolly croaks and is very Black, and my Aunt Louisa weeps. I can scarce keep from singing the song of the "Shan Van Vocht." If they but knew how my thoughts were!

' Dec. 28th.—Dear Eddy came over from Kildare. I never saw him with such pleasure. Aunt Sarah came and join'd us. She is as angry with Govt. as we are. Eddy laughs and calls her the Fair English Rebel. She says she is more Irish than he. She tears my Lord Clare to tatters. How I wish he could hear her. 'Tis hard to be a woman.

' Dec. 29th.—Eddy went to town. We are greatly taken with Mr. Conolly's answer to Ld. Camden, who sent for him and desir'd that he should proceed to Derry to further the Yeomanry. He said: "I am ready to go North or South, and to obey any orders given to me for the safety of the kingdom, for tho' I never ask'd nor receiv'd a place, and have serv'd in Parlt 30 years, tho' I was against the American War and am against this, there is not a subject in His Majesty's dominion more resolv'd to uphold monarchy with my life and fortune, but I do averr, and shall never alter

my opinion, that it is not a way to save a Kingdom to corrupt its Parlt. As to the Yeomanry of Ireland I know of no such description of persons, but I will try what success I can have in my own country, *when order'd.*"

' Aunt Sarah is delighted and would kiss Mr. Conolly. She says she could not restrain herself from boxing His Excellency's ears if but she had been present.

' *Dec. 29th.*—Account of a prisoner that was brought from Bantry Bay. He is French, and was thrown on the coast by the storm.

' *Dec. 30th.*—Account of the French having left Bantry Bay. Aunt Sarah says that she is not the least afraid of the Catholicks, but somewhat of the mob. She will guard her little garrison with her five fine boys, Charles at the head. Charles has just got a new horse and thinks himself and his horse the equal of Alexander and Bucephalus.

' *Dec. 31st.*—An acct receiv'd in the evening of the French fleet being completely destroy'd by Admiral Colpoys and Ld. Bradford. All here in wild transports. I could weep as freely as Aunt Louisa when she is in the mind. There is not one here who shares my sentiments. I sing the Song of the "Shan Van Vocht" in my heart, and at night I walk the room declaiming to myself.

' *Castletown, January 1st, 1797.*—The news of the defeat of the French fleet was quite unfounded. I *knew* it all the time. I long to see

Eddy. How will he have taken it, dear Fellow? The wind continues easterly. While it does so the French can do nothing. We hear a story to-day of a boy who took off vegetables to the Fleet. He reported that on the Admiral's ship there was a tall man wrapt in a cloak who pac'd the deck continually. The wind was very strong off land. He seem'd to be unaware of anything but the wind : into which now and again he star'd with despair in his face. The boy says that he mutter'd to himself as he walk'd up and down, up and down, like a poor annimal in a cage, " My God ! My God ! " I think it must be Mr. Tone.

' *Jan. 2nd.*—I was not well, and spent most of the day upstairs. Still in alarms. Aunt Sarah and her Donny came from town. He has quarrell'd with Lord Carhampton, who was going to employ him. The Good Family will certainly never enjoy worldly success, though it may have the approval of Heaven and a good conscience. Aunt Sarah came up to see me and scolded me. It was very unpleasant. She wants me to think of Captain Foley. She has heard some gossip. I think she is sorry for me, but her own experience has taught her, she says, that all is not to be lost for Love. She made me feel very low : indeed I am wretchedly so. My Journal tells me I have been wretched before when I had a Passion for one who was unworthy of it. But I was not so wretched. Now—I could lose all for . . . I must not

think of it. He would be the first to say that my peace and happiness must be secure. Has he not commended Captain Foley for a brave ennemy, saying that the bliss of Love is not for such as he?

'*Jan. 3rd.*—I hear every day from sweet Pamela, who is in Town with Edward. I long to be with them. Here I must keep my real feelings hidden. I have been too unwell to move, suffering from a Bilious attack, else I must have gone to them.

'*Jan. 4th.*—They think the French are leaving Bantry Bay and the mouth of the Shannon. The accurst wind never ceases. It has been in the same quarter these three weeks or more. I think it has to do with my Bilious attack. Admiral Colpoys is off Ushant instead of the Coast of Ireland.

'*Jan. 6th.*—Had a letter from Eddy. He is going to Belfast to Arthur who is ill. He desires me to be ready for the Giant's Causeway, in *all the horrors of Winter*. As though I should be deterred by any severity of the weather! Mamma writes: "How very odd that I should not hear from any of you about what makes such a noise here!" Poor Mamma! I can tell her nothing. I have had Confidence repos'd in me. Pamela is for prudence and *no* Giant's Causeway—I cannot tell why.'

III

The letters from Pamela come day by day :

‘*Cher ange*, I must write and tell you that I and my darling Pammy are well and Eddy too : at this moment he is asleep on the big sofa. You see he don’t lose his good habits. I want to wake him to frank this, but I have not the heart to do it. . . .

‘My Eddy is always the same, that is to say, adorable. How I long to have you altogether. Eddy and I say, Oh, *mon Dieu*, if Lucia were here ! Edward and I are in *assez* good spirits. I saw dear Sister Bellamont, who is very fidgetty because her girls have left school and come to Dublin. Poor woman, I pity her.

‘There is nothing new except that 9 French ships have come into Bantry Bay, and that there are several very much damag’d in the Shannon. But there is so much news and so many false reports one don’t know what to believe.

.
‘*Je vais vous donner les nouvelles, qui sont :*
“The french have sailed off both from Bantry and the Shannon. They have taken provisions from the latter place and paid for it. It is generally thought here that they have sailed for Brest. *Ainsi nous voilà tranquilles pour le moment.*’

IV

Pamela has had a fit of sickness which prevents her writing. When it is gone by she writes her letters, Englished by some one.

‘I am quite well to-day, but sadly vexed not to have our beloved Quoituor any more. . . . The Yeomen always give me perfect joy.’ (Does this mean that those new warriors had been a subject for their laughter? Alas, they were not a matter for humour later.) ‘I laugh, but soon I long for Lucy and cannot find her and I say, “Oh innocent pleasures, why have you forsaken me?” but it is in vain to recall them: as quickly as Time they fly and leave us nothing but regrets. I need not tell you how happy your letter made me, for if you are sad I am sad too; and you know that when the heart is sad and feels pains and pleasures more keenly, Friendship is the only human thing now to which I attach any value. All the rest appears to me to be folly. But the Tender Friendship which my Lucy bears me makes me very happy, and all the more because I never thought that she would love me. But now I count on her, and she will always be in my heart. My Lucy, do not think that you will ever get rid of me. No, no, I love you so much that you will henceforth be part of my Being and everything that you feel, happiness or misfortune, will be shared by me. How happy I shall be when I see you: we shall

go to Dublin to be together : but you must come here when you do come, for here, you know, is your home. What a pity you did not see dear Edward. He meant to speak to you about our party in the North. I still hope we shall manage it ; he wants it too, and so does Arthur. I love to distract myself, for to tell you the truth I fear to look at the future. The present is our only possession. It is happy, so let us take advantage of it. But alas, how short the present is, and I see the future, the heavy future, covered with a thick veil. . . . I am not sad oftener than others, but when sadness comes I feel it far more. Give my love to the dear sisters. I all love them in my heart. Come, and Joy will come with you.'

V

The party to the North hung fire because of Lady Lucy's disturbances of health. Lord Edward was visibly impatient at the postponement. Finally he went off by himself, after a last invocation.

' Lucia, when the Bile is gone you and Pam are to set off. I will not take any excuse ; no wisdom ; no prudence, no reflection ; no reason ; no what will be said, in short, no nonsense. Your wise Brother, E.F. High for the Giant's Causeway in all the horrors of Winter ! '

VI

Pamela writes again to Lucia:

‘MY TENDER FRIEND,—here I am in dear quiet little comfortable Kildare, very happy, for I have had a letter from Edward, from Belfast. He only wrote me 8 lines, but 8 lines are much when he wanted to pay court to *Beddon*.’ (This is one of the Quoituor jests: apparently Edward was a sleepy person) ‘he was keenly inspired by his quite divine spirit. Arthur is very well, and so happy to see dear Eddy.

‘Edward is enchanted with Belfast, and still don’t tell me the day when he will come back, but it will be soon, for he is longing to see me. He says that our friend has promised to come with him. So, my angel, we shall have our dear delightful Quoituor once more. Altho’ I make a part of the Quoituor I don’t want to scratch out the word *amiable*, I only say it for my three friends. We shall have once more our *Démocratique turf et Wisk*, and we shall be very happy. I will tell you when he comes some days before he does, for, Milady, I shall be enchanted to have the honour of your company.’

VII

‘Dear, gentle little Pamela!’ writes Lady Lucy. ‘She is as playful as a lamb, as gentle as

little Pamela, so affectionate, so twining. Who could resist her? She is very young. I believe Madame de Genlis made her out older so that she could marry her with a better countenance. She could have been no more than fifteen when Eddy married her—just a lamb. She grieves if his letters are delay'd but a day. I laugh and cry at this letter she has wrote me to-day.

“Two days since that wretch E. has written to me. I am almost tempted to be angry—I am more than tempted, I *am* angry. Oh, if one knew the pleasure that the poor hermit feels when she gets letters. She reads them and re-reads them, folds them, opens them again, and would like to forget them so as to taste again the pleasure she felt on opening them.”’

VIII

‘*Jan. 15th.*—Came to town. Was surpris’d, tho’ prepar’d for it, at the martial appearance Dublin presented. Nothing but troops moving.

‘*Jan. 19th.*—Charles came to see me and frighten’d me about darling Eddy, saying that Lord Camden had information against him, and he must leave the Country. I am constantly agitated with these kind of things, which distract me. The Bile covers all things, a troubl’d mind and anxious heart. So I explain my wretch’d looks when they are remark’d on.

Jan. 31st.—Dear Edward came to see me, and cheer'd me by his bright presence. I meant to have gone out airing, but could not get horses. We read Arthur O'Connor's Address to the County of Antrim. It is glorious, but I don't think Govt will let it pass.

'*Feb. 1st.*—Eddy and I very snug upstairs in the evening, as I cannot go down, and Brother Leinster and him won't meet. So he comes *incog.* to see me in my room. Poor Brother Leinster. He is too moderate for these days. He is neither hot nor cold. If but he knew what a Female Rebel lives here within this Bosom.

'*Feb. 3rd.*—Alas, how fleeting was the happiness that Eddy and I found in being together. This morning, while yet 'twas grey, Eddy stood by my bedside. I knew at once there was calamity. Arthur was taken up in the night. My God, what will happen to him. With such tygers' hearts as . . . They had spent the evening together and were on their way to dear Kildare, where my little Sister Pamela awaited them, unsuspecting, poor lamb. It is for his address, which is Treasonable—to England. Eddy and I lamented together all the sad Day. I never saw Eddy in such unhappiness. My God, it is terrible.'

IX

More than thirty years later Lady Lucy wrote of her brother's friendship with Arthur O'Connor, and the old fire still burns :

‘ There are men in Ireland, men only Irish, to whom it belong’d to tell His story, if ever Ireland should be what my Brother meant it to be. There may yet be those who remember His great powers of mind, His comprehensive grasp of the subjects He examin’d and that intuitive insight into the depths of other men’s intentions where most conceal’d—all these qualities that made Him so eminently fit for the Management of Publick affairs, and the prudence which form’d so mark’d a part of His conduct as never allow’d Him to overlook the dangers which threaten’d others, altho’ His courage disregarded all dangers to Himself. Such Persons might have remember’d that there was no one who knew Edward well who would have attempted to impose upon Him. All Justice such as He was for his country. . . . It was a saying of His “ Let me first esteem a character as I could esteem and then love as I could love.” He was one-and-thirty before He discover’d what He ever after call’d the Twin of His Soul. When at the time He was self-elected to free His Country or die for Her He met a soul twin to His own, because each breath’d and lov’d alike, and their object, Ireland. Ireland,

where each had first drawn breath,—Ireland, more great in Her misfortunes, in Her wrongs than the most favour'd Country of the Earth,—Ireland, so true to God, to the early unchang'd faith of the Gospel,—Ireland, whom neither falsehood could entice nor interest bribe to apostacy, suffering through successive ages from the oppression of a Nation inferior to Herself in all but some of the adventitious circumstances of fortune. It was the heart which felt all this as He himself did and would have preferr'd Death with the chance of redeeming these wrongs to a life of ease and security without such hope,—it was that Person who could have told how Edward Fitzgerald lov'd.'

CHAPTER XV

‘FAREWELL, MY ONLY LOVE’

I

LADY LUCY’S Journal continues :

‘*Feb. 12th.*—This day I saw Arthur at the Window of his Prison. He look’d very melancholy. We kiss’d hands to each other. How much it meant. I feel his kiss upon my lips. Yet he is not my lover. He would give me to Captain Foley if he could. Is it that I am nothing in his sight compar’d with Her to whom he is bound? Or is it an unearthly way of Love? I do not know. Pamela has come to Town. They are at the Frederick Street Hotel, as Brother Leinster will not have Eddy. I din’d with them. We talk’d all the evening of our Friend. My heart is heavy as lead.’

II

‘*Feb. 15th.*—Arthur has written us a letter within the flyleaf of a copy of Thomson’s Seasons, which he contriv’d to have pass’d out of his

Prison by his servant, who still attends him. The most of it is for me :

“ *Feb. 14th, 1797.*—Ten thousand thanks to my ever dearest Pam for her little purse, and to the dear, lovely, and great-hearted Lady Lucia for her Royal Unction. I saw my dear, beloved friend through the gratings of my prison. Alas, she looks pale. She grieves for her friend. I am not worth one tear from her lovely eyes. Oh dear Kildare ! I muse upon it till I forget the loneliness and narrowness of this place. What evenings we had !—the song, the dance, the story, the warm friendship, the fire of glowing turf, the jug of native punch, the hearts in accord, the lovely eyes of Pamela and Lucia for our steadfast stars. I miss exercise sadly, and am trying to invent a way of taking it in a cramped space. Will Lucia ask for my dog ? The faithful animal has follow’d me here. He watches every movement of his master. He adds to my anxieties. Will Lucy take him and love him for my sake ? ” ’

III

‘ Arthur has written another letter—for me this time. When I go out my footsteps are drawn to his Prison,—harsh, frowning cage for such a bird. I saw him to-day before he caught sight of me. His head was on his hand. The glorious clusters of his hair were dishevell’d. Sitting there

by the grate he made an Image of Despondency. Then he look'd up: he saw me: he sprang to his feet: he held his arms wide as though to embrace me. Never was such a change. I did not dare to stay, but walk'd slowly by. I look'd back at the last. The joy was dying away from his countenance as the Night puts out the Sun. He writes: "'Twas so little to see you go by, so little and so soon over. Will you pass again to-morrow? All the minutes of the day and night will creep by to that minute which is so soon over. They were kinder in France. Robespierre, Brisot, and their glorious companions were not immur'd with so wanton a rigour. They were not shut away *from every friend*, from every social intercourse. I feel the walls of the little cell closing upon me. Oh, for one breath of the glorious air upon the Curragh of Kildare with Lucia by my side. Do you remember our last ride together, and how the sweep of your feather'd hat hid all but your dear cheek, pure and fair, from my gaze? It is imprinted upon my memory. You have just pass'd. If you come to-morrow I shall have 24 hours, all but sixteen minutes to wait if you come to the minute. All is forgotten when I see you.'"

This letter has the note in Lady Lucy's delicate handwriting: 'He should not have written so unless he meant me to love him; he could not deny himself the solace.'

IV

‘*February 17th.*—To-day his servant brought his faithful dog. He is of the setter breed. His hair is like Arthur’s, although it is red not black, so silken and fine and soft, and with the shine on it where it waves. The poor animal follows me everywhere, as though it knew. We are at Frescati, the dear place. Eddy is busy with a thousand things, and is distracted between politicks and gardening. He is vexed that it is not as neat as Kildare. Pam and I clean’d the house. It is better than sitting still. When I do sit down, the dog, which is called Fidèle, comes and places its head upon my knee. Its soft deep eyes the colour of its coat question me. “What have they done with my Master?” it seems to say. I love the poor creature very much.

‘*March 9th.*—I forget my Journal, being so much taken up with many things. Pamela and I walked enormously,—some four miles to Dunleary. Two Northern Gentlemen din’d with us.

‘*March 12th.*—Mr. Mansell din’d with us. He is sent by Mr. Burdett to inquire about Arthur. There never was such a Friend as Mr. Burdett seems in all his conduct towards Arthur. We get Letters every day. Now I do not see him as I used in Dublin. It is best so. It tortur’d me, and he said it kept him on the Rack,—*Would I come? would I not come?* In the letters Eddy is call’d

Faithful, Pamela *Violette*, and I *Great Heart*. Lady C. F. the *Saint*, which name particularly amuses Eddy. She comes often : but it is in secret, and I, who *don't love secrets*, don't appear, as I don't wish to *me mêler dans tout ça*. She seems by all I hear to be a little of an *Intrigante*.

' *March 17th. St. Patrick's Day*.—Eddy din'd in town with some Citizens.

' *March 23rd*.—We had a visit from Mr. Henry and Mr. Leeson. They are both Democrats. I gave Mr. Henry a *green cravat* and Pamela Mr. Leeson, and we made them ride home in them : a green cravat is a sign of good principals. The Popinjays who wore the Green at the Rotunda Balls, such as Lady Castlereagh, have took to Red. It is a safer colour.

' *March 28th*.—I had a letter from Ciss, of the disturbing kind :

' " I enclose you a letter for Eddy which pray give him, and so, my dear love, write and let me know your private opinions about him. Brother Leinster has been here and has alarm'd Mama most frightfully, and I own I am not easy, but trust in his affection for the tenderest and dearest of Mothers for being prudent. For God's sake, do all you can to make him aware how miserable he makes her. Write to me honestly. Mama shan't see your letter."

' Dear Ciss, she is true as steel ! ' Lucy writes.
' But as for making Eddy prudent ! *Ma foi*, I

do not know the way. *Nor for myself.* Dear, dearest Mama! I believe she loves me best after Eddy. If but she knew!’

V

‘*April 10th.*—I took a Bath. Had a large Patriotick dinner. MacNevin, Conolly, Mr. Hughes (a Northern, and Eddy says a very sensible man), a Mr. Jackson an Iron Manufacturer, and Mr. Oliver Bond a great Merchant, one of the handsomest and most delightful men that ever was, and a Presbyterian Clergyman call’d Barber, a venerable old man, who has been forc’d by persecution to fly his Diocese, where he had lived 30 years.

‘*April 12th.*—We went to Castletown. We are a delightful family party.

‘*April 18th.*—Went to town for a Ball at Lady Clare’s. Wore my white poplin sprigged with silver shamrocks, a green sash and a green cockade in my hair; with diamond buckles to my shoes, a present from Aunt Louisa. Was reckon’d too Democratic to be danc’d with, and left by the wall while the bucks danc’d with the plain ones.

‘I will now tell a most extraordinary thing that happen’d. I was sitting by Aunt Louisa, looking mighty proud and high, I dare say, when a gentleman crost over to me. I had had the sense that someone watch’d me from t’other side the ball-room. I look’d up. It was Captain Foley

whom I had not known to be in Dublin. My first thought was that he was the handsomest man there. He stood looking down at me, and the seriousness of his noble face relax'd.

“Your eyes shoot lightnings,” he said; “I was afraid to approach.”

“Their darts are not for you,” I answer'd.

“If they be darts of anger,” he said, “I have done nothing to merit them. As for other darts they have come my way long since.”

‘With that he invited me to dance. I have never danc'd more pleasantly. He has a grave and dignified air. The anger I had been feeling pass'd away. He can dance a country-dance without romping. It is become the fashion to romp. You are not modish if you come out of the dance less than in tatters. The Good Family don't approve of it. It was a mild, fair night, and warm for April. When the dance was over, the room being very warm, he ask'd if I would walk in the garden, which I was very willing to do. There was a very fine moon, and no one in the garden but ourselves. He rallied me a little about my hair turn'd up *à la République*, and then told me how he came to be on leave because of his wound, which was slow in healing. He should not have danc'd with that wound. After a while he said something that took my breath away.

“It would be as well for Lady Lucy to join the Duchess,” he said. “It has been observ'd

that she takes an interest in the prisoner, Mr. Arthur O’Connor. ’Twould be as well not to attract suspicion to others whom none would wish to come to harm. Lord Edward has no truer friend than I.’

‘Before I could speak he said something still more startling . . .

“‘It is within my power,” he said, “to help Lady Lucy, should she desire it, to an interview with Mr. Arthur O’Connor; that is if she wish’d to see him in order to say farewell. The Governor of the Prison would do anything for me. He need not know who the lady is who has a desire to bid her friend farewell.”

‘When he had said this he lifted my hand and kist it. There was no ardour in that kiss. It was as though he parted from me for ever.

“‘If you will send a message to my lodging in Ely Place it will be enough,” he said; “I shall be there till I am counted fit to rejoin my ship.”

‘He took me back to the ball-room. During the remainder of the evening he stood by my chair when I danc’d with others. His manner was so particular as to excite my Aunt Louisa’s curiosity. She expressed herself as approving of Captain Foley, and as we drove to Castle-town she remark’d that he looked honest and true. “I could entrust him with the happiness of one dear to me,” she said. “I knew his

mother, and he is her own son. I like his grave composure."

'I also like his grave composure. He is a very brave, honest gentleman. But my heart is elsewhere, I fear without return.'

VI

'*April 28th.*—We talked at breakfast over the news of the Day, which is Brother Leinster being turn'd out of his place and having given up his Regt. If they do not mend their manners they will turn that amiable gentleman to be United, as they have driven others.

'*April 30th.*—Came to town in the Evening. There was a funeral attended by 6000 United Irishmen, which set Dublin to saying its Prayers.

'By May 2nd the alarm was excessive. The United Society growing daily.

'*May 7th.*—Brother Leinster gone to the County Kildare to oppose the Proclaiming a part of it. Eddy came to us late in the evening. He said something that alarm'd me about my being better with Mama. I do not want to leave him and sweet pretty Pamela.

'*May 10th.*—We had an alarm in the evening that Brother Leinster and Eddy were both to be taken up. Brother Leinster had a most curious scene yesterday with Lord Carhampton, who is a wicked Madman. He scolded and storm'd,

said Brother Leinster was at the head of that gang of assassins, the United Irishmen. He did him too much honour, for he is not one. He should have answer’d Lord Carhampton as he deserv’d. Had he spoken so to me !

‘Edward proposes to take me over to England immediately. I am to sit for my picture to Mr. Smee. I must see Arthur. I shall not tell Eddy nor Pamela. None shall say they approv’d. I shall have a sitting for my picture. No one shall know I did not go to Mr. Smee. Captain Foley will take me to the prison, I shall see Arthur—for the last time perhaps.’

VII

‘Captain Foley met me at Mr. Smee’s. I went in a coach with him to Newgate. I wore my new hood of black lace in the Spanish manner, so that I should not be recognis’d if anyone chanc’d to see us. It was a day of cold East Wind and rain. The streets about the prison were drencht with rain. It was dark enough for evening though it was the afternoon of a May day. Not a creature to be seen in the wretched streets, where the rain splash’d in the puddles. Now and again a ragged thing shiver’d in a doorway.

‘I saw it all through my tears. I felt that I was going away to safety, leaving what I most love to suffer, God knows what ills !

‘ We reach’d the gloomy prison. We drew up. Captain Foley handed me from the coach. The heavy door swung back. I enter’d a place heavy with Menace : a shadow of Foreboding lurkt in every corner. The stones of the staircase were wet under my feet. All through the great empty passages my footsteps echoed.

‘ We had a word with the Governor, who treated Captain Foley with a great respect, after which we were hurried up those dismal stairs in the wake of a gaoler, who clankt his keys as he went.

‘ “ I shall wait for you in the corridor,” whisper’d Foley in my ear : and glancing at him I saw that he was very pale.

‘ The key turn’d in the lock, the heavy door swung back. I enter’d and it clos’d behind me. At first I could hardly see,—the place was dark, small and airless. Then Arthur had taken my hand : he was holding it to his lips : he was thanking me for coming. His face glimmer’d pale in the darkness.

‘ We sat down, side by side. He was still holding my hand, which now and again he lifted to his lips. He talkt. I could say nothing, for my tears flow’d too fast. But all the time I realised that he was bidding me farewell. It came to me that Captain Foley and Arthur had arranged it together. They had known each other in happier times. They thought only of me, that I should be safe, with Mama, from the troubles that already

were crowding upon us. Eddy too—he would not have me suffer. I realized that I must go though it tore my heart. I might never see them again—Arthur and Eddy and Pamela—but they three had willed it for me that I must go.

‘He held my hands while he bade me farewell, but at arms’ length. The dark unwholesome prison cell had told upon him. The rich warm colour of his cheeks had flown; he lookt heavy and pale; and the hair I loved was unkempt. I thought there was grey in it. But the voice which I would have follow’d over the world if it had call’d me was the same—and it pleaded for another.

“‘If I were a free man,” he said, “I should win and wear Lucy for my own against all the world. I am in the shadow of the gallows, wedded to my country,—an exacting Love, Lucia, who untwines your tender arms from my neck—and I bid you forget me till you can think of me only as a friend, and with a gentle sadness which will but make your happiness the brighter. You must be kind, Lucia, to Captain Foley, who adores you. He is a good and honest gentleman. I could trust even Lucia with him. Poor lad!”—he laughed sadly to himself—“not many men would do what he has done, to give us this last half-hour together. You must reward him, Lucia, this faithful heart which so loves and honours you.”

‘ Then he kist me for the first and only time, and I felt his tears on my cheek.

‘ “ No man ever relinquish’d anything dearer,” he said, with a great sigh. “ I hope it may be remember’d to me against my sins that I gave up Lucia.” ’

CHAPTER XVI

THE MOTHER

I

LADY LUCY leaves Ireland, as she says, with a heavy heart. She does not want the safety they impose on her. She wants to be with them, to share their danger. The good time is over. She writes in her Journal for these last few days.

'May 22nd.—I sat for my picture. Return'd home with Eddy and Pamela in a Gingle (i.e. one of the covered cars which now only survive as hackney-coaches in Cork.—ED.). Duignan din'd with us. He was very sorry at my going and we took a sorry farewell. We embraced. Poor fellow, there is not a better heart or a better Patriot! He was taken up that very night.

'May 23rd.—We went down to the Pigeon-House too late. Eddy and I went in a boat in hopes of catching the Packet, and after being out on the Bay half the night came home to Pamela at Leinster House, whom we found in Bed.

'May 24th.—My picture was finish'd. We sailed in the evening, parting with dear Pam on

the Quay. I was miserably low as I look'd my last on this Dear but as yet unfortunate little Island, her lights dying out one by one. I felt the most painful anxiety as to its fate, the more as it will comprehend that of those I hold most Dear. I sat on the Deck with Edward till the last dear hill was lost in the darkness. We talked till 4 o'clock. It was a most beautiful night. It is hard to be a woman, to be a troublesome charge to the men one loves. I envy little Pamela. No one asks her to leave Eddy.'

II

Meanwhile the Duchess has little knowledge of the coil in which her darlings are fast being gathered. Was it a tender scruple, a pity for her sad immunity, which lay at the root of Lord Edward's decision that the sister who was his twin-soul should be saved for her mother? Was it that he saw whither she was drifting and would save her from Pamela's fate? The Duchess has so charming a gift of letter-writing, like all the Good Family, and its collaterals, that one must delight in these revelations of a lovely heart and mind. We go back some seven months to the time when Lady Lucy had left London for 'dear Kildare.'

'Oct. 13th, 1796.—To Lucy in Ireland.

'How sad and dismal all appears without the Dear Edwards. I don't know how I could have

borne to lose them but for their kindness in leaving their precious Babe with me. They adore it and delight in all its pretty ways, and to leave it behind out of love for me was indeed a great sacrifice. It looks so pretty upon the Green Hill among the sheep under my window.

His Papa and Mama will describe him to you for they delighted in him, and I do think their kindness is beyond what the most Exigeante could have expected or look'd for. In Edward nothing surprises me. Dear Angel, he has always loved me in an uncommon degree from childhood, but in Pamela, Dear Thing! it is really a proof of the most amiable disposition to make such a sacrifice; and she has made me love her more than I can say. Pray make them sensible that it was well bestow'd, for I do doat on it, and it wou'd have broke my heart to have parted with it just at this time. The only drawback to my pleasure is the feel of having been selfish, which I hate, but I have moments of weakness and self-indulgence, and I have suffer'd a good deal from disappointments and anxieties before I gave way to this temptation, which was thrown in my way with so good a grace that I cou'd not resist it, for they have persuaded me it gives them pleasure.'

Lady Lucy has a note on this: 'It may be that my angel brother foresaw the dark Future, and that it would be well to have his golden-headed lamb in the safety of Mama's custody at Ealing.'

III

Mr. Ogilvie has not thought Lady Lucy's conduct prudent, and there has been a coldness. He has never ceased to be something of a school-master, though he has won the affection of his step-children. The Duchess's anxiety to reconcile those two so dear to her is a study in personality.

'*Oct. 20th.*—Your dear Papa—for I will call him so as I know how truly he deserves the appellation from his heart and feelings for you—says "I have a room ready for the Edwards, and should have one for Lady Lucy but that I suppose she will choose to go to Mrs. Trench's. I shall receive her very kindly when we meet, tho' I am certain it is very indifferent to her whether I do or not." Is not this, Dear Lucy, more like a person hurt at imagined unkindness than an angry one?

'I hope you, my Love, will have gone up very kindly to him and will attend to him, and that I may hope for the very great happiness it will be to me to see you two again on a comfortable footing. He mentions in another letter that if your intention was only to make a short visit he would wait a fortnight beyond his own time, to see you safe home again, if you wish'd it, but I think they will not be easily prevail'd on in Ireland to give you up so soon. If he proposes it and you refuse I hope you will do it in the kindest manner, for manner, my love, is everything with him, and indeed with

almost every Body: don't be short and positive and decisive and refuse it *plump*, but enter into your inducements for staying longer in a little friendly tone. Do, Love, try these little ways: suppose they don't succeed you will still have the satisfaction of self-approbation and of having oblig'd me.'

IV

'Oct. 27th.—No words, my sweet Lucy, can give you an Idea of the Heartfelt satisfaction I receiv'd yesterday Evening in reading those lines in Dear Papa's letter: "Dear Lucy and I have had an explanation, which was followed by a reconciliation. It was impossible to see her with indifference. The Situation was too painful. I cou'd not stand it and gave her an Opening which I must do her the Justice to say she readily seiz'd and all was made up!" Never, my Dear Angel, did I feel more truly delighted. It left a pleasant happy feel that I cannot describe and I carried it to my pillow, praying God to bless you both and thanking Him for this happy change. It is a Cloud remov'd which I feel truly grateful for. How I do love you, my Angel, for conquering any little feel that might have kept you back from showing your real affection to Dear Papa! By giving him a proof you lov'd him all was done away, for it all originated in his thinking you had no affection

for him : when I look back to this time two years and see him, Dear Soul, breaking his Heart about you, it is so comfortable to me to think you return it and that your two Dear Hearts are united again. I am quite sure now they will never be otherwise, which is such a satisfaction, one that will help to soothe my last moments when they arrive.'

V

'*Oct. 29th.*—Another letter from Dear Papa full of such tender and kind expressions about you as quite delighted me. You have no Idea how his Dear Heart is reliev'd by this reconciliation. Keep it up, my Angel. He is an invaluable friend, believe me, and one who will stick to you thro' life, and in whose protection I shall feel satisfied to leave you. Never let little ways dishearten you. Believe in his true Heart. There you will ever find strong and warm Affection. Ask Dear Eddy if he has not found it so ; and yet there is nobody that I have known Papa half so angry with at times as with that Dearest of Creatures. I hear of nothing in my letters but your good looks and your pretty looks—they all admire your Auburn hair so much. Your person and manner, Sarah tells me, are thought so delightful, and she says you will give all the young ones better *ton* than they had before.

‘I am delighted that they are sensible of your value and want to keep you, for I see your Dear Company is not thrown away on them. I hope Dear Papa will see it as I do. I have written to him on the subject and repeat’d it in all my letters since. It wou’d indeed be vexatious to have any coolness now, and I hope and trust this will not occasion it. Let me know his answer to you as soon as you can. If you have any conversation about it, my Love, let me recommend it to you always, to hear *all* he has to say before you answer and not to interrupt him, as *I* know that manner is particularly disagreeable to him and indeed to every Body. One likes to have one’s say *out* before it is answer’d. It is a fault I am conscious of having myself, and I warn you against it, as I have always found that anything one says in that way never does good, but ruffles the Temper and indisposes the Person towards any conviction, so that I take great pains to break myself of it, and if not taken by surprise and off my guard I never now fall into this fault. I am just the same myself when I have anything to say, as you must often have experienc’d, and have said dryly and angrily, *Lucy, will you be so good as to hear me out?* so that I know how to make allowances for others. And now, my sweet girl, I have sermonized enough, but I know you will take it as meant, and arising from my great desire of your continuing comfortable with dear Papa.’

Lady Lucy annotated this: ‘Mr. Ogilvie was like a hen with ducklings. He was the kindest of men, but he was always fearful, and well he might be, of whither Eddy and I would be led by our impulses. If he had known more he would have been more uneasy. I cannot but be sorry now that my waywardness caus’d the Dearest and Best of Mamas so to plead with me. I fear I but ill recompens’d her Love and Care.’

VI

‘*Nov. 12th.*—And so, my sweet Lucy, you have had conversations with that Angel Edward. I can easily believe that you might say many things that might have effect and do good, as it is a subject you have read a good deal about, (“*Alas, read!*” is Lady Lucy’s comment.—ED.) consider’d well, and your own good judgement wou’d assist you, but it is difficult to combat Enthusiasm. I too have seen the Dear precious drops fall down that Dear cheek when his Heart felt the distress of His country. Oh, ’tis sad, sad! But my trust is in the Almighty Hand who can avert all Evils, and Who, if He permits them, has some good gracious end in view, though hidden from our eyes.

‘Mrs. Pakenham will, I think, return in Spring, for we have no prospect of Peace, I fear. As for Mr. Trench, he is too young a chaperone, I fear,

for so young a woman. ("This is Mr. O.," says Lady Lucy, "he is a governess in trousers. How my dearest Mama repeats his very tone!") All the world does not know he is your friend's husband, and a young man and woman seen on the road together is quite enough for a Malicious story. What would Mr. Fielding say? "My sweet Lady Lucy, she is, of course, young and very innocent and unsuspecting, but I *do* wonder the Dear Dss. who *ought* at her years to have more discretion, shou'd allow of it. It really is a shocking Thing!" Well, but dear, dearest Eddy you say will escort you. Is not that so like him?

'I am sure you will write to me from Kildare. How I envy your being there! Pam is in such joy about it. She does delight in you, and says you are more commical and more agreeable than ever. Little Eddy never sees me write but he thinks it is to Papa and Mama, and always says "Eddy dood boy, Eddy happy boy, Papa ride horseback, Mama dance," which shows he remembers them. It dances itself like a daffodilly in the wind. It has a yellow-hammer head. I doat on it.'

VII

'*Jan. 4th, 1797.*—Cecilia and Mimi talk of writing to you every Day, but I won't leave it to them to tell you, my Love, that I am quite stout

about this Business: thank God, no horrors have as yet seiz'd my Mind about it, and the *little things you say* contribute much to put it at ease. God send it may all blow over soon, for at best it is an anxious moment. Dear Louisa has never been the least alarm'd. She helps too to give me spirits on the subject.'

'Mama was out of Ireland all the time,' writes Lady Lucy. 'We were all join'd to deceive her. God knows it was in love. Dear Soul, did we ever succeed for one moment? She must have been wild with fear.'

VIII

'*Jan. 9th.*—My Lucia, it is very shocking to think that so many lives have been lost in this Attempt. God send it may discourage any future one of the same nature. Be as easy as you can make yourself about me, for indeed I am wonderfully well, and even surpris'd at myself. I don't listen to any of the stories, and your Dear Papa contrives, I see, to have it talk'd about as little as possible before me. I should be unworthy of such Dear love if I did not pretend to fall in with him. If there is anything *good* I am sure to hear it.'

IX

‘*Jan. 31st.*—Your dear letter was a Balm to my Heart in every way; not only that, as you assur’d me, you felt better, but from what you say on a certain Subject. I had been very wretch’d for some days in consequence of some letters,—Charles’s, the Duchess’s, and Mary’s,—all to the same purpose. Nothing could be kinder than their Intentions, nor more friendly than their hints, but they alarm’d me dreadfully. However a Dear letter I got from the Dear Persons themselves, and what you say, have remov’d it for the present and taken a great load off my mind, thank God. Too sure I am, my dear Love that it is anxiety that has affected you in this sad way; it is ever the case. Your dear Body participates the Distress of your Mind, and my Beloved Child has not only had her own but mine to bear up against: this has been too much for you, my Angel. But I hope you will soon cheer up, and, with a heart more at ease, enjoy the comfort and pleasure of being among so many dear friends, which had done you so much good till these two Events interrupted it, but, like all others, they were directed by the Hand of Providence, and our entire and thorough dependance on the goodness of Heaven must make us submit, trust, and adore.

‘Don’t venture to Leinster House till they have air’d the room thoroughly for you. *Desire the*

Housekeeper to sleep in your bed a week before you go, and even then send Betty Hale a Day before to bring you word how it feels. I had written very pressingly to dear Edward to come at the time of my alarm about him, and I still wish he wou'd. But now my mind is so much easier that I can wait a little longer, if it is very inconvenient for him to come now, but I still hope he and dear Pam will come in the Spring, and bring you, my Dear Angel.

‘Yes, that dear Lock so lately growing on Eddy’s precious head is a very acceptable present. I have it in my Bosom, after dear little Eddy had kiss’d it a thousand times—“Papa’s Hair, Eddy’s own Papa’s Hair!” I really believe he understands it all, pretty Love.’

X

‘*Feb. 15th.*—Spring to my mind is never anywhere so sweet as at Frescati. The Spring flowers peeping out every Day: the Birds; and the little green Buds swelling in the Hedges, I used to think quite heavenly in the Season now coming on, which I hope you will enjoy in the company of those two Dear Creatures, Eddy and Pam, who doat on you and are themselves such pleasant Company. As to *Him* you know what my feels are, and yours resemble them. When with him it is next to impossible not to feel happy. Dear, Dear

Angel ! The *little bit* of him I enjoy here is my delight, charms away uneasy thoughts, raises my spirits and is truly the Comfort and Joy of my Old Age.

‘Your sister Bellamont told me you were lovely when dress’d for the Ball : I am glad your *nakedness* extended no further than your pretty white Pole, as it might have given you cold to have bared your Dr. Bosom : the idea of the indecency of showing the back of one’s neck is beyond me.

‘Think of that tiresome Prince of Wales inviting himself to dine here with Louisa to talk over Irish Politicks ! What a fuss and trouble it will make in the Good Family ! He professes himself most warmly interested about Ireland ; which he says has been mismanag’d. He blames the conduct of Ministers in this particular, and I see is very anxious to have his sentiments known in that Country, for which purpose he *butters* Louisa up fine.’

XI

‘*Mar. 17th.*—Pray send another fresh Lock from Dear Eddy’s Head for I have dropt it out of my Bosom somehow and lost it. Little Eddy miss’d it first, for he used to kiss it every morning. “Where is Papa’s Hair ?” says he to me. “Eddy wants to kiss it,” and, behold it was gone. I was silly enough to feel vext about it, so pray

replace it for me as soon as you can. Dear Creatures, I see you walking about talking of Mother. Happy Mother to have two such precious children! Such warm and tender friends as I have ever found in you both.

‘Georgina said she should write you a long letter. “Full of *fun* and *nonsense* and *follies*, I hope,” (say’d I) “to divert her, for she has been ill, dear thing!”’

CHAPTER XVII

THE CLOUDS GATHER

I

LORD EDWARD writes to his mother :

‘ *Frescati*, Feb. 1797.—We came here the day before yesterday. I can’t tell you how pleased I was to see the place again. I have a thousand delightful feels about it; they are not to be express’d, yet affect one sensibly. In a moment one goes over years : every shrub, every turn, every peep of the house has a little History with it. The Weather is delightful and the place looks beautiful. The Trees are so grown that there are a thousand pretty sheltered spots which, near the sea, and at this season, is very pleasant. The Birds sing, the Flowers blow, and the whole scene gives me very very pleasant moments and make me for moments *forget the world* and all the villainy and tyranny going on in it.

‘ Every day the violent measures of our Irish Tyrants increase, and every day thro’out the Country they loose strength, and make Enemies, while they, in the true spirit and ignorance of

Despots, revenge on Individuals, as tho' the movements or indignation of a whole People depended on men and not causes,—foolish madmen. I don't know whether to impute their conduct to Blindness and folly or wickedness. I rather think it is the first, for there are certainly good people among them and well-meaning. There is One who must judge, for I am sure, among ourselves, now heated as we are by angers and jealousies and prejudices, there is no tribunal to refer to.

'But I hate talking on these unpleasant subjects. Let me talk of little Edward. I hear he is charming, *the dog*. Think of its liking to play Cards and win! What idea can it have of Winning that gives it pleasure? Pray don't let it win often. Teach it not to mind success. Has it any idea of what it is about when it plays? Does it know Numbers at all? Aunt Sarah says it is not so obstinate as its Papa: so much the better. Little Pam improves every day. It has grown like Edward in its actions and ways, knocks its head on the ground, tears its Cap, cries *ah! ah!* looking one in the Face and watching one's Countenance. My big Pam is not well, has got a heavy cold and a sore Eye. She is *sweating* for it. I hope it will do her good. Dear Lucy I saw yesterday. She is soon to come here. Give my love to all of you. I shall now go walk with you in the garden. I shall go to Dunn's, to the Wilderness, all places we were together.'

II

Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Sophia Fitzgerald:

'*Feb. 8th, '97.*—Being confin'd for some time I am out of the way of hearing News, but even here the publick talk is so great about O'Connor's letter and confinement that one hears of nothing else—and to amuse you I will repeat it as Woman's gossip. In Ministerial circles I believe it would be dangerous to mention such a wicked rebell's name, but out of that Circle, people venture to speak and think from reason. B.—(Mr. Beauclerk?)—is with us, and being an admirer of O'Connor's, and a man of great sense and judgment, I listen with respect to his opinions. He says the Letter is a very fine composition. Donny argues that matter with him and decries it. My own opinion is that being so plain, forcible, and within the commonest understanding, it must be well written, for what is good writing meant for but to be well understood and to make a good impression?

'The next opinion of B. of Donny, and of many prudent and knowing persons is that they defy any English lawyer of the Highest Authority to be able to prove one single word in it that comes within the law of High Treason. They allow it to be seditious in the Extreme, and that no Govt. *can* let it pass unnotic'd, unless they are wise

enough to see that by winking at it they may make it lose its influence: in that case Govt. may with wisdom pass it over, but not otherwise. . . .

‘So much for the Law part of the story; but now for the Intentions of the Letter. The moment you read it you must be struck by the many truths told in it and the very bad use to which those truths are turn’d; for, granted we have no advantage from the English Govt. (which is not granted because not true), the overturning of it and becoming an Independent people is not practicable without horrors a million times worse than the English Govt.; nor can it be done without the French, whose *alliance* is sure to be usurpation, despotism and compleat poverty—if they *succeeded*—but who can believe the English would let Ireland go without fighting for her? And the consequences must be that poor Ireland would remain in the Stage of War for years to come. . . . I really do think that to try to promote our shaking off the yoke of England by means of the French at this moment of danger, is Cruel to poor Ireland, in the most barbarous degree, for it is egging on the poor deluded people to dash into certain misery and destruction. . . . Upon all these considerations I do most sincerely from my heart condemn O’Connor, who is vain and arrogant enough to think his judgment ought to lead his country into Revolution,—for you will see the whole bent of

the Letter is to preach one for all Ireland and to *hint* at the means.'

Is it 1796 or 1916 ?

III

'I once saw Arthur O'Connor at Hamburgh when I was a child,' says Lord Edward's daughter ; 'I can just remember a very handsome man lifting me up and crying over me. I felt his tears upon my face. He said over to himself two names. They were "Edward" and "Lucy."'

IV

Lady Charlotte Strutt writes to Lady Sophia, April 28th, 1797. She has been a long time removed from the influence of the Good Family. 'The news and talk of England and Ireland is my Brother Leinster's Conduct. My Brother wrote to the Ld. Lt. to acquaint him with his intention of calling a Meeting of the Co. Kildare for the purpose of petitioning the King to dismiss his Ministers, as the only means to save the Kingdom. The Ld. Lt. in answer begg'd to see him. My brother went to him to the Castle, repeated what he had said in his letter with a declaration that he had taken his resolution and that nothing could alter his determination. The Ld. Lt. then said he suppos'd he meant to give up his office.

My Brother said, "Yes, but since you think me unworthy of a Civil Employment I am equally so of a Military one," and therefore desir'd to resign the Kildare Militia and to have his name struck out of the Privy Council. These are the *Facts*. It was reported he had resign'd the ribbon and Order of St. Patrick, but that I believe is not so . . .

'The worst of the times are that when people think differently and yet think their Lives and property and the Security of their children are at Stake, they grow warm with those who think differently; and Lord Carhampton is a very Passionate Man and had a great regard for my Brother, and in his eyes (as in the eyes of many, Everybody indeed that are not Party people), our dear Brother is giving every encouragement to Rebels. Tho' he thinks very loyally he is not certainly Acting so in taking so warm a part against the Government, for if things are come to such a pass, the Friends of England must endeavour now to crush it *by force*, or give Ireland up at once. Concession is too Late. It would not now satisfy the really Rebellious, which I am afraid are numerous. The report of the Papers seiz'd at Belfast show plainly that their object has been to Copy France since the year 1791, and that Reform and the Roman Catholick Cause is only a Pretence. I am provok'd at your saying I am *a staunch friend* to the present Administration. It is not

true, and there it is that none of my Family understand me and Mr. Strutt, but because we are not wishing that violent *unguarded man*, Mr. Fox, to be the head of Things we must, of course, be great admirers of the present Administration. . . . The Country in general have no confidence in Mr. Fox on account of the very unguarded and unconstitutional sentiments he lets out continually in the House, and likewise on account of his connection with Sheridan and other *Bad Characters*, for he has Supporters in the House of Commons that are too bad to be acknowledg'd as Gentlemen.'

V

Lady Sophia in the sunny quietude of Thames Ditton, the Spring a sheet of blue-bells in her orchard, the birds singing, the stream purling, the lambs bleating—confides to her Journal:

'Charlotte is no longer of the Good Family. She is Mr. Strutt in petticoats, as he is Charlotte in trousers, and both Old Maids. "Mr. Fox," indeed! As though the Good Family was not proud of its dear Cousin and his love of Liberty! Strutts will never do more than Strutt. I am proud of my Brother Leinster, the more because he is so amiable that all these violences hurt his Nature, but he is wild for Injustice and oppression of the poor people.'

VI

She recalls the letter Charlotte wrote to her on the eve of her marriage—a Pragmatical Letter she calls it.

‘I hope, my dear Sophie, you will exert yourself to get a little more forward with your learning : for, believe me, I shou’d not have half the regret to leave Dear Mama if I thought you were advanc’d enough to be a pleasant companion for her, and it is quite a grievance to me that at present you are so little fit for it : Mama is very lucky in having Mr. Ogilvie so fond of home, but he can’t be with her *every* hour of the day. When the hunting season comes on she will be a good deal alone, and if you don’t try to make yourself as agreeable as possible you will be no sort of good to her, and the only way is to apply yourself to your learning and to get the better of that little obstinacy in your Temper that will make you so disagreeable and tiresome to Mama to be oblig’d to be always finding fault with you. You ought also to behave both honestly and prettily to Mrs. Simpson, to endeavour to make her stay with you, for you won’t get any other to stay with you, for, suppose Mama gets another and tells her her daughter is fifteen years—why, that person will think that about a young Lady of fifteen she will have nothing to do but hear her read etc., without any plague ; but when she finds you are

so childish and a Dunce and that you ought to be treated like a child, she won't know what to do.'

Lady Sophia turns about the letter fast-yellowing and pale in spots where her own tears had dropped upon it, and lays it down to speak to her Journal.

'I was always small, pale, and plain,' she writes, 'with no shape. It was hard to be born like a farm-yard fowl in a family of Wits and Beautys. Mama loved me less than her other children: and Charlotte copyed Mama; only Mama is a Godess and Charlotte is a Fool.'

VII

Lady Lucy writes to Lady Sophia, who was well-loved and trusted by her 'Family of Wits and Beautys.'

'*Castletown, May 19th, '97.*—I came here yesterday with Henriette Trench. I rode. Dearest Edward took me thro' the Town and the Park and then he return'd. I came on here. I found this place in a most uncomfortable situation, for Mr. Conolly's and Aunt Louisa's fright at the *Defenders* and the Times in general makes them and all who are with them quite miserable. She is extremely hurt at finding so many of the people about them here to be in this *Defendering* business, but why will she for that reason suppose them to

be her enemys? I am afraid they will indeed from this time become such, from the means Mr. Conolly pursues, taking them up by dozens on *suspicion*, and hunting the Houses for arms, in short going on the same Plan that has been followed in the North, you see with what success! Lord Castlereagh is his adviser, and a worse he cannot have. Brother Leinster, *entre nous*, is not very steady. He won't join Govt. I trust, but I much fear he will be harried perhaps into taking measures against these *Defenders* that I would wish him not. You may tell Charlotte to make her Strutt mind easy, for that he is not in Rebellion. She wrote Aunt Louisa a letter which threw her into fits, talking of the Separation of England and Ireland. Here is a *dish* of Politicks, dear Sophy.'

VIII

'Alas, I see I must not expect my Eddy,' wrote the Duchess to Lady Lucy that May. 'He wou'd not feel comfortable to leave Ireland at this moment tho' for ever so short a time. We have been reading the address from Armagh and think it finely wrote. Good God, how is it possible People will not attend to such obvious reasoning, the truth of which strikes one so forcibly? It is infatuation in the highest degree! But nothing can happen without the permission of God, and

we must trust in His providence, which will avert the Evil if best for us, or support us under it if it is to happen. I find my mind much less weak than I thought it would be. Tell my Eddy so and press him to your Heart for me. His pretty Babe is well, happy, and merry. I told him that something he was eating was *enough*, and that more was *too much*. "But Eddy don't like *enough*, Eddy like *too much*." Was not that so like his Papa's commical answers? It diverted Charles Fox and Lord Holland of all things. They heard him.

'I can hear my Angel Eddy so funny about it. Oh, that I *could* hear him!'

IX

However, Edward came, accompanying Lady Lucy to England. He stayed but a short time. The Duchess and her daughters during that year moved from one inland watering-place to another. They were at Tunbridge Wells, at Bath, at Cheltenham. Now and again in Lady Lucy's Journal occurs the name of the gallant Foley. . . . Lucy sees him watching her in the Pantiles, and he does not come near. Again they meet when she attends church at Rusthall Common, and they walk in the free wind over the Common and descend the Happy Valley. He tells her that his wound keeps troublesome: he

walks with a limp : he is with his invalid mother, who has a house on Broadwater Down. He visits the Good Family at Mount Ephraim, and the Duchess entirely approves him. 'I could trust to the safe keeping of that handsome, serious youth the happiness of one dear to me,' she says, and turns an anxious, loving gaze upon Lucy, who will not meet it. It is impossible for Lucy not to like him. They meet oftener than anyone supposes—by all manner of accidents. Mr. Ogilvie is very averse from the notion of young ladies having so much liberty as his step-daughters and daughters. He dates it from the French Revolution. 'He never press'd his suit upon me,' said Lucy of Captain Foley, at that time, 'but insensibly his modesty and worth must have commended him to me. And there was something between us,—a knowledge never put into words, which made a secret bond.'

There was at Tunbridge Wells then a very dear child, 'little beauteous Emily Sturt,' as Lady Sarah Napier calls her, wild as a little colt and, alas, destined to die young. 'She has the blackest, softest, wildest, prettiest mane of hair,' says Lucy, 'and in her cheeks two fires, the sign of what is consuming her within. She is the prettiest thing in England. Alas, there is one thinks so,—little Ensign Green, who has come home from France wounded in the knee. He limps very prettily. The poor boy is consum'd with love for her.

Dr. Critchell has sent her here for fresh air. He astounds the fashionable world with the news that with *common-sense* this dreadful scourge of youth and beauty might be allay'd. "Let her run like a young colt in the meadows," he says. "Let her clothing be sensible. No bare Bosoms in the Winter weather ; no hot rooms, but plenty of milk and fresh air." So the poor Sturts travel from one Bath to another. She plays with Ensign Green prettily but not cruelly. Poor boy, I see his knowledge in his eyes and pitty him. But if she were to live the Sturts would not hear of it. Now they will thwart her in nothing.'

Lady Lucy undertook that Emily Sturt should be in the open air as much as possible, although from her knowledge of the fell disease in her cousins, the Napiers, she felt the common-sense had come too late. Emily, like a flame blown in the wind, would not be quiet till a fit of coughing came and left her exhausted, with a moisture on her forehead under the wild hair. Sometimes she had to go home in a chair. Lucy said that always at the moment of need there sprang up on Rusthall Common either Captain Foley, or Ensign Green, who was as pretty a boy as one could wish to see in his Grenadier's uniform.

'Once,' writes Lady Lucy, 'I saw him shudder violently. It was when Emily remark'd on the number of the young dead that lay under the flat stones of the churchyard. "I do not like the

stones," she said. "They are so heavy for the young. Give me flowers." When she said it I saw the sweat of anguish on the poor boy's forehead. But in an instant she was wild with spirits again.'

CHAPTER XVIII

‘ ON HIS KEEPING ’

I

IN October of 1797 Edward visited his mother for the last time. It was a brief, flying visit with the shadow of calamity upon it. He had promised to make a détour on his way to Ireland, accompanying Lady Lucy some part of her journey to Cheltenham; ‘ but,’ she says, ‘ he was hurried away by an Idea he had. I don’t know when I felt so miserable. I won’t give way to low spirits, as Eddy begg’d me not to. My heavenly Mama is so kind. She says nothing to me about Captain Foley, although I know how her wishes lie. If she but knew ! He is the finest of Gentlemen and gallant sailors.’

II

At the end of the year Eddy writes to his mother:

‘ *Ireland, Dec. 29th, 1797.*—I am going to give

you a scolding for preventing Lucia from paying us a visit ; it was not fair ; when she was so near she might easily have taken the Trip, and I cannot think your reasons for preventing her were good (tho' well intended). We might have had a very comfortable, pleasant month, and there was not the reasons for her being so uneasy as when I was in London. However, as the thing is over I must forgive you, and the punishment you shall have is the thought of having spoilt our pleasant party. I am glad my Boy is so well and such a comfort to you, Dear Thing. I should like to see its face listening to the Stories. . . . I have nothing new to tell my dearest Mother from this place. The papers show you the state we are in. Wretched bad it is. Things take such a violent turn. I have sometimes thought of sending my Pam to her Mother to have her out of the way. Do not mention this to anybody, as it is as yet but a Cursory thought and anyway it would not be in the course of a couple of months. How are you going on in England ? I do not think there will be a Peace. What does O. think ? For one I should not be surprised if the French attempt an Invasion in England. I do not see how they can be prevented if the War goes on. The Country has got into a critical situation, and, by all I hear, is likely to remain so, for I see no sign of a change of those men who have brought it to such a state. But I won't talk of Politicks, for they only torment

one. One sees the mischief, but not the remedy. Bless my Darling Mother. Love your affectionate and loving son.

‘ EDWARD FITZGERALD.’

III

Two months later Lord Edward was, as they say in Ireland, ‘ on his keeping.’ He was an attainted man, being hurried from one hiding-place to another. The other rebel leaders were in custody, so on him centred all the hopes of his party. Anyone more difficult to keep in hiding cannot well be imagined. He was constitutionally incapable of anything but the utmost frankness. As he journeyed from place to place his high spirits asserted themselves. He *would* play tricks, and have wild escapades, to the terror of those who would have guarded his precious life with their own. Once at a great house there is a report that a most wonderful pedlar has appeared in the servants’ hall, and is selling laces and muslins and ribbons at a price that means giving them away. It is one of those country houses and county families of the ‘ Buckeen type,’ to which Lady Sarah refers in a letter.

‘ Charles Napier has an aversion to Limerick people. It is a sign there are no *Miss Gradys* there now or he must have fallen in love with a 2nd Ly Ilchester if she could be found. But I hear there never was such a set as now inhabbit the

town ; the women all beautiful, impudent, gay and idle ; the men rich, selfish, gourmands and blood-thirsty, so that poor Charles' morals and spirit of humanity are at continual war with the Limerick gentry.'

It was such *ladies* and *gentlemen* as flocked into the servants' hall of the Big House, the gentlemen quite ready to draw their swords upon the slightest provocation, some of them being inflamed with wine beyond their usual dangerousness, the ladies behaving in such a manner as to make their hostess complain of the ill example they afforded her female servants.

The pedlar's pack was crammed to bursting with handkerchiefs, lace collars, caps, or 'heads,' as they were called, frills, and ruffles, all of which he was giving away for a song. He was a short man, with a face apparently coloured by foreign suns, dark hair, dark eyes of a peculiar brilliancy, white teeth, so good to look upon that he excited the admiration of the ladies, who were not too particular in showing their admirations. The prettiest and most impudent, a Miss Skerrett of Castle Skerrett, by way of provoking one of the buckeens, offered the pedlar a kiss for a very pretty length of muslin embroidery. The buckeen, as she wished it, was angry. He drew his sword. Suddenly there was a new arrival. It was the host, who was no other than Lord O.—well known later to have been in sympathy with the Rising.

Lord O. came wearily into the circle to see what odious horse-play provoked the coarse and foolish laughter he heard and abhorred. These guests were not to his mind or to his Lady's, but it was a time when suspicion was ready to fall upon the most innocent: even highly-placed persons were not safe. A display of superior virtue might provoke the one justly rebuked to pull down him who had rebuked him by denouncing him as a disloyal man.

Lord O.'s face changed as his eye fell on the pedlar, who was protesting gaily that his whole pack was not worth such a price as a kiss of Miss Skerrett. If anyone had been observing the host, they must have noticed the swift expression of alarm and horror which blanched his face. But the group was watching with amusement Mr. Anthony Trimble's rising anger. He had begun to stutter and feel for his sword-hilt; jealousy and wine combined had made him darkly purple, so that he looked on the verge of an apoplexy. It was a scene quite to the mind of the gentlemen and their female companions.

‘ Here,’ said Lord O. very roughly. ‘ You must have stolen the things to sell them so cheap. Out you go ! ’

He signalled to his servants, who stood at a little distance watching the antics of their betters, doubtless with edification. He himself helped to expel the intruder, a matter which was accom-

plished with a prodigious appearance of violence, but no more than an appearance ; while the fine company strolled back to its amusements, Miss Skerrett remarking that the pedlar should not have been allowed to carry off the pack and its contents. This was a challenge Mr. Trimble was too sullen to take up, and before anyone else could act upon it, the gates of the Castle had been locked and bolted behind the pedlar.

Long afterwards a young servant remembered that he had heard Lord O.—with an arm about the pedlar's shoulders as though he drove him forward—murmur : ‘ My Lord, my Lord, what madness is this ? ’

IV

Again, a very handsome young Quaker comes to stay at the house of Joshua Penn, a well-known Quaker gentleman of Cork,—and his ways are not at all Quakerish. Dr. John Leadbetter, another Quaker, comes to see his friend Joshua, who has one fair young daughter, and the eyes of the two old men, and the eyes of Rachel Penn, and the eyes of the woman-servant who waits at table, watch the handsome young Quaker with a queer mixture of worship and fearful tenderness in their expression.

Mr. Penn's house, high on the hill overlooking the river, with its beautiful gardens just bursting

to Spring bloom, surrounded by a high wall from the days when it was a secluded country-house, was quite shut off from the world. Mr. Penn possessed a very fine library, and he and his friend, Dr. Leadbetter, belonged to various learned societies, and were well known for taste, for a great liberality of mind, and an equal charity to their neighbours, especially the poor. Rachel Penn was a fine musician and very well read, and she was always willing to entertain her father's young guest, obeying his wishes with that air of an anxious adoration. Sometimes he would sit and listen to her while she sang old songs, his cheek in his hand, and a most pensive expression upon his handsome features. At another time they would talk of literature, and he would bring out his stock of memories of things read and things seen,—for obviously he was a travelled person and delightful company.

But there were times also when he could not be found, perhaps for hours, and when they were all wild with terror he would knock at the door and come in smiling, full of tales of adventure, and be very contrite because he had alarmed them.

Once a couple of boys had gone out in a leaky boat on the river, and it had foundered with them. While their mothers were screaming distractedly a young gentleman from no one knew where had plunged in to their rescue and brought both, all but drowned, to the shore. The Town Watch had

come running, attracted by the noise and the crowd, for it was not a time when people were allowed to gather together for any purpose, and somehow the crowd had opened and received the rescuer, passing him on from one to another till he regained Mr. Penn's private gate in the wall in safety.

Again he would work happily in the garden, for which he seemed to have a great love, and while he worked he would break into the 'Shan Van Vocht,' or 'The Green upon the Cape,' till his host came running from his study and implored him to desist, when he was all contrition, saying he had forgotten where he was, and that it was always hard for him not to do as he would.

No wonder that suspicion fell upon Mr. Penn's house, that it was searched by the soldiers, led by one Captain Langley, a young English officer, whose modesty and gentleness combined with great bravery and a pleasing appearance, had commended him to Rachel Penn, with whom he was deeply in love.

In the absence of her father she, on a sudden alarm, concealed the handsome Quaker behind the curtains of her bed, in an alcove which might pass unsuspected, and since there was some slight chance of safety he had taken his place there, standing back against the wall, fully armed and prepared to sell his life dearly, if need be.

Rachel received Captain Langley when he came, stammering excuses because his men must

search the house, pale with apprehension now, again red with a distasteful shame, but quietly resolved to do his duty, no matter what it cost him.

She took him aside and made a confession to him, white as a martyr and he left her, his eyes half-blind, stumbling as he went, to direct his men on their search. But when he came to the girl's bedroom, fresh and fragrant and full of white innocencies, he forbade anyone to enter but himself. He went within and reappeared presently saying ‘There is no one there,’ and he and his men went out by the wide gates under the arch. Rachel listening heard the clatter of their horses' feet on the stones of the hilly road as they went down to the town. The great danger was over.

There were no more alarms, but after that day Rachel began to fade and pine, and the change in her became day by day more apparent, as though a white rose had begun to wither. She went about with a slow step and a hanging head. She had fits of unhappy dreaminess, when, if one spoke to her, she turned painfully red, and then, the colour ebbing away, left her paler than before.

Dr. Leadbetter came and prescribed bark. She grew no better. Her father was terrified lest she should follow her mother, who had died of a decline when but a few years older than Rachel. He watched her as she moved about languidly, his frightened heart in his eyes.

The handsome Quaker had left them immediately after the search had been made. In three months' time he came back and found Rachel fading as it seemed into her grave. He was horrified. The house that had been so bright and gentle was overcast with gloom. The poor father watched his child with tragical eyes. Rachel moved like a ghost. What had happened to her, the pretty child? The handsome Quaker was overwhelmed with grief for his faithful friends.

While they sat at supper he mentioned Captain Langley with an indifferent air, saying that he heard him spoken well of. The colour rushed over Rachel's sad face and died away again. Certainty grew in his mind.

Later he obtained an interview alone with the girl. With streaming eyes, with an abased head, she confessed to him the thing she had done for his sake. She had procured his safety by allowing Captain Langley to believe that the man concealed in her bedroom was her lover.

'Child, child!' cried the handsome Quaker, with such anguish in his voice that Joshua Penn, in an adjoining room, hearing it, was startled. 'How dared you sacrifice yourself for me! How dared you! Child, did you think I could accept such a wrong as that at your hands?'

'She lifted up her face,' he said afterwards, 'and the first smile I had seen on her lips since my return came to them, such a smile as you might see

on dying lips, and she answered : “ It is nothing, my Lord, nothing, though I should die of it, as long as your precious person goes safe.”

‘ That,’ he adds, ‘ was the most heroic action I have known in my life, though I have known many heroisms. There was but one thing to be done and I did it. I had all but walked to the barracks and asked for Captain Langley, to tell him what a precious gift had been given to him, and what a loyal soul it was. But I, a soldier, realised that he, a soldier, dare not in honour give me my liberty, and, if he was to make me his prisoner she perhaps, poor soul, would not forgive it. So I wrote a letter, and I sent it to him by my poor black Tony, who once or twice has all but betrayed my hiding place through following me like a dog.

‘ After that I left Cork in the disguise of an old woman with a donkey cart, and I returned no more ; but I had the satisfaction of learning a little later that this charming girl, fully restored to life and joy, had been united to her lover.’

V

Again he is in a house by the canal, a large square, comfortable house. Without, the canal goes sluggishly between its banks, under the shade of trees, very little passing on its surface beyond now and again a barge tugged by a patient horse. To

the house is attached a rope-walk. All the strands are flying and plaiting in the sun. On the green grass plots there is linen bleaching. To the good pair who own the house his identity is known. To the servants he is Mr. Jameson. There is a child with whom he plays many pranks, a child himself. His friends are terrified for his safety, and he is contrite when he has been very careless, declaring that no man ever received such faithful love, and reproaching himself for a careless dog.

The whole scene is like a landscape of Ruysdael. The slow canal goes on into Kildare and away to the West, and once he leaps aboard a barge and goes with it through the flat, rich Kildare country close to the walls of Carton. When he comes back the good couple are in hysterics. In very pity to them he removes himself, not so very far away, to the house of a widow lady which is more secluded, for it looks on a basin of the canal, full of old boats in all stages of decay. The world, such as it is, goes by on the canal beyond the basin.

The widow lady, Mrs. Cleary, has a little boy who reminds him of Eddy. He misses his play-fellow at the rope-walk, but consoles himself with this golden-headed thing which has great spirit. They have wild games. Instead of keeping to the house or the garden, he sets the child peeling with laughter by springing from the flagged causeway round the basin into the boats and back again.

‘Oh, my Lord,’ says Mrs. Cleary, ‘you might lose

your precious life if you were to slip between the wall and the boats. There is such deep dark water below.’ ‘Why, so I might,’ he says, ‘and leave the sweetest lady in the world to mourn. I shall be more careful.’ But he is never more careful.

VI

There is a thousand guineas on his head. A great number of people know his hiding-place, but the golden guineas dangle, and there is none to snatch at the prize.

Once he gives his boots to be cleaned by a new servant, forgetting that his name is written in full inside them. The man who has cleaned the boots comes to his mistress. ‘I have found out who Mr. Jameson is,’ he says, and displays what he has found. She stares at him, pale with terror. ‘Do not be afraid,’ he says. ‘I or any one of us would die ten thousand deaths rather than that one hair of his precious head should be hurt.’

CHAPTER XIX

THE TROUBLE

I

DURING the Summer of 1797 the whole of the North of Ireland was under martial law, which apparently had the effect on the Ulster leaders of the United Irishmen of forcing them to rebellion. The United Irishmen of the North were as much Protestant and Presbyterian as those of Leinster were Catholic. And the leaders of the North were the dourer men.

II

Perhaps the moment for the rising passed in August 1797, when the Ulster leaders were for the rising and the Leinster men waited for the French. The plan of the insurrection had been drawn up with the assistance of certain officers who had served in the Austrian army. The military strength of the United Irishmen was 300,000 men. What was more important, some of the regiments then on duty in Dublin had

become aware of the projected rising, and a deputation of sergeants from the Dublin, Kildare, and Kilkenny Militias waited on the Dublin Committee with an offer to seize the Royal Barracks and the Castle without any civilian help. Very much against Lord Edward's will, this proposal was refused. Mr. Tone thought they had lost the great opportunity. 'There seems to have been a great want of spirit in the leaders in Dublin,' he writes in his Journal. 'The people have been urgent more than once to begin, and at one time eight hundred of the garrison offered to give up the barracks of Dublin if the leaders would only give the signal: the militia were almost to a man gained over, and numbers of these poor fellows have fallen victims in consequence. It is hard to judge at this distance, but it seems to have been unpardonable weakness, if not downright cowardice, to let such an occasion slip. With eight hundred of the garrison and the barracks to begin with, in a hour they would have had the whole capital, and, by seizing the persons of half-a-dozen individuals, paralysed the whole Government and accomplished the Revolution by a single Proclamation. I am surprised that Emmet did not show more energy, for I know him to be as brave as Cæsar.'

Was not the old wine in new bottles in the Dublin rising of 1916 ?

III

The Government found an informer in the person of Thomas Reynolds, a United Irishman, and on the 12th of March 1798, acting on his information, seized the Dublin leaders at the house of Mr. Oliver Bond. The warrant included Bond himself, Emmet, MacNevin, Sampson, but the last three were absent at the time. They were apprehended later. Lord Edward remained at liberty, the hope of his party. Among the papers seized was a list of toasts, one doubtless often drunk by the turf fire at Kildare Lodge, in the Irish whiskey-punch. 'Mother Erin, dress'd in green ribbons by a French milliner, if she can't be dress'd without her!' The Government apparently at this stage would have been quite willing that Lord Edward should disappear abroad and no questions asked, but that was not Edward's way.

IV

Lady Lucy in London has several interviews with Arthur O'Connor, who is accompanied by a gentleman from the North, Mr. Burdett. She is quite prepared if Edward lets fall his mantle of the green to pick it up and wear it as a woman may. 'Softness and fire are well mingled in a peerless lady I know,' says O'Connor, with his

ardent dark eyes fixed on Lucy's; but he holds her fiery spirit in check. 'There are risks we take to our lives, it may be,' he says, 'but even for the sake of Granuaile a man may be pardoned taking risks for the delicate creatures who are dearer than life.' Lucy sends hardly a thought to Captain Foley, who is with his ship. If she remembers him it is to say that he is 'sensible' and 'considerate.' He lets her be. She has other things to think of than tranquil kindness and a peaceful harbour.

V

'*March 2nd, 1798*'—in Lucy's Journal.—'This morning heard of Arthur's being taken up with three others. They were taken at Margate, endeavouring to get to France. Oh, it was mismanag'd. I am vext to the heart about it.

'*March 4th.*—Nothing is known about the Prisoners, as the Privy Council are quite silent; they sit every day.

'*March 8th.*—They all went to Court but me. It is thought well they should seem friendly and be seen at Court. We had a dance in the evening—all very heavy-hearted. I would have no dancing. I am too sad for my Friend. I tryed not to let it appear because it is of importance not to betray Fear.

'*March 16th.*—Heard that his Tryal is to be

in April. Erskine is engag'd for him. I am sadly uncomfortable. No one knows how ill at ease I am behind my gayety.

' *April 4th.*—We went to Boyle Farm. The weather is lovely and everything coming up in the garden. It makes me think of dear Kildare, and of Frescati, but that was less happy. The assurances my Sister Pamela gives me of Eddy's safety help to calm my mind,—yet the little thing will not let me go over. She says she has a reason. I wish I were not a woman for *some* reasons. Yet there are things one would miss.

' *April 6th.*—I had a letter from Pamela about Arthur. I appoint'd Mr. Ferguson and went to town alone to meet him at Harley Street. He was detain'd beyond the time he had fix'd. However I saw him. I had never spoken to him before, but had no Idea of any *wretchedness* preventing my doing *any good*, and as it happen'd it was of great consequence for me to speak with him. I return'd to Boyle Farm in the evening. No one knew I had been on A.'s business.

' *April 13th.*—Henry had a letter from Aunt Louisa saying that she had a conversation with a Person high in office (she might as well say that odious Lord Castlereagh), and that the result was that she wish'd Edward's family to use their influence with him to persuade him to go to America. This I well know would be in vain, had we it in our power, but alas we do not know where he is

conceal'd. The Family agreed that Mr. Ogilvie, who was going to Ireland, should speak to Lady Edward to desire her to *inform* him, as she alone knows where to find him. They will not persuade him unless his reason should accord, and I do not think it will. My brother will not desert the people.

' *April 14th.*—Mr. O. left Boyle Farm. I gave him a letter for Pamela *entreating* her to let me go over.

' *May 9th.*—Heard that Mr. Ogilvie had arrived at 5 o'clock from Ireland by the Stage. He brought us assurances from Pamela of Edward's *safety*, said she seem'd perfectly satisfied and in good spirits, that she did not wish me to go to her by any means. He brought me two lines with nothing in them in answer to my intreaties to place confidence in me, at least to tell me if she really wanted me to stay here. Mr. O. is himself ignorant of Eddy's place of concealment, that seeing Lady Edward so cautious, prudent and secret he did not press her to anything but left all to herself.

' *May 20th.*—A letter from Pamela saying she was to be sent out of Ireland.

' *May 21st.*—Arthur's Tryal at Maidstone came on this day. Mimi went to a masquerade as *Night*. I was gone to bed, and as she came to show herself to me in her sable garments, with stars in her hair, I had the most melancholy feel, such as I never before experienc'd, nor anything like it:

it communicated itself to her. She hug'd me, and we cried together. She hated going out, she said. She look't very pale but more lovely than ever I saw her.

' *May 22nd.*—I remain'd all the day and night in most painful anxiety. I thought Arthur's fate was then being decided. *I did not know my own was seal'd.*'

VI

Meantime Lady Sarah, nursing her Donny through a bad illness, keeps a Journal, day by day, for him to read when he is better, since now all sad happenings must be kept from him. She is more explicit than Lucy to her Journal, so let her tell the tale over again.

' *March 4th, 1798.*—News came from London that four or five men were taken up at Margate trying to escape to France with some plot—having come to Dover they put their baggage on a cart and follow'd it on foot towards Margate—offer'd immense sums—seem'd to know the way. Many odd things caus'd suspicion and they were taken. One of them said he was Arthur O'Connor. On the cart was found boxes with papers, expressive of their being a sort of ambassadors from the United Irish Men to the Directory at Paris, to give assurances of the good reception the French would meet with in Ireland and to press their immediate

coming. The gentlemen denied the baggage was theirs. They were carried to the Privy Council and put into the Tower. . . .

‘On the other hand it is since said that all the suspicious circumstances are a fabrication and that nothing can be found against O’Connor. Yet Mr. Ogilvie writes me word it is generally believed he will be hang’d—but many at first said he would get off. I will try to be more mistress of the subject against your dear eyes read this, which I have carefully kept from your hearing as long as I thought it dangerous to give your thoughts such serious grounds for working them on; which in your weak state would be hurtful and retard recovery. I have since heard that Edward is not troubl’d about O’Connor, and said he had nothing with him odd except 1200 guineas. He is to be tried at the Kent Assizes.

‘It was fortunate I kept O’Connor’s business from you as it at first appear’d linkt with one much more interesting to us all: but I believe I may say with truth it was the artfull management of Govt. so to dispose the scenery that the most knowing were taken in at first: but that it is certain an event which took place here is no way whatever the consequence of this English bussiness, but a mere repetition of Russell and Nelson’s bussiness in the North, and will end the same way in the disgrace of Govt. Here is the story:

‘ (Mr. Pelham was dying, poor man, and is free of this bussiness. Lord Castlereagh was sent for *express* from Dundalk to do Mr. Pelham’s bussiness.)

‘ Mails came from London and a Council called, and then determin’d to take up many U.I.M. : for, early on Monday 12th, messengers were sent to Oliver Bond’s house to take up all there sitting at a Committee : when they enter’d the house the table was full of papers : a sergeant said, “ If you don’t all hold up your hands I will shoot you.” The papers seiz’d were of the utmost importance and carried to Council. Councillor Emmet, Oliver Bond, Jackson the ironmonger, Sweetman the brewer, and others were taken. Councillor Sampson made his escape. Dr. Mac Nevin was arrested at his own house : and report made a thousand stories of where Edward was. Some said at the Committee : others at Dr. Mac Nevin’s ; that the Sheriff seeing him say’d to the messengers, “ Is not Lord Edward in your warrant ? ” “ No.” Upon which Lord Edward walkt into the streets ; and then heard a separate warrant was made out for him, on which he disappear’d, and has not been heard of since.

‘ The separate warrant went by a messenger, attend’d by Sheriff Carlton and a party of soldiers, command’d by a Major O’Kelly, to Leinster House. The servants ran up to Lady Edward, who was ill with the gathering in her breast, and told her. She said, “ There is no help for it. Let them come

up.” They asked very civilly for her papers and Edward’s, and she gave them all. Her apparent distress mov’d Major O’Kelly to *tears*: and their whole conduct was proper. They left her and soon return’d (Major Boyle having been with two dragoons to Frescati and taken such papers as were in the Book Room and not found Edward) to search Leinster House for him and came up with great good nature to say: “Madam, we wish to say our search was in vain. Lord Edward has escap’d.” Dr. Lindsay, returning from here, went to Leinster House to her and there found her in the greatest agitation, the humour in her poor little breast quite gone back, and he was a good deal alarm’d for her; but, by care, she is, thank God, recover’d.

‘Mrs. Pakenham wrote that night to my sister Louisa a letter I hope you will see, for it was trying to make the matter as light as she could to my poor sister, yet forc’d to say what she heard from Mr. P. and Lord Castlereagh.’

VII

‘*Tuesday, 13th March.*—My sister brought me the letter in the greatest *despair*. I was shock’d at the event but by no means alarm’d at the description and told her I was *sure* Edward ran off to avoid prison *only*. I said this, yet my mind sank within me, from the idea of its being from O’Connor’s business.’

VIII

‘Louisa went off early to town with Emmy to breakfast at Mrs. Pakenham’s; appointed C. Fitzgerald to meet her, and, wishing to hear from him what he had done, relative to my sister Leinster and the Duke, but instead of Charles she found Lord Castlereagh, who told her “though the two brothers differ yet Nature is strong, and Lord Charles was so overcome on Monday hearing the event that he set off early on Tuesday for the country to be *out of the way*.”

Louisa then ask’d questions. Lord C. said, “I fear I cannot answer your questions for I am bound to secrecy, but pray don’t believe any reports you hear for, upon my word, *nothing has yet transpir’d*. You may rely on the earnest wishes of Govt. to do all they can for Ld. Edward who is so much lov’d, and as he can’t be found nothing can happen to him. I pity Ly. Edward most exceedingly and will do all in my power to send her back her private letters.” Mr. P. spoke as usual, *fine flummery* of Edward, and said he only hop’d in God he should not meet him, as it would be a sad struggle between his *duty* and his *friendship*. Louisa took all this as it was intended she should; but when she was out of the room Emily heard Sir G. S. express *his hopes that Ld. Edward would be caught*, and she did not hear or see anything like a contradiction to this wish from any of the company.

‘ From thence Louisa went to Leinster House, where poor little Pamela’s fair, meek and pitiable account of it all mov’d her to the greatest degree, and gain’d my sister’s good opinion of her sense and good conduct. My sister charg’d her not to name his name—not to give a *soul* a hint of where he was, if she knew it, and to stay at Leinster House seeing everybody that call’d, and to keep strict silence—to which Pamela agreed. Louisa went back to the *set* and told them how meek and gentle Pamela was : that she did not suppose any of the Govt. people would insult her, *but hirelings might* ; that she wou’d as soon as her breast admitted of it see everybody who was so good as to call on her to show she was not plotting mischief. They gave great praise to her sense and good conduct (though I hear before this Mr. P. had said her sickness was a *sham*). And my sister came home with Dr. Lindsay quite satisfied that Ly. Edward was secure of his innocence and safety, and Govt. all good-nature ; but still in such *horrors* either about his having invited the French, or his being punish’d for it, that she cannot bring herself to name the subject without agony.

‘ By this time I had heard from others that all Dublin was in consternation on Monday morning : that upon the papers being carried to council the Chancellor was sent for *at the Courts* to attend it ; that he dasht out in a hurry and found a

mob at the door who abus'd him and he return'd the abuse by cursing and swearing like a madman. He met Lord Westmeath and they went into a shop and came out with pistols, and the Chancellor *thus* went on *foot* to the Council.'

CHAPTER XX

LADY SARAH'S STORY

I

' *Thursday, 15th March.* — Mr. Berwick told me of the strange absurd reports of their having behav'd so ill in the searches. I told him Ly. Edward had written to thank Major O'Kelly for his humane conduct.

' My sister had promis'd to go again but did not. I heard daily from Ly. Edward and found that she had recover'd her spirits in so sudden a manner that everybody is convinc'd she knows where he is and that he is safe and innocent. I sent her £20 in case she wanted ready money, but she return'd it, and sent me word she had plenty, for they had some by them and she was going to take a house to get out of Leinster House, which was grown detestable to her, and to have a quiet home of her own to lie in in. She bid me tell my sister Leinster to be *quite quite* easy. To write would be folly in her and indeed in us, for *all letters are open'd*. So I only wrote to Mrs. Johnston and made a child direct it, telling *her* to send for Mr. Ogilvie and show

it to him. We know nothing yet of how my poor sister will take it,—very badly, I fear. Govt. intend'd a proclamation to take Edward, but thought better of it.

‘I was surpris’d by a visit from Captain M. He began about Edward. I said I was sure he was innocent, tho’ he made no secret of his opinions, but that nobody dreaded a Revolution more from the goodness of his heart, and that he only ran off, I was sure, from his dislike of a prison, that he was as free as a bird, that no house had ever confin’d him. “But,” said he, “surely he knew the consequences of sitting on a Commission?” “He never was there.” “Oh,” said M., very pert, “I beg your pardon. He was seen there, as I understand.” “I am sure,” said I, “you think your authority good, but I *doubt* every authority.” “But surely,” said he, “they would not dare to take him up without sufficient grounds?” “If I had not *seen it done twice here* I should think as you do; but I know all their ways too well and you will see that I am right.”

‘He spoke with the greatest regard of you, came down on purpose to inquire for you, and says he will come whenever you are able to see him. He told me of a servant of Mr. Lee’s being killed by a soldier’s bayonet the day before in the streets, because some men, among whom was this servant, were seducing soldiers: that Lord Tyrawley came among them and tried to send them away.

This servant was impertinent to him ; he drew his pistols and a soldier struck the man, who died on the spot.

II

‘ *Friday, 16th March.*—Capt. M. seem’d to think ill of the U.I. Men, and laugh at the farce of everybody going arm’d with pistols, saying he never had been attack’d tho’ out at all hours of the night.

‘ *Saturday 17. St. Patrick’s Day.*—*All quiet.*

III

‘ *Saturday, 24th March.*—Captain Armstrong came for the third time and you saw him. From him I heard the prisoners would come off well : that there was *no* Committee, only some of them assembl’d to consider what was to be done about the *Press*. That the report of a *dreadful Map* found in Ly. Edward’s care, was one of Dublin with notes wrote by a clever gunmaker, who had mark’d the *weak* parts and sent it to Ld. Edward. That no sooner had this man heard of the noise it made than he went to Govt. and said it was *his*, which he had shown to Ld. Edward. They asked for what purpose he had drew it. “For my amusement,” said he. So that by Armstrong’s account nothing would come of this business. I was in hopes

it would prove so. Reports say Edward was seen in a post-chaise with his brother Charles at Newry, but it is false, I fancy—others that he is at Leinster House and Carton—all false, I believe.’

(Lord Edward did come and go at Leinster House while Pamela was there, to her great terror. There are rumours of hidden rooms and secret passages. Once a poor kitchen-maid who knew him well suddenly encountered him in a corridor and all but died of the shock of seeing him there,—the house being constantly watched.)

‘When Mrs. P. came on Tuesday Mr. Conolly was setting off. Louisa said she would go and fetch Ly. Edward to Castletown and he forbid it. From Dundalk he wrote, “There will not be the same objection in June to her coming to Castletown.” We cannot guess what that means. All Saturday we were in expectation of the Naas prisoners’ return and anxious to know their fate.’

IV

‘*Sunday 25th.*—This morning I being in your room, my sister Louisa came, and I saw she lookt disturb’d. I took no notice of her looks, but she gave me a letter from Mr. Ogilvie, saying my poor sister Leinster was support’d by her confidence in Edward not deserving *anything* by word or deed; but that Sophia and Lucy were terribly affected. He also said that the poor little Duchess (of Leinster)

was given over, but the Duke did not seem to see it. This latter accounted to me for her low looks. As she was going she beckon'd me out and said that she must tell me a secret, though she had reasons not to reveal it, but since I had determin'd to sit up that night it was necessary to tell me not to be alarm'd if, early in the morning, I should hear a bustle, for that an officer, she thinks "Mr. Longfield," came from Naas and asking for Mr. Conolly seem'd disappointed. He then request'd to speak to Col. Napier, and hearing that he was ill, desir'd to know if any gentleman was in the house, and at last begg'd to speak to Louisa herself, who went down to him. He told her that an order was given in General Wilson's district, including this place, to search for arms and disarm everybody. She asked if officers were included; he said he believed not ultimately, but that no exception was made in the order which he shew'd her sign'd by General Hewitt, and it is very strict. He question'd how many arms she had: she guess'd *twenty*: he said: "Have you *twenty* servants to use them?" "Yes." "Then we won't trouble you. For it was the fear of alarming you with all the military that will be about to-morrow *early* that brought me, and we won't come here as it is only meant for the disaffected and others must go thro' the ceremony." Louisa said, "Pray, sir, don't let your civility interfere with your duty,—search the house, if

you choose it." "That must depend on the magistrates," says he, "for Sir Ralph Abercrombie's new orders hamper us sadly now. I wish I knew who were dissafect'd. Can you tell me?" "No," said Louisa. "I can tell you who are *not*, but I cannot tell you who *are*; but may I beg to know if you must go to Col. Napier's, for he is so ill it may hurt him to hear a bustle." "Yes, I suppose we must; but we shall, of course, give him a receipt for the arms and he will know where to find them."

'Thus did my dear sister so *alter* her *nature* that she submitted to be *disarm'd* and turn her house a prey to vaggabonds. And she was *not* glad the prisoners were releas'd, but very much vext with the children, who, poor souls, did not know but to rejoice in her presence. What perversion in the noblest nature may be compassed by cunning, by nerves, and by habbits of hearing terror rung in her ears for years! I had neither time nor thoughts to answer, argue and try to persuade her. I thank'd her for the notice and *rejoic'd* to be prepar'd,—and on reflection I *now* determine to refuse to allow the search or to give up arms.

'*N.B.*—The Naas prisoners all return'd to Celbridge at 6 o'clock.'

V

‘I return to Mr. Henry’s conversation in the morning before Louisa came. He told me O’Connor would be try’d *soon* and he understood nothing would be done to him, tho’ Mr. Ogilvie wrote me he would be hanged. Henry says, *entre nous*, there was a Committee and that Govt. say they knew of it a month ago: that the delegates of each province sent their delegates to Dublin, and that Edward was to order for Leinster how they were to proceed—*as is said*. That Govt. made a furious noise for two days, but drop’t it in a moment, and that he believes they wish him to escape: but that he fears Ed. will be tempted to draw the sword and fling away the scabard, for that they all say if Edward is touch’d or taken *they will not bear it*. He is their Idle.

‘He also told us Lord Ormonde, and Sparrow made themselves *constables*, searching for Edward with 2 dragoons, the latter vowing he would bring him dead or alive: but all this vapouring ceas’t soon. He also told me Govt. abus’d *Sir Ralph Abercrombie*, who was going to *resign*: but that as the King and Dundass were fond of him it was expect’d to make a dust first.

‘You ask’t me to-day, Dear Love, if something was not the matter with me. I think with such a load of interesting things on my mind I fight a good battle with myself and keep very equal

in my attendance and manner to you. What will not affection do when that object we *adore* may suffer from the least inadvertence. I made a little tryal of your wish about the arms and your answer decided me, for I but represent you, my Love, till you can act again.

‘Among those things I forgot to mention a thing, trifling perhaps, which caus’d me much agitation. On Sunday, 4th, Farrell rode Sam to town for Lindsay, and going into Coyle’s a soldier of the Fermanaghs pushed the horse *out of his way*. Farrell was endeavouring to do the same when another soldier of the same Regt. stuck his bayonet in the horse’s flank and wounded him. Farrell call’d out: but instantly giving the horse to Coyle’s people he ran to examine the man and mark him in his memory. An officer of Frazer’s saw it all and said he would write to you, but hearing you were ill told Farrell to tell you when well that he would vouch for his good conduct. Farrell, not content, went to look for Mr. P. to make his complaint, but not finding him would not risk being late, and came home gently with Sam, who, poor beast is now quite well, it being only a flesh wound. All my children and servants were *up* about this and I as well—but I saw that a fuss about it might bring on unpleasant stories, such as your horse being stab’d and then the soldier’s revenge on Farrell, and in short many things to annoy you in your getting well, so I

forbid *all talk* and took it all on me. I went to Mr. Kempland and had the whole told *him*, desiring the soldier might be properly punish't for being a *brute* to a poor horse. In some days after Mr. Kempland came to fetch Farrell to be a witness at a court-martial, having kept him in the black-hole a week. I begg'd to be allow'd to obtain his pardon on condition he would promise never to hurt *any* horse again, and to have him told I forgave him in hopes it would make him more sorry for his fault than if I got him punisht. I did it exactly as I thought *you* would do. Since that I send my horses to Mrs. Pakenham or Moira House.'

(Moira House was the residence of the humane and generous-minded Lord Moira, who had been Lord Edward's commanding officer in the Canadian Expedition. Lady Moira's qualities matched those of her high-minded husband. Wesley was with them about 1770. He depicted the beauty of their house, mentioning one room the walls of which were lined with mother-o'-pearl. 'Alas,' said he prophetically, 'that all this splendour must vanish like a dream!' Moira House, docked of its upper storey, has long been the Mendicity Institution of Dublin, known to the Dublin populace as the *Mendacity*.)

VI

‘*29th March.*—I now return to the Arms, which you know I refus’d to give up and there was no more about it. It cost me very uneasy nights, expecting a dommiciliary visit daily. But it is blown over. We have heard from my sister Leinster, and she shews so much sense, firmness, and resignation that I am charm’d with her elevated and spirited character, and trust ’twill save her many hours of misery which poor Louisa passes so unnecessarily for want of using her reason.’

The informer Reynolds, whom Lord Edward implicitly trusted, was aware of his hiding-places, and visited him at a time when his own family were in the dark as to his whereabouts. After a time Reynolds seems to have lost the trail. The Government had apparently given up its intention of complicity in the escape of one whose distinction of birth and position would make him an awkward prisoner.

Pamela had moved to a house in Denzille Street, Dublin. Where the heart was there was the body, for it is told that a trusted and trustworthy maid entering the parlour one night found Lord Edward sitting by the fire with Lady Edward, on whose lap lay a sleeping child, taken from bed so that her father might see her. Husband and wife were bowed above the child, clinging together, and both were in tears.

Lord Edward must on this occasion have escaped from kind Mrs. Cleary, whose house on the banks of the canal was his shelter. On the plea of the need of exercise he went walking after dark, and doubtless his feet often led him to the dangerous precincts of his adored wife and children. Others might be cautious for him. Poor Tony might lament his black face, which kept him from visiting his beloved master. Mrs. Cleary's servant, the one who had discovered the secret of his identity from his name written in the boots, might refuse to see him, so that if a lamentable day came he could look the beloved hero in the face and swear he had never seen him. Mrs. Cleary might carry messages to Pamela. That did not prevent Eddy's following his messages. Nor did all their care prevent his laughing so gaily and light-heartedly as he came homeward along the canal banks in the wild Spring nights, with his child-companion, that the laughter reached the ears of the anxious woman listening with the ears of a hare for the return of her precious charge.

On an occasion Mrs. Cleary's maid was prodigiously alarmed by the spectacle of a troop of soldiers, with fixed bayonets glinting through the trees, across the quiet waters of the canal. As her mistress happened to be absent her alarm was the greater. She flew to 'Mr. Jameson' and told him what she had seen. 'And I too,' he said, 'have just seen a man whom I know to be a police-

officer standing in front of the house, gazing up at the windows.' The faithful creature was flung into such paroxysms of terror that Lord Edward gaily consented to the only plan she could devise which might ward off detection if the house was searched : at least she thought it might. The plan was that he should retire to bed in Mrs. Cleary's room, wearing one of her nightgowns and a night-cap, that the room should be darkened and all the array of a sick-room set out. We are not told what sickness was to be feigned. Small-pox might have served. In this ridiculous position Lord Edward remained for two hours in the highest spirits at the humour of the situation, till it was judged that the danger had passed.

Mrs. Cleary by this time was resolved to be quit of the responsibility of a charge so precious and so reckless. His next move was to Mr. Murphy's, the feather-merchant, in Thames Street.

Well might Pamela say to the United Men— ' You Irish are all brave; and you love my Edward— *your* Edward and *my* Edward. You will guard him for me and his children.' But not all the love, all the care, could keep from harm this darling of many hearts who could never learn to be careful for himself.

CHAPTER XXI

ARREST

I

SOME more Fitzgerald correspondence. Here is the letter referred to by Lady Sarah Napier as having been written by Lady Louisa Conolly to Lord Edward's mother.

'Our dear Ly. Edward has commission'd me to tell you that she entreats you will rest satisfied that your beloved Son has never put pen to paper that could injure him. She hopes that his escape is effected and she means to stay in Dublin to look after his affairs and to let her conduct be known to whoever pleases to enquire about her. She has already met with all the good-nature she is entitl'd to, for anything more lovely and becoming to her situation than her manner is I never saw. It is natural, sensible, resign'd and religious, and, of course, moving to the last degree. She charg'd me to give her Love to you, and to tell you how happy she is that her dear Boy is with you, and that she would write to you as soon as she was able, as there is nothing but reports and that no authentic

accounts can be obtain'd for some time. We must, my dearest, most beloved sister, submit to a painfull anxiety, hoping the best, and thankfull for one blessing that attends few in Dearest Edward's situation, his natural charming Excellent character that has gained him so many Friends, that those who differ most with him in Sentiment *lament* more than *blame*, but I will not let myself go to the feelings that my Heart is bursting with.'

II

April 24th, 1798.—Lady Sarah Napier to Lady Sophia Fitzgerald.—'Donny was strongly affected by the news I was at last forced to communicate to him about Dear Edward—the Warrant, etc. In five minutes after he said, "Sit down, write to Pamela to come here the moment she is able, and to rest assur'd she shall never find a heart here not ready to receive her and her child.' So said, so done, and Pamela *was* to come, when behold the dear little soul lay ill, as I should not have known but for Dear Dear Lady Moira, who has acted like a Mother, a tender Mother, by her. She was to have din'd there the very day, and Lady Moira laments she did not, as she then could have kept her to lie in at Moira House. But she sat with her till the Doctor came, and when Mrs. Farrel began to be *grand* and to want to go back to Ly. Powerscourt Lady Moira gave her a good

scold and said if she stirred from the bedside she would get Lady Grannard's nurse-tender instantly, so kept her in good order. The Dr. is an old Dr. Melly, a famous good surgeon, and Midwife in a second line of life, and shewed the greatest skill and attention (Clark having displeas'd Edward long ago) in that poor little Pamela was not *délaissée*, though from her giving no notice she might have been so, Dear Soul. On Ly. Moira's first letter I was going, but Ly. Castlereagh had told my sister of it and she went and I believe wrote to your Mother. I reserv'd my visit till the third day, and found her feverish, low and weak, but having no fears of difficulty with the milk which ran in plenty and the Infant quite well. Her house is very quiet and comfortable, her family too large for her purse, I fear, but for the moment, very necessary. The Nurse-tender and Sophia for her, Mrs. Small and a little girl for Pamela and the young Lucy, Mr. Small and two boys for errands who, I suppose, are some of dear Edward's bits of poor children he is so generous about. She was strongly affected on seeing me, and in spite of my avoiding the subject gave me renew'd and repeat'd *proof* that nothing could be done to him even if he was in Govt. hands. She explain'd about the Map so talked of. It was an anonymous Essay on the possibility of the Citizens of Dublin defending themselves against any Attack, Militia or other, if they chose it. Edward

seem'd to treat it as of no sort of consequence; and had laugh'd at the Idea of its being taken in his Papers and of the Importance Govt. would attach to what he thought of no importance; it seems the Author no sooner heard of it than he went to Govt. to avow it. Ly. Edward never saw the man, so *there is the Mouse brought forth by this Mountain!*

N.B.—I hope you can read cross-writing.'

III

Lady Mary Fitzgerald, the Duke's daughter, writes: 'The Prince said so many kind things to Dear Papa about the darling Edward that he was quite affected. Kildare and Bill are gone to see the Prince. You see by the Papers that the *Devils* have offered £1000 reward for the precious Creature. William heard one of the strange servants speaking of the Proclamation downstairs, and the little Fellow immediately said: "I'll be *damned* if they take him now." Was it not so spirited? The *rigours* and *horrors* practised on Papa's poor tenants out of spite is dreadful beyond conception.'

IV

The Duchess writes to Lady Sophia:

May 21st, 1798.—'Lucy had a letter from

Pamela, desiring her not to write any more to Ireland as she had determin'd upon going to Ham-burgh with her two girls, as she thought she shou'd be easier there among her Friends, and mentions Mme. de Genlis being in a bad state of health and the comfort it wou'd be to her to see her. She gives no other reason for leaving Ireland, but it is report'd that she has been desir'd to go: this may or may not be true, but we don't believe it.

'Mr. Ogilvie had a letter this morning from Emily Bellamont, who tells him that her house and papers have been Search'd. The messenger brought her a most polite Letter from the Duke of Portland, full of excuses for the trouble it must give her, but informing her it was a Duty he ow'd the Publick, as he had receiv'd Information that Ld. Edward had been there and had left Boxes that were suppos'd to contain Papers in her hands. This mistake arose from Mr. Ogilvie's Visit and his having brought her from Ireland a small Box with Irish Snuff and tooth Powder. She says she did not feel the least alarm'd, being quite sure they would find nothing in her House, poor dear quiet Soul.'

V

Lady Louisa Conolly to Mr. Ogilvie:

'*Castletown, May 21st, 1798.*—I was too ill

yesterday to write, but as there sail'd no packet I have an opportunity of letting my Letter go now, among the first with the sad narrative of Saturday night's proceedings. Which of poor Edward's bad friends betray'd him, or whether through the vigilance of the Town Magistrates he was apprehend'd at nine o'clock that night, I know not, at a house in Thomas Street. Mr. Sirr, the town-major, Mr. Ryan (Printer of *Faulkener's Journal*) and Mr. Swan, a magistrate, got information of him and had a small party of soldiers surround the house. Mr. Sirr was settling the party and advis'd Ryan and Swan not to be in haste; but they hastily ran upstairs and forc'd the door where he lay asleep. He hastily fired a pistol at Mr. Ryan, who we have hopes to-day, will recover. Upon Mr. Swan's approach he stab'd Mr. Swan with a dagger, but that Wound is not consider'd dangerous.

‘Mr. Sirr, upon hearing the resistance, ran upstairs, and, thinking that Edward was going to attack him, fired a pistol at him which wounded Edward in the shoulder, not dangerously. He was then carried prisoner to the Castle, where Mr. Stewart (surgeon-general) was order'd to attend him. He drest his wound and pronounc'd it not to be dangerous. Lord Camden had order'd an apartment for him, but the magistrates claim'd him on account of his having wounded their people. He was therefore carried to Newgate, and after

the first burst of feeling was over I hear that he was quite compos'd.

‘Mrs. Pakenham has promis’d to enquire if he wants any comfort or convenience that might be sent him in prison, and I am going to Town this evening meaning to see Mr. Stewart and learn from him what may be wanted. I am also going for the purpose of hearing if this makes any difference in the determination respecting Ly. Edward’s leaving the country. In the meantime I have had the satisfaction of hearing that she bore the shock yesterday better than one could expect.

‘As soon as Edward’s wound was dress’d he desired the private secretary at the Castle (Mr. Watson, I believe, is the name) to write for him to Lady Edward and tell her what had happen’d. The Secretary carried the Note himself. Ly. Edward was at Moira House, and a servant of Ld. Mountcashell’s came soon after to forbid Edward’s servant saying anything to her that night. Poor Miss Napier with my Emily were at the Play that night with Ly. Castlereagh and Mrs. Pakenham, in the next box to the Ld. Lieutenant’s, where the news was brought to him, and, of course, the poor girls heard it all. Miss Napier was so overcome that Ly. Castlereagh went out with her, and Miss Napier went instantly to Moira House, knowing Ly. Edward to be there. Ly. Moira forbid her telling her that night, so that Miss Napier made some foolish pretext to go home with

her and has not left Ly. Edward since. Mr. Pakenham made Louisa Pakenham keep Emily in the box, as they fear'd all running out of the box might have the appearance of a riot, and I believe it might be better, but the poor little soul was wretched, as you may imagine. The next morning, being yesterday, Miss Napier told Ly. Edward, and she bore it better than she expected: but Mr. Napier, who went to town, brought us word her head seemed still derang'd and that no judgment could yet be form'd about her. He and Sarah are gone again this morning. I go this evening.

‘It is my intention to intreat for leave to see him (nobody has been permitted to go since he was carried to Newgate), but I will wait to see surgeon Stewart and know first the state of his health and if he would like to see me. The Tryal is not to come on immediately, it is thought. My astonishment at finding that Edward was in Dublin is only equal'd by his imprudence in being in it. I had felt such security in being sure he had left Dublin Bay, added to the belief from the Duke of Portland's office that he had left the English Coast in a Boat, that I felt startled when the Proclamation came out, tho' I began to wonder why it took place.

‘This last week has been a most painfull one to us. Maynooth, Kilcock, Leixlip and Celbridge have had part of a Scotch Regt. quarter'd at each

Place, living upon free quarters, and every day threatening to burn the towns. I have spent days in intreaties and threats to give up the horrid pikes. Some houses burnt at Kilcock yesterday produced the effect. Maynooth held out yesterday tho' some houses were burnt and some people perish't. This morning the people of Leixlip are bringing in their arms. Celbridge as yet holds out, tho' five houses are now burning. Whether obstinacy or that they have them not I cannot say, but you may imagine what I and Mr. Conolly suffer. He goes about intreating to the last, spent all yesterday out among them and is gone again to-day. He goes from Maynooth to Leixlip and Celbridge, and begins again and again to go round them.

'We have fortunately two most humane officers, that do not do more than is absolutely necessary from their orders. At present I feel most prodigiously sunk with all the surrounding distress. It would grieve you to see Mr. Conolly's good heart so wounded as it is.'

Strangely and sadly, Mr. Ogilvie, to whom this was written, lies under a suspicion, never now to be cleared up, of having betrayed Lord Edward's hiding-place—with an intention of saving him, for it was believed the Government were anxious to get him safely out of the country.

VI

To return to Lady Lucy's Journal:

' *May 23rd, 1798.*—Slept little; all through my dreams I saw Eddy bleeding and a prisoner. Was glad to escape it and rose early to a beautiful May morning. A note from Burdett from Maidstone, "Quigly condemn'd, O'Connor acquitted." I should have been wild with joy but I could not lift my heart, which was heavy as lead. Last night's dream clung to me,—a true foreboding, alas. The letter came at 8 o'clock. While I persuad'd myself it made me happy came a messenger from the Duke of Portland to Mr. O. with the account of Ed. being taken on the 20th. Mr. O. rushed like a madman from the house leaving me in uncertainty as to the particulars, which I did not hear till I dragg'd myself to Henry's. Lady Henry told me, and I fell in a swoon. I was carried home and there after a while Charlotte told me that he was slightly wounded in the arm. I insisted on seeing the Duke of Portland's letter. It said no more than "slight wound." Ryan was the only thing that seem'd to give anybody any matter for uneasiness.'

VII

' *May 24th.*—Henry determin'd to go to Ireland. I intreated him to take me, which he

refus'd. How dreadful a thing it is to be a woman that cannot do as she will though her heart burst ! Mama needs me, poor soul. None of the others are as near to Eddy in her heart. I must bear myself with patience and remember that Eddy would say, "Steady, Lucia !" Mary Fitzgerald came to see me. We went out into the fields, so bright and fair, with all new tints of the Spring, daisies on the green grass, and the flocks and herds, happy creatures, moving so peacefully over the verdant sod, not knowing why we cried. We sat together on the little bridge above the brook and we wept for our Angel. Still they swear his wound is not dangerous. I am full of forebodings.

'*May 25th.*—Mary came in with a letter to Leinster from Ireland, and from expressions she used I first caught the idea, the certainty rather, of his wound being dangerous. O my God, was I ever discontent while all was well with Edward ? I was very weak. I fainted and was ill. They took me home, where I found them talking of the wound being *slight* and all in spirits from the reports of Ryan's wound being better.

'*May 26th.*—No one writes. No one dares write from that unhappy Country. We talk in whispers, even here. There is a universal dread and horror on all faces. The moment is awful. O Liberty, whither art thou flown ?

'*May 27th.*—Henry set out for Ireland : he

had stay'd for lawyer's advice. I am at last reconcil'd to his not taking me, as I might bring suspicion on him, which at present don't exist in his case, and so hinder him. Mr. O. assures me from a conversation he had with the Chancellor that I should be sent away, which I the easier believe from Pamela being sent away. They have no heart. But I trust to going with Mama for a few days.'

VIII

'*May 28th.*—Mama was at last told of his being wounded. She declares she will go, but they persuade her she must do a great deal for him here first, in consequence of which she sees everybody, poor soul, and our house is crowded from morning till night. The object is to get his Tryal put off, which is fixt for the 11th. The Duke of Richmond, Charles Fox, Lord Holland and others promise to go over to Ireland.

'*May 30th.*—Pamela arriv'd with her two little girls. Mr. O. brought her a passport from the Duke of Portland and she is to stay a week in London. She is determin'd to stay. What monster could ask her to go? She employ'd friends (Mr. Sheridan) to get her leave to stay: this made violent anger on the part of Mr. O., who behaves sadly to us both. He is too Loyal.

The Duke of Richmond has taken my poor little sister under his protection and she is to stay.

‘*June 2nd.*—A letter at last from Aunt Louisa to Pamela, saying that he *had* been very bad and had made his will, but is better. I had known it from the beginning. Mama still patient and waiting instead of flying to him. I miserably felt my dependent state, and being tyed down to wait the will of others when I felt—Oh, my God!—that we were losing his last few precious hours.’

CHAPTER XXII

THE TWILIGHT

I

TURNING to her Journal after all was over, Lucy recalls :

‘ I felt oblig’d, miserably oblig’d, for all their efforts, but I knew it was useless. All that Human foresight could point out they were doing, but Edward was *dying* and *alone* ! My senses nearly forsook me, distrusting all, watching the motions of the Insurrection, trying to recollect my Darling’s injunctions, my promises to Him,—oh, he must have known it !—to be stout *when the time came*. My God, the Time had come ! I was still catching at the Hope of Mama’s departure, of getting to Ireland at last, to the Prison, of beholding again my soul’s Treasure, perhaps dying with Him. I knew then I had never lov’d any but Edward. What I felt for that other was because he lov’d Edward and we were all together in Love.

II

‘ At this saddest moment of my life,’ she writes, ‘ a Friend came to see me. I had refus’d to see him before I learnt it was Mr. Foley. Then I consented to see him. There is something of stay in him, of support. When I heard he had come I felt a sudden longing to tell him my perplexities, my sorrows, how my heart was broken because I might not fly to Edward, that I was like a bird round whose wings and feet there are a thousand fine meshes which the Creature cannot break through.

‘ I saw him in the Little Parlour. He was standing in the middle of the room when I enter’d : and I was aware that the atmosphere was full of sweetness from the flowers in the greenhouse, and that the canaries were singing against each other with a deafening clamour. I gave him my hand. “ Come out to the garden,” I said. “ The birds are too noisy. They make my head ache.” As I said it I caught sight of myself in the mirror behind him, and was shockt at what I saw. I had not slept for nights. There were heavy rings of fatigue and fear about my eyes. My skin was yellow. I had a wild, disorder’d look. I felt I could not endure the noise the birds made.

‘ We went out together, down the steps from the window, through the garden and hazel-grove and into the fields beyond. We sat on the little

bridge where a few days before Mary and I had wept together.

“ “ You are dead tir’d,” he said.

“ “ Yes,” replied I with a sigh, “ and my heart is broken. Indeed I am the tiredest creature under Heaven.”

“ “ I came as soon as I could obtain leave,” he said. “ I need not express to Lady Lucy the great and deep compassion in my heart.”

“ Then he lookt at me, and he said with sudden passion: “ What have you been doing to yourself ? It is killing you ! ”

“ “ It is very kind of Captain Foley to come,” I said : and my voice sounded cold in my own ears, small and cold. “ Especially since he is a loyal servant of His Majesty. Does he not know the cloud that lies upon us ? ”

“ “ There is no disloyalty to His Majesty in feeling as a man must,” he said. “ There is nothing I would not do for your brother—although I am a loyal man.”

“ “ I am not a loyal woman,” I struck out at him. “ I only wish that I might be with my brother, dying like him in the cause of humanity and a most unhappy country.”

He blinkt rapidly as though a sword had flashed in his eyes. Then he said : “ There is no sacrifice consistent with honour and duty which I would not make for Lord Edward’s sake.”

“ I said nothing, but I felt it was comfortable

to have him there. After all, I was weak. He was strong and kind. There was nobility in every look. He *rested* me.

‘Suddenly I began to weep heart-brokenly and to pour out my complaint.

“I can’t go to Edward,” I sobbed. “I can’t go to Edward. No one will take me to him. Oh, if only I was a man!”

‘He questioned me then about the cause of the cruel delay which was wearing me out, every moment being precious, only they would not see it. His eyes watch’d me, as I could not help seeing through my tears, with the most tender compassion. I saw that tears stood in them, and though I ached too much to consider any wound but my own, I was grateful.

“If I dar’d,” he said in a low voice, “I might propose something to end this weary suspense.”

‘I lookt up at him and saw that the colour had come to his cheek. I was too unhappy to be interested in what that might portend. My one thought was to reach Edward’s side, to kneel beside his bed, to pillow his head on my breast.

“If you could do that,” said I, “you would do me the greatest service was ever render’d to a woman.”

“If your heart was not elsewhere . . .” he began with hesitation.

“My heart is nowhere but with Edward,” I replied: and then, remembering how he had

assisted me to see Arthur I could not help blushing—though unhappily.

“All that belongs to a time that is forgotten,” I said. “There is only my Brother.”

“Shall I go to the Duchess,” he asked, “and tell her you will marry me? It can be done by special license. I know the poverty of my deserts—that I never could aspire to anything so beautiful, so bright as Lucia. But I would give her my life. I long to be beside her, to protect her, to comfort her . . .”

‘He took my hands and rais’d them to his lips, with the most tender respect.

“Lucia will think I am mad,” he said. “She will send me from her presence . . .”

‘Suddenly I was aware of the immense comfort he offer’d me. There was not a thought of love in it. I was blind with tears as I put out my hands to him. There was no passion. Not a trace. Only compassion and kindness.

‘But I would not listen to his proposal. I knew already that his suit would be welcome to my Family, who have the highest opinion of him and fear my Future. I said he should come and talk to Mama and urge upon her that there should be no more delay. He said very honestly that the Duchess would think he had taken leave of his senses. I answer’d that she, dear soul, was so bewilder’d by a multitude of counsellors that she would rest on one straight assurance: I

remember'd what she had said of Captain Foley : "Edward esteems him : Donny Napier praises him : He is to be trusted." Her dear eyes had rested on me. The Family are frighten'd of what I might do.'

III

'Mama has listen'd to Captain Foley. She broke through all the web of their arguments and prepar'd to go at once. I believe she loves me better than ever. She leans on me. She knows how I love that beloved Creature whom everyone adores, but not as she and I do. Mr. Foley has returned to his ship.

'At last it was settl'd. The Fuss of the Day was beyond description. We saw the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. They were very kind. In the evening of the day Mama and Mimi set off travelling by slow stages. We were to follow and catch up with them the next day. The day was June 6th.

'*June 7th.*—I had not been able to sleep—or when I slept it was a horrible hurly-burly of noise. Hammer, hammer, hammer, went the noise through my poor head. It was as tho' someone was building a scaffold. I was tir'd when I arose. We got off at last, Mr. O., Sophia and I. I was so eager for Ireland that I could not enjoy the beauty of the country, which was a late Spring and the lilac

Edward. Nor was any other relative admitted to see him till he had slipped so far from the prison of this life that he was hardly conscious of their presence. This mean cruelty is to be laid primarily at the door of John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare the Chancellor. But while 'Dear Henry' ate his heart out, someone did see Lord Edward. This was a Mr. Brown, whose father was landlord of the house in Thomas Street where Lord Edward had been arrested. His unwilling host—unwilling from the fear of having anything so precious in his charge—had also been arrested and was in Newgate. Mr. Brown had business with Mr. Murphy, the feather merchant, one of those Catholics who, by reason of the Penal Laws against the Catholics, were obliged to conceal what they possessed of wealth and refinement behind their business premises, in an apparent humbleness. For some reason unexplained the Chancellor, having given Mr. Brown a permit to see Mr. Murphy, gave him also a permit to see Lord Edward. Mr. Brown must have been *persona grata* with Lord Clare, who later bestowed on him Lord Edward's dagger as a gift.

Mr. Brown describes the visit. Having first visited Mr. Murphy, he went on to Lord Edward's cell, but was stopped at the threshold by a truculent brace of yeomen of Mr. Beresford's Corps, very thorough-going gentlemen, whose deeds are yet held in execration in Ireland. They stood with

drawn swords by Lord Edward's bed, doubtless a very soothing sight for the sick man. When Mr. Brown had shown his permit from Lord Clare he was allowed to speak with Lord Edward for a few seconds. Having mentioned that he had been with Murphy, Lord Edward remembered how Major Swan had struck the good feather-merchant a 'severe thrust of the pistol under the left eye,' when he sprang between him and Lord Edward, and asked with feeling, 'And how is poor Murphy's face ?'

VI

We must hark back to Mr. Murphy's narrative—all those rebels could write—for a description of Lord Edward.

'I believe he was about 5 foot 7 inches in height, and a very interesting countenance, beautiful arched eyebrows, fine grey eyes, a beautiful nose and high forehead, thick, dark hair, brown or inclining to black. Any person he addressed must admire his manner, it was so candid and good-natured, and so impregnated with fine feeling; as playful and humble as a child, as mild and timid as a lady, and as brave as a lion. He was altogether a very nice and elegant-formed man. Peace be to his *manes* !'

VII

*From the Earl of Clare to Lord Henry
Fitzgerald*

‘ELY PLACE, DUBLIN, *June 3rd*, 1798.

‘MY DEAR LORD,—Be assured it is not in my power to procure admission for you to Lord Edward! You will readily believe that Lord Camden’s (the Viceroy) situation is critical in the extreme. The extent and enormity of the treason which has occasioned so many arrests make it essentially necessary that access should be denied to the friends of all the persons now confined for treason. Judge then, my dear Lord, the situation in which Lord Camden will be placed if this rule is dispensed with in one instance. Mr. Stewart has just left me, and from his account of Lord Edward he is in a situation which threatens his life. Perhaps if he should get into such a state as will justify it your request may be complied with, and believe me it will give me singular satisfaction if your wishes can be gratified. You may be assured that his wound is attended to as well as it can be.’

VIII

Here are some of Lord Henry’s distracted jottings in those dreadful days:

‘ Has he got fruit ? Does he want linen ? ’

‘ How will the death of Ryan affect him ? ’

‘ What informers are supposed to be against him ? ’

‘ Upon his pain subsiding the hearing of Ryan’s death, which he must have heard, caused a dreadful turn in his mind.’

‘ Affected strongly on the 2nd of June—began to be ill about 3. Clinch executed before the prison. He must have known of it, ask’d what the noise was.’

‘ 2nd of June in the evening was in the greatest danger.’

‘ Mr. Stone, the officer that attended him—who he liked—remov’d the 2nd of June—could not learn who was put with him.’

‘ 2nd June in the evening, a keeper from a mad-house put with him, but finding him better in the night left him.’

‘ June 3rd exhausted but composed. Wrote the Chancellor a pressing letter to see him.’

IX

A letter from one of Lord Edward’s fellow-prisoners in Newgate to Lord Henry Fitzgerald

‘ NEWGATE, 3rd June.

‘ MY LORD,—Having in happier days had some success and much satisfaction in being concerned for you and Mr. Grattan on the city

election I take the liberty of writing to you to inform you that your brother Lord Edward is most dangerously ill, in fact dying—he was delirious some time last night. Surely, my lord, some attention ought to be paid him. I know you'll pardon this application.

‘ I am, yours,

‘ With respect and regard,

‘ MATT. DOWLING.

‘ Seeing you or any friend he has confidence in will, I think, be more conducive to his recovery than 50 surgeons. I saw him a few moments last night, but he did not know me. We'll watch over him as well as is in our power.’

Poor prisoners—*they would watch over him as well as was in their power*, as though an Irish rebel in Newgate had any power !

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LAST OF THE BELOVED

I

DR. ARMSTRONG GARNETT, who succeeded Mr. Stone in personal attendance on Lord Edward, tells the story of the execution of Clinch at length. He had found Lord Edward evidently in the first stages of fever, and, having left him for a few moments—

‘One of the Prisoners ran into my room to say that they were preparing for an execution at the Front of the Prison, and in a few minutes after a second Person ran in to make the same report. The first impression on my mind was that these people had come with the view of calling off my attention from Ld. Edward, and thus of affording an opportunity for some Persons on the Watch to communicate with him. But the horror I have of being Witness to an Execution would alone have defeated such a design. I continued to arrange matters in my room. One of the windows of it looked into the Porch leading from the outer to the inner gate of the Prison. By looking obliquely through this window the space in the front of the

Prison could be seen through the Barrs of the front gate ; when these reports were made to me I lookt out, and seeing nothing like the crowds that attend executions I was the more strongly confirmed in my Suspicions. It was now nearly 5 o'Clock. I ordered some Dinner, and went into Lord Edward's room. I asked him how he was : he said pretty well. I asked him if his wounds were painfull. He said, no, that he was easy. He asked, 'Is not your name Garnett, Sir ?' I answered that it was. He said 'I hope I do not take you from more important occupations.' I answered that my most important occupation was the attendance on the sick, and I trusted his Lordship would have no reason to complain of any want of care or vigilance. I mentioned that I had brought some books with me, and that I was ready to read to him whenever he should be disposed to be amused in that way : he thanked me and said he would trouble me sometimes when I thought it would not be hurtfull to him. While this conversation was passing I heard the trampling of horses and a confused noise at the front of the Prison. On looking out at one of the windows of Lord Edward's room I saw parties of several of the Corps of Yeomanry drawing up at the front of the Prison : that at once removed the suspicions I had entertained and I was satisfied that an Execution was about to take place.

'The noise and the words of those without,

which were heard distinctly enough to give an Idea of what was going forward, evidently agitated Lord E. The word *Croppy* was frequently repeated, and *damn all the Croppies*, and *I wish all the Croppies were hanged*, and exclamations to that effect were uttered. I drew up the windows to exclude the noise as much as possible and I retired to my own room lest he should enquire what the tumult proceeded from. On looking out at the window I saw that expression on the faces of the Yeomen that were attending that showed they were listening to an address from the Criminal, and I could see a Sergeant leaning on his Halbert repeat after him that he died a bad soldier : almost immediately a sudden Crash, made by the falling of the Machine on which the Criminal stood. And the expression of countenance of those who attended convinced me that he had been launched into Eternity. . . .

‘I was called by the man in attendance on Lord Edward with great hurry and eagerness. I found him in a state of excessive agitation, his tongue was thrust forward between his teeth and his jaws were closed by the most rigid spasm. I forced the jaws assunder with some difficulty by means of a spatula covered with linen, and thus defended his tongue from any further wound than it had already suffered. After about half an hour’s attendance the spasm subsided and he spoke. He complained of the Involuntary Protrusion of his tongue and of a troublesome catching

about his Jaws ; his Wounds also, he said, were painfull. By degrees these symptoms subsided. The noise at the front of the Prison now increased, and the words, "Cut him down !" were distinctly heard. Soon after I heard the words "Don't touch him. Damn you, don't touch him." And a shot was fired. All this evidently agitated Lord Edward, and he cried out "*God look down on those who suffer ! God preserve me and have mercy on me and those who act with me !*"

II

That was on the evening of June 2nd. About 7 o'clock delirium began. A blameless delirium. He raved. 'He was happy in the persuasion that he was dying for his country.' When the doctor tried to quiet him he answered that it was cruel to resist his dying when he chose to die. That he was going to Heaven ; 'that God would receive him for having contributed to the Freedom of his Country. That he gloried in dying for his Country. That he had nothing to lament but his wife and children, but that his Country would take care of them. He knew he would not live to be a Witness of the Freedom he had contributed to, but that he died happy in the Cause of his Country. He felt the most firm Persuasion of Eternal Salvation thro' the Merits of Our Saviour ; he was Convinced of the Truth of the Christian Religion :

he believed *all* and would believe more if it were necessary.'

During the night the delirium became more violent. 'He cried out "Dear Ireland, I die for you," and then "Damn you, why don't you let me die? I want to die. You are a Tyrant. If I had a knife I would kill myself." Dr. Garnett said, "My Lord, that would be a violation of the Religion of which you profess yourself a Believer." He answered by saying, "But I want to die. I want to go to the Bosom of my Saviour."'

III

In the night they brought a keeper from a madhouse with straps to tie him down, but Dr. Garnett said these were not used. Towards morning the delirium subsided, though he could not sleep. At half-past six he said, 'I wish I had thirty thousand guineas this morning. They would make thirty thousand happy men.' The doctor observed, 'Your Lordship would distribute them generously?' He said, 'A guinea would do a great deal with a poor man.' And with a momentary depression of countenance he added, 'Nothing can be done without money.'

Later on in the day he said to the doctor, 'I have a Brother Henry that I doat on. I wish greatly to see him, but that, I suppose, cannot be allowed.' After a short pause he said, 'I

have a Brother Leinster for whom I have a high respect.' . . .

'He requested that I would read a portion of the Bible to him. I asked what Part he chose. He said "The account of Our Saviour's Death." I read to him from the Gospel of St. John, and he listened with the utmost attention. When I had finished reading I took his hand to feel his Pulse, he asked me, "How long I thought it would last." I answered that he was very ill. He said that he was prepared for Death, if the translation to a state of Eternal Happiness could be called Death. That he confided in the Mercy of God and the purity of his own Intentions.

'He ate a few Cherries and some strawberries, remarking that they came from dear Carton and he ate them with a good appetite.

'A volume of Shakespeare lay in the room. I asked him if he admired his Plays. He answered with vivacity that he did, greatly: and he asked me to read the Speech on the Immortality of the Soul, but I believe he had then in his view the speech in "Cato"—"It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well"—for he immediately asked me if I thought he could get Addison's Cato. The volume of Shakespeare contained some of the Comedies. I asked if he had any desire to have any of them read to him. He said that he could not now enter into them.'

IV

The doctor's account of those last hours goes on painstakingly. He seems to have been a good, conscientious, kindly man. The medical details are interspersed with the sick man's conversation, sometimes with his ravings. There were people he wished to see—someone whose name is discreetly suppressed, who was 'the first United Man in the County.' He talked with enthusiasm of the Presbyterian meeting-houses being alternately used for their own and the Catholic congregations. It was a glorious sight.

'In the course of my sitting by him, I asked what regiments his Lordship had been in. He answered, "In the 54th and 19th." He had served in the American War and hoped that God would forgive him.'

Later on he was addressing the People, who he thought were '*up*.' He was singularly gentle and considerate to his doctor when the violence of delirium was not upon him. "'I give you a great deal of trouble," he said, stretching out his hand to me.'

V

The time had now arrived when, in Lord Clare's judgment, Lord Edward was in such a state that his brother's desire to see him might be gratified. From the point of view of any comfort or help it

might afford the sick man, the concession was by a long time too late. I leave it to Lady Louisa to tell the story :

‘ DUBLIN, *June 4th*, 1798.

‘ MY DEAR MR. OGILVIE,—At two o’clock this morning our beloved Edward was at peace. . . . On Friday night a very great lowness came on that made those about him consider him much in danger. On Saturday he seem’d to have recover’d the attack, but on that night was again attackt with spasms that subsided again yesterday morning. But in the course of that day Mrs. Pakenham thought it best to send an express for me. I came to town and got leave to go, with my poor dear Henry, to see him.’

The Chancellor, Lord Clare, accompanied them to the prison, and was so overwhelmed at the sight of that dying bed that he stood by the wall weeping, and presently left the room as though his endurance had come to an end.

‘ Thanks be to the great God, our visit was tim’d to the moment the wretched situation allow’d. His mind had been agitated for two days, and the feeling was enough gone not to be overcome by the sight of his brother and me. We had the consolation of seeing and feeling that it was a pleasure to him. I first approach’d his bed : he lookt at me, knew me, kiss’d me, and said (what will never depart from my ears) “ It is Heaven to see you,” and shortly after, turning to the other

side of his bed, he said "I can't see you." I went round, and he soon after kiss'd my hand and smil'd at me, which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time. I then told him that Henry was come. He said nothing that mark'd surprise at his being in Ireland, but exprest joy at hearing it, and said, "Where is he, dear fellow?"

'Henry then took my place, and the two dear brothers frequently embract each other to the melting of a heart of stone: and yet God enabled both Henry and myself to remain quite compos'd. As everyone left the room, we told him we only were with him. He said "That is very pleasant." However, he remain'd silent, and then I brought in the subject of Lady Edward, and told him that I had not left her until I saw her on board. And Henry told him of his having met her on the road. He said: "And the children too? She is a charming woman," and then became silent again. That expression about Lady Edward prov'd to me that his senses were well lull'd, and that he did not feel his situation to be what it was. But, thank God, they were enough alive to receive pleasure from seeing Henry and me. Dear Henry in particular he lookt at continually with an expression of pleasure.

'When we left him we told him that as he appear'd inclin'd to sleep we would wish him a good night and return in the morning. He said "Do, do," but did not express any uneasiness at

our leaving him. We accordingly tore ourselves away . . . within two and a half hours before the sad close of a life we prized so dearly.'

VI

So died the Beloved, alone and in prison, he for whom the Fates and the auguries, one would have said, had decreed a life of the most unclouded bliss. Young, beautiful, kind, noble, highly-born, the friend of princes, the most adored of human creatures, he died in as great a loneliness as any soul ever passed to its Creator : all the love of his world could not save him. Yet death came as a friend. None would have wished him to live to the knowledge of the terrible things that followed.

Lord Henry, in the anguish of the moment, wrote to Lord Camden, the Viceroy, a letter of such anguish that it yet bleeds. Immortal suffering in a letter which Moore cut and eliminated, with better reason than he cut and eliminated other things, because he believed that not Lord Camden personally, but the Administration, was responsible for the cruel events of Lord Edward's last days. He cites as a witness that great and good General, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, whose name is always held in honour and affection in Ireland, because he was just to the people in those dreadful days and saved them where he might.

*From Lord Henry Fitzgerald to the Earl of
Camden*

‘MY LORD—A little removed from scenes of misery and wretchedness scarcely to be equalled, I feel myself, thank God, sufficiently composed to write you this letter. I owe it to the memory of a beloved, an adored brother. An uncommon affection from our childhood subsisted between us. . . . The purport of this, however, is not to give a loose to reproaches, but to state to you and to the world . . . supported by facts. A full catalogue of them would take up many pages. Mine is very short. Many indignities offered to him I shall for the present pass over in silence and begin from the time of my arrival in Ireland, which was last Thursday.

‘Surgeon Lindsay, who attended my brother with Surgeon Stewart, told me when I had really imagined my brother to be in a recovering state, that a few days before he had been dangerously ill—“apprehensive of a lock jaw,” was his expression: and that he had been consulted about the breast. I also learned that he had made his will, etc. Mr. Lindsay added, “But, however, he is now much better;” and told me also that the wounds were going on well, and that he did not apprehend any danger from them. When I came to enquire into the circumstances relating to the signing of the will from others, I find this suffering dying

man was not even allowed to see his lawyer, a young man he put confidence in, but his papers were handed first in and then out of the prison through the hands of the surgeons. Possibly he might have had little or nothing to say to his lawyer, but a decent consideration of his situation ought to have left him a choice of seeing him or not.

‘Thus, situated as he was, who would have thought, my lord, but that upon my arrival you would yourself have urged my seeing him? . . . After this came my audience of your Excellency. . . . I implored, I intreated of you to let me see him. I never begged hard before. All, all in vain. You talked of lawyers’ opinions—of what had been refused to others and could not be granted for me in the same situation. *His* was not a common case; he was *not* in the same situation: he was wounded and in a manner dying, and his bitterest enemy could not have murmured had your heart been softened or had you swerved a little from duty (if it can be called one) in the cause of humanity.

‘On Friday the surgeon told me still that the wounds were going on well; but that he perceived as the pain subsided that his mind was more than usually engaged. He felt ill-treatment . . . but he communed with his God, and his God did not forsake him. But oh, my lord, what a day Saturday was for him. . . . On Saturday my poor forsaken brother, who had but that night and the next day to live, was disturbed. He heard the

noise of the execution of Clinch at the prison door. He asked eagerly "What noise is that?" and certainly in some manner or other he knew it, for,—oh God, what am I to write?—from that time he lost his senses, most part of the night he was raving mad; a keeper from a mad-house was necessary. Thanks to the Almighty God, he got more composed towards morning.

'Now, my lord, shall I scruple to declare to the world—I wish I could to the four quarters of it—that amongst you, your ill-treatment has murdered my brother as much as if you had put a pistol to his head. In this situation no charitable message arrives to his relatives, no offer to allow attached servants to attend upon him who could have been depended upon in keeping dreadful news of all kinds from him. No, no; to his grave, in madness, you would pursue him—to his grave you persecuted him.

'One would think I could add no more—but I have not yet done. At this very time a Mr. Stone, an officer, that was in the room with him, whom they tell me he grew fond of, was removed and a total stranger was put about him. Are you aware, my lord, of the comfort, the happiness, of seeing well-known faces round the bed of sickness and the cruelty of the reverse? Or have you hitherto been so much a stranger to the infirmities of this mortal life as never to have known what it was to feel joy in pain or cheerfulness in sorrow

from the pressure of a friend's hand or the kind looks of relations. Yet he, my lord, possessed as he was of the tenderness of a woman to all whom he loved, was abandoned, most barbarously neglected.

.
‘These were his friends, these his attendants, on his deathbed in Newgate. Sunday I urged the Chancellor once more, and stung him so home with regard to the unheard-of cruelty of hanging Clinch close to my brother in his weak state that he *did* seem sorry and to relent. He said it was very wrong indeed, that he was sorry for it, that it should not happen again, but that they did not know it, was his expression. Oh my lord! what does not this expression involve! What volumes might be written on these last words! At last the Chancellor, in a sort of way, gave me hopes of seeing my poor brother, talked even of the secrecy with which the visit must be conducted. The joy of a reprieved wretch could not exceed mine; it was of short duration. The prospect that gladdened me with the hopes that in the interval when he was quiet, I might be a comfort, be of use to him—vanished. A note from the Chancellor came saying that my request could not be granted. What severity could surpass this?

‘In the evening of the same day the surgeons told me that the symptoms of death were such as made them think he would not last out the night.

Then I believe the Almighty smote your consciences. Lady Louisa and myself indeed saw him—three hours before he breathed his last in the grated room of Newgate. God help you ! That was the extent of your charity. This was your justice and mercy—but I will not embitter the sweet remembrance of that scene, which I hope will go with me through life, by mistimed asperity nor will I dare to talk of it.

‘ My grief has plunged me deeper into correspondence with you than I at first wished ; but to recount a brother’s sufferings, a brother’s wrongs, and above all his patience, is and will be my duty to the end of my life. I will complain for him though his heart never uttered a complaint for himself, from the day of his confinement. My lord, you did not know him, and happy it is for you. He was no common being. I have now eased my mind of a part of the load that oppressed it, and shall now conclude returning thanks to that kind Providence that directed my steps to Ireland just in time to discover and to be the recorder of these deeds.’

Is not this letter, written more than a hundred years ago, living to-day, seared and blistered as it is with the burning tears of an agonised indignation, the *sæva indignatio* of Swift ?

LADY LUCY FITZGERALD TO THE IRISH
NATION

Irishmen, Countrymen, it is Edward Fitzgerald's sister who addresses you. It is a woman, but that woman is his sister : she would therefore die for you as he did. I don't mean to remind you of what he did for you. 'Twas no more than his duty. Without ambition he resigned every blessing the world could afford to be of use to you, to his countrymen whom he loved better than himself, but in this he did not more than his duty : he was a *Paddy and no more* : he desired no other title than this. He never deserted you—will you desert yourselves ? Will you forfeit this title which it is still in your power to ennoble ? Will you disgrace it ? Will you make it the scoff of your triumphant Enemies while 'tis in your power to raise it beyond all other glory to immortality ? Yes, this is the moment, the precious moment, which must either stamp with infamy the name of Irishman and denote you for ever wretched, enslaved to the power of England, or raise the Paddies to the consequence they deserve and which England shall no longer withhold, to *happiness, freedom, glory* ! These are but *names* to you as yet, my Countrymen. As yet you are strangers to the *reality* with the power in your hands to realise them. One

noble struggle and you will gain, you will enjoy them for ever.

Your devoted Countrywoman,

LUCY FITZGERALD.

This address was found among the papers of Lady Lucy Foley. There is no proof that it was ever published.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

IN compiling this book I have drawn largely on 'Edward and Pamela Fitzgerald,' by Gerald Campbell, to whom I desire to express my indebtedness; I have used also the 'Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox,' by Lord Ilchester and the Dowager Lady Ilchester, as well as Moore's 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.'

Biography and Reminiscence.

Second Edition. With a Frontispiece by E. T. Reed.
Small demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

Nearing Jordan: Being the Third and Last Volume of 'Sixty Years in the Wilderness.'

By Sir Henry W. Lucy,
Author of 'A Diary of Two Parliaments,' 'Sixty Years in the Wilderness,' &c.

Daily Chronicle.—'This urbane and witty volume, in which there is not a dull page, contains many chapters of engrossing interest. In charm, vivacity and variety it will rank high among its author's works.'

Globe.—'If anything more closely packed with humour and interest than its predecessors. Altogether a most refreshing and delightful book.'

Demy 8vo. 5s. net.

Reminiscences of the Indian Mutiny and Afghanistan.

By Col. Sir Edward Thackeray, V.C., K.C.B., Late R.E.,
Author of 'Two Indian Campaigns,' 'Biographical Notices of Officers of
the Bengal Engineers,' 'History of Sieges of the Nineteenth Century,' &c.

With a Portrait. Crown 8vo. 2s. net.

Robertson of Brighton, 1816-1853.

By the Very Rev. H. Hensley Henson, Dean of Durham.

Times.—'A most welcome volume. We agree with the Dean that it would have been a poor return for all the benefits that religion has received from Robertson's genius if the anniversary had been permitted to pass unhonoured and unsung.'

Daily News.—'Dean Hensley Henson has done well to publish his centenary appreciation. Robertson's was a provocative figure, and the challenge of his personality lives in these pages.'

With 19 pages of Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Omniana: The Autobiography of an Irish Octogenarian.

By J. F. Fuller.

Times.—'Broadminded, genial, and full of a mellow sense of humour . . . he is never dull.'

London: Smith, Elder & Co., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

